

FRONTISPIECE



By courtesy of the Parker Gallery, London, W 1

I. EMIGRANTS LEAVING THE SHIP, SYDNEY COVE, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA

Drawn by O. W. Brierly, c. 1853

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Edited by
HECTOR BOLITHO

With Contributions by

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W. J. Grant, Elspeth Huxley, Ludovic Kennedy,
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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THIS book was first planned towards the end of the war and the majority of the chapters were contributed at that time.

The text has since been revised to include post-war developments in the Commonwealth and Empire up to the early months of 1947, but unavoidable delays in production have unfortunately prevented any later revision. It has not been possible, therefore, to include any reference to the recent changes in the Government of India or elsewhere which have taken place after the book had gone to press.

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INTRODUCTION

Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I

The justification of an empire lies in the spirit and integrity with which its immediate racial and economic problems are governed. The past is not reason enough for its existence if the bonds have deteriorated into dusty sentiment or if the power of the parent country has become mere cynical domination. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has written, "Any nation that potters with any glory of its past as a thing dead and done for is to that extent renegade". Therefore if an empire is to endure, there must be a future in which each country it embraces will be able to stand proudly alone, and yet of its own free will remain bound to the parent country without any "renegade" devotion to what is dead.

The chief purpose of this book is to give a brief but it is hoped informed survey of the countries of the British Commonwealth of Nations, India and the Colonies of the Empire, to glance at their lands, their people and products, and finally to indicate what is likely to be their future development now that the war is over. The writer of each chapter has also sketched in the historical background and given pictures of contemporary life in the dominion or colony allotted to him. But each has been asked to consider his country in the light of what may happen to it tomorrow. Otherwise the writers have been left to follow their own wishes and ideas.

The publishers and the editor of this book were first encouraged to produce it because of two statements made by foreigners in relation to the British Commonwealth of Nations. Hitler said that in the event of conflict between Germany and Britain, the new countries would not come to Britain's aid. Like most Germans he suffered from national claustrophobia, and within his pinched horizon he was unable to comprehend the spaces of our English-speaking world. He did not allow for the curious family tie between the countries of the Commonwealth, which embraces the right to grumble, the right to criticise and the right to bicker among ourselves: all the rights of sons who do not forsake their home because they have been given their own latch keys. Hitler did not realise that behind this healthy margin for grumbling there was a bond, not wholly cynical and mercenary, which was to sweep all dissension aside the moment war began. Sir William Jowett spoke of this bond at the University of London in June, 1943. He said:

"Why should the League of Nations, with its comparatively precise obligations defined, have failed and the British Empire, with no rules governing the

conduct of its members, have succeeded? . . . How comes it that the unwritten bonds have proved stronger than those defined in the Covenant of the League? How true it is that the things which govern our conduct in this world are not capable of being written out like rules in a book to which we must refer if we want to define our obligations and our duties?

"The conduct of the ordinary happy family is not to be found in any book. It does not depend upon legal rules and juristic enactments. Indeed, if a family were so unwise as to try to define the duties and obligations of the parents towards the children and of the children towards the parents they would be likely by the mere process of definition to destroy their happiness."

Our problem and responsibility—which we were inclined to overlook after the first world war—is to see that this bond remains lively and that it manifests its strength now that the second world war has ended.

The other remark was made by the Chinese Foreign Minister, Mr. T. V. Soong, after a visit to Canada, where he watched the training of pilots from all parts of the Empire and the great factories where aircraft were being made. When he returned to Chungking he said, "I realised for the first time the conception of the British Commonwealth of Nations".

There are many people in Britain who do not share Mr. Soong's knowledge, or realise that now the war is over the Empire will no longer depend for its cohesion upon any rickety substructure of the past. Part of our duty should be to work and even pray for the co-operation between Britain, Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand; co-operation which became so half-hearted between the two great wars. Otherwise one of the noble purposes of the war will be thrown away. We have vanquished Germany before and we can vanquish her again. But we may never have another chance of bringing the English-speaking countries together in a spiritual and economic unity so strong that it will intimidate all unworthy rivals forever. Without active belief in this opportunity, Britain becomes merely a selfish island recently at war with a sinister European power. Our declared enemy was across the Channel. Our friends were from over the Atlantic and Pacific; and it is across these waters that the British people must search for their friends in the future, among those who realise that the responsibilities of freedom are more important than its privileges.

Somebody has already said that the British Empire was built through a series of fortuitous accidents; another has said that it was acquired in a fit of absentmindedness. It is more or less safe to say that every other empire was designed in its parent country by exalted individuals or dynasties: that each of them was first a blueprint upon the table of the relevant Caesar. But the British Empire was built by individuals who were not designers in Whitehall. Most of them were men of humble birth, impatient with life in England and craving for new pastures to which they could take their faith, their opinions and their vitality, for the sake of freedom. When we look through the names of the men who moulded Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand out of the raw, we seldom come upon one who was even known in England before he emigrated. As a nation the British were not

empire builders, but they bred within their boundaries a small number of discontented and vital men who closed their ears to the soft cries of history and who kicked against the stocks of old social rituals. They were the exception, not the rule. They left their English cottages, with their packs on their backs, and set out to make their fortunes. They were not Hadrians or Agricolas, with legions to fortify their enterprises. Each one went alone, on the wings of his ambition. Rhodes, from whose vision so much of Africa grew, was born in a cottage in Hertfordshire. Reed, Parker, Forrest and Wentworth, who were among the first designers of Australia, all came from simple backgrounds. They made their own way in a spirit of freedom, and the loyalty with which they kept Britain's laws in the new country was not according to Britain's prescription, but their own.

There was once a Briton who said, "I hate abroad". That notion permeated the British mind during the early part of the last century, when the new countries were still in their swaddling clothes. There were but a few British leaders who cared about the growing empire; most of them were men who squeezed its resources for the good of their pockets. There had already been the early experiment of the America Colonies to warn the politicians and bureaucrats of what would happen if they neglected their task as guardians. Britons had sailed up the James River and settled in Virginia when Shakespeare was still a youngish playwright in London. The English might have learned a lesson from what followed this colonial experiment of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries when, instead of helping their gallant children upon the new earth, Britain hindered them. The children revolted and gained their independence.

After the American War of Independence, Britain might have become wise enough not to repeat her error. But she did not learn quickly enough. She did little to help and a great deal to hinder the settlers in the other colonies. They had to prosper alone, and when they prospered enough they were taxed and squeezed for the benefit of an idle class for whom the colonies were merely an investment. The mass of Britons were not aware of the colonies or their problems, so it is sweeping to say that Britain was consciously to blame for any estrangement which followed. The fault lay with the few who were unfortunately in power, and with the slowness of transport which made it difficult for ideas to travel or for thought to be shared.

We might call this generation that first settled in the new countries the generation that remembered. In each one of the colonies the spirit of the picture was the same, if the details were different. On the walls of log cabins in Canada were prints of churches in Sussex; on the mantelpieces were clocks which had once told the hours in farmhouses in Norfolk or Kent. In Australian kitchens, within weather-boarded walls, big colonial families ate off plates which had been carried there in windjammers of the 'forties. The settlers took the seeds of English flowers with them. They planted the oak and the rose on the edge of the solemn colonial forests. The hourglass which measured the time of their boiling egg had once sat above the kitchen stove of a Tudor cottage in Essex.

Life was hard for these people. They may have found the freedom of the spirit for which they had hankered, but there was starvation for the mind and hardship

for the body. They no longer enjoyed the placid life of farmers on the subdued earth of Britain. The new earth was stern and nature was vindictive. They had to fight mountains and tornadoes and ice. So they wove their web of sentiment about the possessions which they had carried across the world, as a defence for their hearts. They gathered around the piano on Sunday night and sang *Speed Bonny Boat* and *Cherry Ripe*. It was a long time before they abandoned these old tunes to write songs of their own. Although some of them celebrated Christmas in the fierce heat of summer, they still painted robins and snow on their Christmas cards. No matter whether they pitched their tents in Africa, Australia, Canada or New Zealand, they still called England "Home".

II

The early travellers and settlers in the new countries wrote their own history, in diaries and letters. In Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand there are archives in which many of these early documents are preserved. There is great pride among those families who consider themselves to be the Normans of the new earth; who are descended from the first colonists whose diaries and letters tell a story which is now more than a hundred years old. History has already touched them with its charm.

The earliest records of Canadian life were, of course, written by French colonists. And the first colonial literature for South Africa was written by Dutchmen as far back as the late sixteen hundreds, when the Dutch East India Company formed their settlement at the Cape to supply their ships on the way to and from the East Indies.

British writers on the colonies did not make many important contributions until early in the last century. Then we come upon an interesting and valuable library of books. Dr. Maynard, friend of Dumas, travelled the world in whaling ships and kept diaries which were afterwards edited by Dumas and published in Paris. Lady Anne Barnard went to the Cape during the British occupation, from 1795 to 1803, and wrote her enchanting diary and letters. Samuel Butler went to New Zealand and wrote *Erewhon*, setting his fabulous story in the actual hills and valleys of the southern island. New Zealand was the favourite of many of these early writers. Charles Armitage Brown, who had travelled the Lake Country with Keats, went to New Plymouth and wrote diaries which are now in the Keats Museum at Hampstead. Mary Taylor, who had been at school in Brussels with Charlotte Brontë, migrated to Wellington and wrote letters to her friend in the depressing vicarage at Haworth. Browning's friend, Alfred Demett, went to New Zealand, leaving the poet to mourn him in the verses that begin:

What's become of Waring
Since he gave us all the slip . . .

It was a great age for letter-writing, and the exiles poured their loneliness into reams of graphic prose. Some of their diaries were published, but they made no more than a glimmer in the Old World. Neither Britain nor Europe could be

blamed if the stories of the new lands remained unread. They had their own concerns and, just as settlers in the Cape ceased to care whether Leicester voted Whig or not, so the people of Leicester could not be excited when they learned that a new wharf had been built in the shadows of Table Mountain.

This hiatus between the interests of the old and the new was inevitable, and it must be remembered as the chief reason for many of the misunderstandings that followed. The hiatus became wider when the first generation of colonials was born. They grew up with a half legendary conception of "Home". There was little purpose in their writing letters to cousins they had never seen, who lived in a land which existed for them only in an old man's stories, told beneath the lamp-light. While these young ones grew up in colonial independence, their cousins in Britain developed along almost equally exciting new ways, for it was the century of the Industrial Revolution. Each—parent and exiled kinsman—became engrossed in his own experiments.

The colonists kept a fixed picture of the England their parents had known. But England changed over from agriculture to industry, and the picture became untrue. Mansions which had been built from the great beams of Elizabethan ships were being destroyed to make room for factories. A new rich class emerged from the proletariat. Spacious parks were undermined for coal and small harbours became big ports, dingy and busy. London was growing so that the once open stretch of country between Kensington and Piccadilly was paved and built upon. The steam ship and locomotive came. When the Duke of Wellington died, the young mourned his passing in St. Paul's, which was lighted for the first time by the new, brilliant gas jets. Progress, with all its terrifying prospects, became the motto of the age, and men began to forget the value of standing still.

England was preoccupied with her own startling growth. Between 1820 and 1870, the population of Greater London leapt from 1,700,000 to 4,000,000. The trade of the port grew accordingly. At the end of the eighteenth century, London exports were worth about sixteen and a half million pounds a year. Half-way through the nineteenth century, they were valued at almost ninety millions. The British people were industrial colonists on their own earth, and they had no time to be excited by the crops and herds which were bringing prosperity to their second cousins overseas.

The English talked of the waywardness of Palmerston; then of the thunder of Gladstone and the guile of Disraeli; of the growing family of the young Queen, the valour of Garibaldi and the tiresome Irish; of the spinning jenny and the camera. In Ontario they were talking of crops, and in Australia they were praying for rain. The English parent and the colonial child no longer spoke the same language.

Strange changes came to the new colonial generation. Sometimes even their bones were different from those of their fathers. It has been said that there was so much calcium in the water in some of the new countries that the children became big-boned, like Australians and men from Texas. Riding, and days and nights in the open, made them walk with a swing from the hips. In the warmer countries, the men had creases at the corners of their eyes, from blinking at the sun. For some reason the varying climates changed their voices, so that an Australian of the

second generation was already speaking with a nasal drawl. Each country invented its own slang, and its slang changed and ornamented its language. Native languages gave them new nouns and their imagination gave them new adjectives. Their food was different and usually plentiful. In the lands where there were coloured native races, families with peasant ancestry learned to summon servants by clapping their hands.

Some of the new countries reflected the changes that were coming to life in Britain during the last century. It is interesting to spread a map of the world and study the streams of migration by which the population of the colonies was increased. When the tin-mines of Cornwall failed, Cornishmen whose ancestors had been miners for centuries went overseas rather than change their trade. So there were Cornish settlements wherever mines were dug, in Australia, Africa and New Zealand. The depopulation of the Highlands also led to strange, isolated settlements of Scots, usually in country which was mountainous and stark, like their native land. There still are more Gaelic people in Nova Scotia than there are in the Highlands of Scotland, and in the southern, mountainous region of New Zealand, the character of the settlements was so distinctly Scottish that the kilt was worn and children were taught Gaelic, to the second and third generation.

These were men to whom the laws and prejudices of the homeland were no longer acceptable. When they migrated they no doubt carried resentment with them, and a wish for a better world.

One more important change in England was reflected in the four chief colonies. The Church of England had not been able to expand and embrace the development brought on by the Industrial Revolution. It was to the prim, utilitarian chapels of Methodism and the like that the skilled British worker went on Sunday, and even the Anglican religious revival which came afterwards, expressing itself in the Gothic revival and the mushroom growth of a thousand new churches, did not lay Wesley's ghost.

In the new countries also, some practical streak in the colonists led them to Methodism and kindred forms of Christianity rather than to the English tradition of Anglicanism. The dim arches of lovely cathedrals, the ornaments of the church and the ritual of old forms of worship did not seem to fit in with the paucity of aesthetic qualities in colonial life—inevitable in countries where farm buildings were utilitarian and immense, and houses cramped and simple. The colonials were busy people, and they had little time for dreams and the refining of their sense of beauty. The slim steeples of Anglicanism did not fit into their colonial landscape. They preferred the honest and unpretentious four-square box of a chapel, with a pitch-pine pulpit and seldom even a cross or an altar.

The predominant note, therefore, in colonial religious life was "chapel", with the special kind of taste that it employs. It was all less beautiful and less satisfying to the imaginative, but it suited the aims of people who worked hard and slept soundly, eschewing luxury and preaching the advantages of plain living and plain thinking.



2. "THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAORIS"

B. C. F. Goldie



3. DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK, DISCOVERER OF NEW ZEALAND

From a contemporary print



4. AT GOOSE BAY AIR BASE, LABRADOR



THE EMPIRE

5. PETTY OFFICER, ROYAL INDIAN NAVY



6. CLEARANCE WORK AT GOOSE BAY AIR BASE, LABRADOR

AT WAR



7. EMPIRE AIR TRAINING SCHEME



8. TOMB OF COLONEL CATHCART IN THE FORT OF ANJERIE, MALAY

From an old print



9. SAILORS HAULING HEAVY CANNON ON TO THE FOOT OF THE DIAMOND ROCK,
WINDWARD AND LEEWARD ISLANDS

By J. Eckstein, c. 1800

III

Most empires have fallen because rot set in at the core. Napoleon said that they all die of indigestion. In Pope's translation of the *Iliad*, we read :

Like leaves on trees, the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground.
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise.

It is true that most empires have obeyed the way of the cycle, from barbarism to civilisation and from civilisation to decadence.

But there was some reason why the British were not to follow the rule. Perhaps it was because Britain was an island, with a sea coast which was always breeding sailors and fishermen to keep the blood of the people red and clean, and to send fresh streams of colonials abroad. It was the first time in history that an empire had its centre in a cold, spartan country. There was a smattering of feckless ones among those who followed at the heels of the pioneers, for it became the fashion to send convicted philanderers and black sheep "to the colonies". But they were a minority. In the main, the cry of the new world was heard by the healthy ones. The sailing ships and then the steam ships that crossed the Atlantic or rounded the Cape carried some of the cream of Britain; the men with guts and imagination and fortitude.

As the population increased, the colonies were able to harness more acres. Their barns were so full that they were able to export their corn. One of the sights of the high seas was the grain fleet coming home. In the 1840's, South Africa exported produce worth little more than a quarter of a million pounds a year. It was mainly wool, wine, hides, grain, horses, mules, dried fish, aloes, beef, butter and tallow. By 1875, the figure was four millions. Australia, Canada and New Zealand told similar stories.

In return, farm implements were sent from England, and manufactured goods which made the lot of the colonial more comfortable and easy. Roads were built over the hills and through the forests so that the adventurous ones could force their way to the hinterland, to find prairies and river banks upon which to increase the areas of their husbandry.

A harvest of little schools grew over the face of Canada, New Zealand and Australia, and in time solemn universities were built. The lessons they taught had an English flavour. There was little local history to teach, so the boys and girls learned the story of the British kings and the wars they fought. Distance lent enchantment to all the views. Some of the schools were mere huts, and the landscapes before them were bare and mighty. So the stories of castles and kings and wars were more romantic than real. It was not easy for them to realise where history ended and legend began.

It is strange to turn from those early days and consider the same countries as they are today. During 1942 Canada produced a million tons of new merchant shipping, more than Britain, to swell the armada which was fighting the U-boats.

This vast country, where farmers and trappers trudged through the snows a hundred years ago, was able to build a 10,000-ton ship in three days.

Australia, with the unfair shadow of Botany Bay over its early story . . . the El Dorado of gold seekers and the haunt of bushrangers little more than a century ago, produced her own army and navy, and she built her own Beaufighters and tanks.

New Zealand, the modest England set in the southern seas, where the settlers of a hundred years ago had to rate cannibalism among their troubles (Doctor Maynard wrote in the 'forties of the Maori chief Thy-ga-rit pinching his thigh facetiously and saying, "You all same beef"), produced more than a million uniforms during the war, and she dressed her own army. South Africa, where within living memory Dutch, British and Zulu kept the land lively with hate and pillage, sent an army to help in the re-occupation of Somaliland and in the conquest of Abyssinia. Her own ships protected her, from the Cape to the Mediterranean.

Promise has thus grown into achievement. It is achievement measured in prosperity and numbers. But its real basis is the character formed in those early days. It is rough colonial vigour and single-minded colonial character that fortified these great enterprises of wartime. The word *colony* is no longer used. Its inferences are ignoble, it seems, since the blessings that came with the Statute of Westminster. But there is a certain strength and romance in the word when we recall what it meant one hundred years ago.

IV

There were other forces which caused the second generation of colonists to ignore the Old World. Hate and envy among Britons and Europeans were based upon frontier jealousy and the rivalry of races. But the races were all white. Germany pressed against France, and Russia dreamed of standing upon the shores of the Sea of Marmora. Prussia plundered Schleswig-Holstein, and Austria and Italy drew swords upon the dividing Alps. These were all ancient jealousies and, with her conviction that God had appointed her policeman of Europe, Britain interfered and dictated wherever she could. Her foreign policy lay across the Channel. She did not seem to think that there was need for a policy that would cross the Atlantic or the Pacific.

While Queen Victoria visited Paris to engage the affections of the French, or sat in the castle in Coburg trying to reconcile the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia; while Disraeli sat with Bismarck in Berlin, trying to shape his Peace with Honour, the new countries developed entirely separate problems based in most cases upon an entirely new fear . . . the fear of the coloured races. The lonely farmer in the valley of Natal, with a horde of Zulus across the river, could not feel or even think about the plight of Holstein or the dangers of Bismarck's creed of blood and iron. The farmer had his colour problem: the problem of matching the wits and self-assurance of a handful of white men against the black armies of the vast hinterland. His politics were moulded accordingly.

The Briton in South Africa had the additional enmity of the Dutch to occupy

his attention. For a hundred years or more, the rivalry over possession of the rich lands sharpened the temper of both races, and even war between them did not reconcile them. It took war *against* them to weld them into one. The menace of Prussia in the first world war and of National Socialism in the second war, and the more imminent ambitions of Japan, gave them the interdependence necessary to peaceful understanding.

Neither Australia nor New Zealand was faced with formidable racial problems with their coloured natives. The Aborigines of Australia were few in numbers and low in intellect, and they were soon subdued into a docile minority. The Maoris in New Zealand were aristocrats among the coloured races. They were valiant soldiers, imaginative poets and skilled craftsmen. But the Maori Wars subdued them, and a later policy of benevolence allowed them a dignified and important part in the country's affairs. They responded to education and obeyed the white man's laws without losing all their own character.

There was little fear of the coloured peoples within their own territory, for Australians and New Zealanders. Their fear was focused on the north, among the yellow races. Just as their English ancestors had frightened their children with the threat of "old Boney", so colonial children were intimidated by the caution that the Japs would gobble them up if they didn't mind their ways. Australian and New Zealand boys devoured stories of "The Yellow Peril". One of the favourite villains in their political cartoons was a hideous Japanese face, with the rising sun behind his head. When Japan bombed Pearl Harbour, it was no surprise for Australia and New Zealand. A very old bogey had become a reality: that was all.

In the early days, before Britain possessed Canada, the French settlers had shared the country's only racial problem with the United States. The cunning Red Indians had to be subdued on both sides of the border. When the British established themselves in Canada, this trouble had passed. The new enmity was between the French and the British, for they both coveted the new earth and its riches. In time, after the cleansing experience of war, this gave way to fresh sources of concern.

Early in this century vast shiploads of colonists arrived in Canada from Middle Europe and as far east as Russia. They did not melt easily into the pattern of the new country. Each race or religion built its own little nation within Canada, many of them on the prairies, where they formed pockets of settlement, each with its own religion, language and habits. The French and the British had to postpone settlement of their differences and legislate to control these growing communities. These problems have made Canadian politics intricate and difficult. The moulding of one race who might call themselves Canadians has not been easy.

There was another danger which Canada was to share with the American States later in her development. The wily Japanese had infiltrated the west coast, all down the Pacific Slope. Market gardens and little shops fell into their parsimonious hands, and they provided cheap coloured labour in a land colonised by men who hated cheap labour and all that it implied. Only the Canadians on the Pacific coast realised the full danger of this migration of Orientals. The members of parliament for British Columbia and the neighbouring provinces raised a lonely cry of

warning, but many years were to pass before the Canadian and American legislators realised that in crossing one ocean, the Atlantic, they had brought themselves to the shores of another ocean, the Pacific, and therefore into a new hemisphere with its own problems and racial conflicts.

The dangers from the coloured people, yellow and black, were so utterly different from any that had engaged British policy in the past that Whitehall failed to comprehend and therefore failed to act. Treaties and military victories were the traditional form by which Britain quelled or vanquished her enemies. And she knew the intimidating effect of a gun-boat run up a river. Neither form of control came into the question as far as the hundred million black men in Africa were concerned, or the colossal populations of China and Japan.

Societies were formed in Britain to press the cause of the "downtrodden black races". But the white men in Africa saw the menace as something devilish and terrible. How terrible one realises in reading the chapter on South Africa written by Mr. Julian Mockford for this book. The beat, beat, beat of the tom-tom gave an engaging rhythm to the English ears, but for the white man in Africa it was a startling noise from Hell.

These forces gave each of the new countries its own problems: problems which they had to solve themselves.

In later years, the increasing strength of Japan was to draw the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand together in such alarm that they fought their own separate war, controlled from Washington, in a desperate effort to save the white brotherhood of the Pacific. At the moment of writing, there are some who view this conflict as having been so important that it might mean the eventual shifting of the centre of British power across the Atlantic. They see a new bond being formed between these countries who share the yellow menace; a bond as strong, if not stronger, than the old tie between the parent Britain and her colonial children. There are some of even greater vision who see the war not merely as a battle between a vicious European power and Great Britain, but as an opportunity through which Britain, the Americas and Oceania may remain bound in peace as in war, to the exclusion of all rivals, whether in Europe or the East.

A study of the political issues in the new countries during the last century increases belief in this brotherhood of the Pacific.

Two men made interesting prophecies upon these matters in the last century. One was Bismarck, who when asked what was the most important fact in modern history replied, "The fact that North America speaks English".

The other prophecy came from Disraeli, who said, "... if ever Europe by her short-sightedness falls into an inferior and exhausted state, for England there will remain an illustrious future. We are bound to the communities of the New World, and those great states which our own planting and colonising energies have created, by ties and interests which will sustain our power and enable us to play as great a part in the times yet to come as we do in these days, and as we have done in the past. And then, I say it is for Europe, not for England, that my heart sinks".

But Disraeli's prophecy was forgotten in Britain, and the leaders who followed

Bismarck in Germany did not remember his astonishing wisdom when, in turn, they designed their wars of aggression.

V

Towards the end of the last century and at the beginning of this, the bonds between the parent Britain and the new countries became more delicate than ever, and this delicacy increased between 1918 and 1939. When the third and fourth generations were born in Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand, they had each achieved such definite identity that their debt to Britain seemed to be almost purely historical. It was natural also, in the great period of growth that came between 1918 and 1939, for each new country to enjoy its majority with cocksure independence. In all of them, the debt to England was tremendous. The chief debt was to Britain's experience, deep, clever and old. Without that experience, the new countries would have been clumsy and lost. To have cut themselves off from that source of wisdom would have been fatal. The Briton's gift for day-to-day life, his sane balance of labour and leisure, his allegiance to his home and his respect for democratic principles, his law-abiding habits and his hatred of all physical cruelty . . . the main signs of his sophistication as a citizen . . . had all been transplanted to the dominions. The form of Christianity practised by the British was the form of religion kept in Canada, Australia and New Zealand, and among the British in South Africa. Out of it had grown the civic conscience, the ethics and the sense of personal freedom which are essentially British. This was the measure of the debt of the new countries to Britain. But the people of the new countries were naturally in love with their own freedom, so that what they were building themselves obscured their debt to their inheritance. But the inheritance and the debt were there.

The fact that Australians and Canadians and New Zealanders fought in the recent war shows that they are subconsciously aware of this debt to Britain's deep experience. Perhaps it would be better to call it a debt to history and not to Britain alone. Now that the war is over, and the remnant of the armies returned to their native states, there is a chaos of reckoning. There is much blaming, much haggling and not a little greed and recrimination. All this because although human nature is chastened during a war, it soon turns to its old sins when the guns are quiet. Also, the real tragedy of war is that in fighting for nobleness, so many of the noble ones are killed. Through their valour, soldiers are allowed a sight of God's face, but not enough of them live to translate their vision back into everyday life. But the bitter ones, the evaders and the money-changers, survive, and that is the menace that comes with peace. The men who win wars seldom survive to construct the peace that follows. Here then are our hopes: that there are enough men returned from the wars—Britons, Canadians, Australians, South Africans and New Zealanders—to retain the vision vouchsafed to them, so that these old gaps of misunderstanding will not arise again—at least not in such formidable strength. The minds of soldiers and sailors and airmen are all one mind. The amount of good in them is great, because they have fought for the privilege of living and they are grateful.

There is one very important new factor to remember in considering the relationship between Britain and the dominions now that the war is over. Only a gigantic mind can comprehend all the world. Before the present war it had become impossible for a member of parliament in New Zealand to see Britain's point of view, with France and Germany as her neighbours. It became equally difficult for the member for Windsor, in the Thames valley, to have any notion of what Australian farmers felt when they saw the Japanese pearl fishermen making maps of the northern coast of Queensland.

There seems to be one great hope for escape from this difficulty now that the war is over. Travel by air and the improvement of radio have made it possible for men to embrace all the world in their thought: a miracle which is new to us. Mr. Churchill was able to pick up the telephone and speak to General Smuts in Cape-town. The Prime Minister for New Zealand can now fly to London to a conference within a week. The Atlantic has been reduced to the space of a channel by the war, and ideas which are bred in New York at dawn can be the dinner-time talk of London the same evening. Does one see from this a new kind of world, with distances conquered so that the chances of misunderstanding become less and less and the inspiration of leadership becomes unified, as the miracles of transport and science are enslaved for man's good? If one can think in these terms, the view of the promised new and better world becomes a little more clear; a world in which states and countries clamour less for their rights and think more of their responsibilities and opportunities; a world in which men learn the emptiness of power and the exciting forces of example.



10. COLONIAL ADMINISTRATION



II. CANADIAN WINTER



12. CANADIAN SUMMER

CANADA

by

WILFRID EGGLESTON

I

When North America was discovered by accident in Europe's search for a new route to the rich Indies, the northern half, which is now Canada—rugged, ice-bound for several months of the year, an almost unpeopled wilderness of conifers, birches and poplars, its cascading waterways the only practicable thoroughfare, and then only for light canoes—offered small attraction to early explorers familiar with the gold, precious stones, fruit, tobacco and sugar of milder latitudes. The teeming cod-banks of its eastern approaches, and the thick-pelted furs of the interior, drew hardy Basque fishermen and restless adventurers, but few colonisers. France staked the first claims, exchanging guns, kettles, blankets and cheap trinkets with the Indians for pelts of castor beaver, whose short inner mat of downy hair made perfect felt for the quality hat trade of the Continent. Later, laying the foundations of a commercial empire, French statesmen transplanted a few shiploads of tenacious peasants and ingenious artisans from north-western France into the valley of the St. Lawrence and the fertile hay-meadows of the Bay of Fundy. With them went members of the religious orders, intrepid missionaries who, in their eagerness to convert savage souls, shared the discovery of the trackless wastes with the undisciplined *coureurs de bois*, reckless young Frenchmen who escaped the discipline of the tiny settlements and lived with the Indians, adopting their ways and marrying their maidens.

For 150 years the colony of New France fought a gallant and at first brilliantly successful battle for commercial supremacy, against the Dutch and later the English traders along the New England coast and up the Hudson River, and then the Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson Bay. By 1750 the French had pierced the continent west to the Rocky Mountains, south to the Gulf of Mexico, north to James Bay, but the whole dream collapsed with the capture by General Wolfe of Louisbourg in 1758 and the citadel of Quebec a year later. The Peace of Paris in 1763 ceded the colony of New France to Britain. Most of the officials, intellectuals and military officers abandoned the colony of less than 60,000 settlers and returned to France, but the *habitants* from Normandy, industrious, patient, resourceful, remained behind with the parish priests and gradually peopled all the best soils of the lower St. Lawrence valley.

The new British rulers shrewdly confirmed the rights of the French-Canadians in their language, customs and religion, and when the American Revolution flared up in 1776 the Yankee leaders tried in vain to convert the Canadians to their cause. English emigrants had helped in founding Halifax in 1749, but the first big influx

of British stock came with the close of the American Revolution (1783), when 50,000 United Empire Loyalists poured into Acadia and Quebec, swelling the tiny population of Nova Scotia, founding the new province of New Brunswick, settling on the shores of Lake Ontario and Lake Erie to become the pioneers of Upper Canada. The Canadian North-West was still a vast fur preserve, where private companies (the Hudson's Bay Company and the Nor-Westers) fought out their commercial rivalry, but Lord Selkirk led a small band of Irish and Scottish settlers through Hudson Straits, up the Hayes River and eventually to the plains of the Red River, to found an agricultural settlement which was to grow sixty years later into the province of Manitoba. On the Pacific coast private fur-traders held unchallenged sovereignty until gold was found in the interior, a few years after the California gold-rush, when the stampede northward of American prospectors threatened to convert British Columbia into American territory by squatters' rights. Then, almost overnight, the British Government created on the mainland a Crown Colony, soon to be linked with Vancouver Island into the province of British Columbia.

The early fur-traders of Canada were succeeded by lumbermen who supplied the Royal Navy and the British merchant fleet with square timber, by builders of wooden ships, and by maritime traders. In the days of the China clippers, just before sail yielded to steam, Nova Scotia possessed the fourth largest mercantile fleet in the world. The supremacy of the Canadian forest as chief source of wealth eventually yielded to wheat, when the rich prairies of the Canadian North-West were put under the ploughshare (13, 14). Finally, in our own day, came the exploitation of Canada's rich metal mines, the rise to first place in the world's pulp and newsprint industry, and the evolution of Canada—accelerated by the demands of two world wars—into a leading industrial country.

Canada began as a French colony, governed on authoritarian lines. The British and American immigrants brought with them traditions of representative government and the New England "town meeting": the colonies grew into provinces with elected legislative assemblies. Responsible government was won not without open rebellion in both Upper and Lower Canada (1837). A conjunction and coincidence of diverse forces brought the provinces of British North America together in a Confederation in 1867. The original federal union of Canada (Ontario and Quebec), New Brunswick and Nova Scotia was expanded by 1873 with the addition of British Columbia, Manitoba and Prince Edward Island, so that it stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In the first Great War, Canadian soldiers, airmen and sailors in the field, farmers and industrial workers at home, played a creditable part, and the result helped to mature Canadian political thinking. At the Imperial Conference of 1926 Canada was officially recognised as a self-governing dominion; in the words of the definition, as one of the "autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations".

The practical significance of this unity through "common allegiance to the

Crown" was effectively demonstrated in the opening days of the second Great War, when the Canadian Parliament, on September 10th, almost unanimously supported the Government's motion to declare war upon Germany; and thus Canada took its place voluntarily, as a free associate of the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, in the struggle which lay ahead.

II

Canada's area of nearly 3,700,000 square miles makes it the fourth largest country in the world, and it looks on the map as though it could support a far larger population than at present. But nearly two-thirds of the total area is underlain by the rocks of the pre-Cambrian era, largely denuded of soils in the Glacial Age; and a study of isothermic lines and average frost-dates shows how large a part is permanently unsuitable for agriculture. This is confirmed by experience. One-half of the present population of Canada live in the St. Lawrence-Great Lakes plains south of the pre-Cambrian Shield. These cover only one-fiftieth of the total area of Canada. Nearly one-half the remainder occupy the fertile belt of dark-brown soil stretching across the Canadian prairies, between the semi-arid "continental desert" region and the northern forest lands which again merge into the Canadian Shield. Because of soil and climatic limitations, the most attractive areas of Canada adjoin the American boundary. Inhabited Canada thus takes the form not so much of a ribbon as a string of beads laid from Atlantic to Pacific. The beads differ in magnitude and are separated by long stretches of lightly inhabited or totally uninhabited territory. The string is 3,900 miles long, but half of the Canadians live within 100 miles of the boundary, and 90 per cent. within 200 miles. The result is that most Canadians are closer to large settlements in the United States than they are to the adjacent "bead" of settlement in Canada. Thus Vancouver (26) and Victoria find natural neighbours in Seattle and Portland, Oregon; Winnipeg's (25) nearest large cities are Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago; Detroit is just across the river from Windsor, Ontario; Toronto (21) is nearer to Buffalo and Rochester than it is to Montreal; St. John and Halifax find a close affinity with Boston and Portland, Maine. The isolation of Canadian economic areas from one another has presented Canada from the beginning with serious transportation difficulties and heavy costs.

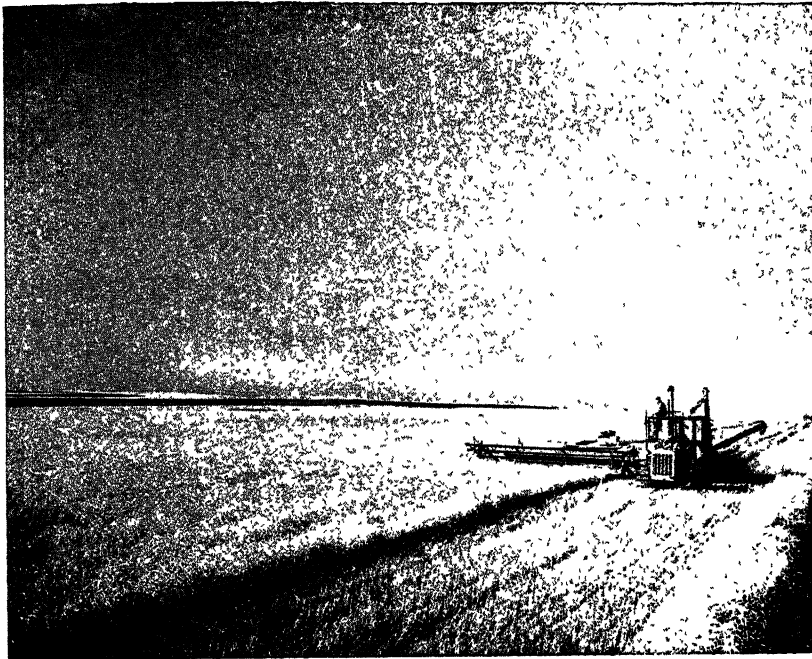
A large part of Canada enjoys a "continental climate", with a wide swing between extremes of summer heat and winter cold (11, 12). Masses of warm air from the Gulf of Mexico and the Mississippi valley bring temperatures often into the high nineties and above, while masses of polar air in winter-time frequently cause the thermometer to fall to fifty and even sixty degrees below zero Fahrenheit. The Atlantic Ocean, the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes moderate these extremes for adjacent areas. West of the Cordiller as, on the Pacific coastal slopes, a moderate climate is found, much like that of southern England, though less changeable. Since inhabited Canada is in the belt of the westerlies, the plains on the lee-side of the Rockies are subject to arid cycles, when annual rainfall may fall as low as 10 inches. There is a limited amount of irrigation in such areas. A large part

of Canada is covered by trees, productive forested land being estimated at 770,000 square miles, while another 450,000 square miles is described as "unproductively forested". From east to west Canada stretches across five standard time zones, so that it is five o'clock in the afternoon at Halifax when it is noon at Vancouver. North to south it reaches from a few hundred miles from the North Pole to a point in southern Ontario with the same latitude as Rome. No tropical or sub-tropical plants can be grown out-of-doors in Canada, but southern British Columbia and the southern portions of the St. Lawrence-Great Lakes lowlands favour the raising of grapes, tobacco, soya beans, maize, peaches and other fruit. The maritime provinces produce apples, potatoes and hay, the farmlands of Ontario and Quebec produce cheese, butter and milk, and substantial quantities of cereals. The prairies of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta long ago became famous for their bountiful crops of hard wheat, high in gluten, but they have also become important hog, cattle and poultry producers (12). British Columbia (26) is a "sea of mountains" interspersed with valleys of great fertility in which there are ranches and fruit farms, aided in some places by irrigation. The forests of the Pacific coast are the finest in Canada. Canada is bounded by three oceans and covered with a network of lakes and rivers, large and small, and is naturally an important fishing country, the most notable areas being the salmon and halibut fisheries of the Pacific coast, and the herring, cod and lobster fisheries of the Maritimes.

Canada's resources of bituminous and lignite coal are well-nigh inexhaustible, but the best seams are located far from the industrial areas of Ontario and Quebec. These provinces have no deposits at all except small beds of inferior lignite in northern Ontario, but this lack is offset by the ready availability of American coal, supplemented by vast hydro-electric installations. The petroleum resources of Canada fall short of meeting domestic needs, but some promising fields are being opened up in Alberta and Saskatchewan. Canadian industry has long been handicapped by the absence of iron ore of high quality and readily accessible; for many years all ore was imported, but in 1939 work was begun on the draining of Steep Rock Lake in north-western Ontario so that bodies of high-grade haematite could be mined. The annual output is expected to be about two million tons a year, which will be a great boon to Canada's steel industry. Canada's importance as a gold producer began just before the first Great War. The value rose rapidly until by 1940 Canada stood second among the countries of the world, with 12.8 per cent. of the total world production. Stimulated by demands of the second Great War, Canadian mining and metallurgical development boosted Canada to first place in production of nickel, platinum and radium, second in aluminium and molybdenum, third in copper, zinc, lead, silver, fourth in magnesium. These metals were produced in quantities far exceeding Canada's domestic needs, and Canada rose to first place among the nations as exporter of base metals. The deposits of uranium ore in the north-west territories have recently assumed first-rate importance.

III

There are few countries in the world with as many different racial origins as Canada. At the census of 1941 just under 50 per cent. came originally from the



13. ALBERTA HARVEST



14. PRAIRIE GRAIN ELEVATORS

CANADA



15. MIDDLE WESTERN AUDIENCE



16. EASTERN LUMBER CAMP

CANADA

British Isles, just over 30 per cent. from France. The remaining 20 per cent. were from highly diverse regions: 465,000 from Germany, 306,000 from the Ukraine, 245,000 from the Scandinavian countries and 213,000 from the Netherlands. Over 170,000 were Jewish, 167,000 from Poland, 113,000 from Italy, 84,000 were Russians, 55,000 from Hungary, 43,000 from Czechoslovakia, 42,000 from Finland, 30,000 from Belgium, 25,000 from Roumania, 21,000 from Yugoslavia, 12,000 from Greece, and a few thousand from Lithuania, Bulgaria, Latvia, Estonia and other European countries. All told, about 98 per cent. of the present population of Canada is European in origin. So widely are they scattered about the country that it is not unusual to find as many as thirty different racial origins in a single school.

The other 2 per cent. is made up of Indians and Eskimos (125,000), Chinese (35,000), Japanese (23,000) and negroes (22,000).

The French-Canadians numbered, in 1945, about 3,700,000. A remarkable fact is that these are practically all descendants of the few thousand colonists sent out in the seventeenth century by French governments. In 1685 the population of New France was only 11,000, and as emigration from France to the colony virtually died out after 1673 it is clear that a few thousand colonists, many of them hardy peasants and artisans (for the most part from Normandy and Picardy, with a few soldiers of the Carignan-Salières Regiment discharged in 1670), became the progenitors of modern French-Canada.

The French-Canadians are largely concentrated in the province of Quebec, with important minorities in New Brunswick (the Acadians) and Ontario. Their natural increase has been substantially higher than other Canadian groups, and except in short periods of heavy immigration the ratio of French-Canadians has persistently climbed. For three hundred years they have successfully defended their culture and language against dilution and assimilation; and they are a factor always to be taken into account in any appraisal of Canadian politics.

They are essentially a North American people, and their primary loyalty is to their own homeland, Quebec. They call themselves *les canadiens*, and their compatriots *les anglais*. To France they pay their intellectual respects, but there is no deep sentimental tie with a country which abandoned them in 1763, and which subsequently underwent a revolution and adopted such philosophies as libéralisme, republicanism, freemasonry and anti-clericalism, all deeply repugnant to them. Their educational system, which is in the hands of the Church, and has continued to stress the classics, dialectics, metaphysics and theology, has produced eminent clerics, *litterateurs* and professional men, but few industrial leaders, economists or financiers. Their long-standing complaint that *les anglais* monopolise the lucrative and influential posts in these latter fields is thus an indirect criticism of their own educational methods, a point which is being made tellingly by their own leaders.

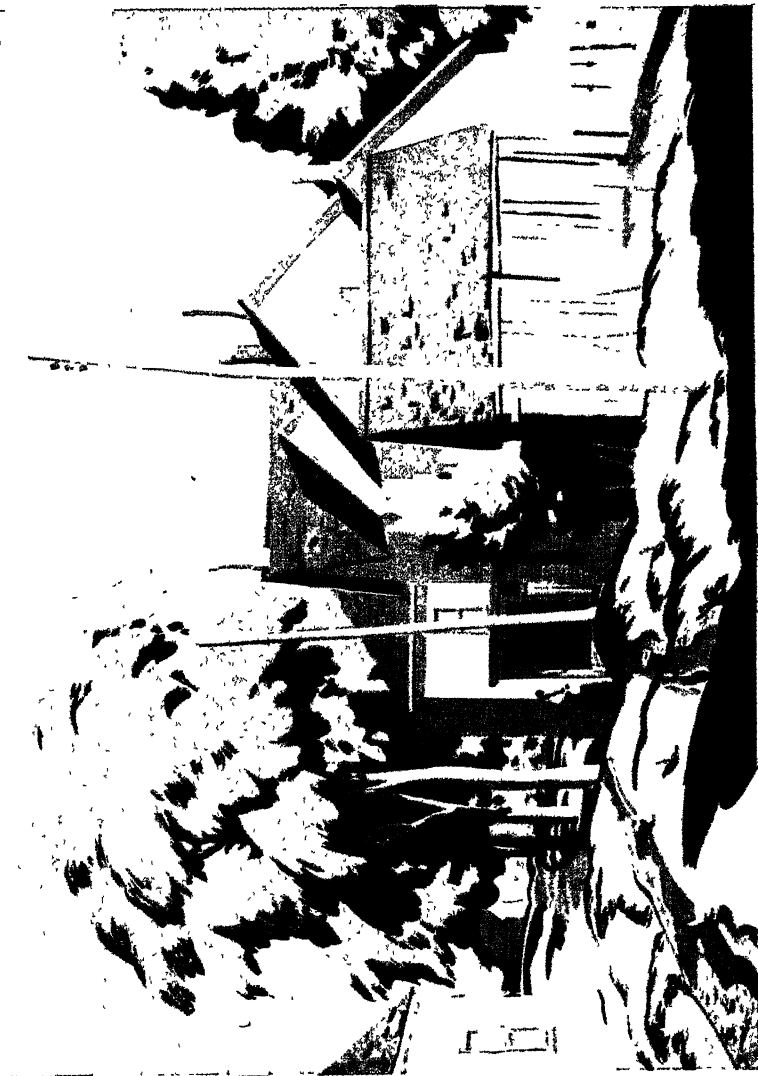
Canadian politics are increasingly influenced by the French-Canadian vote. In perhaps 80 out of 245 seats in the House of Commons this is large enough to be a deciding factor, and after the next distribution of seats (when the total number rises to 255) the ratio will be further increased. It has become well-nigh impossible for a political party in Canada to win a majority without moulding its broad

national policies so that they at least avoid outright antagonism from the French-Canadians.

Until recently, French-Canadian village and rural society was intimately linked up with the parish church, and based upon Catholic conceptions of family solidarity, hard work, thrift and self-discipline. The emphasis was upon spiritual and aesthetic qualities rather than ambitious materialism. But the growing urbanisation of Canadian life, and the almost irresistible tide of Americanism which pervades Canada through periodicals and books, the radio, the tourist and other media, threaten the very existence of this cultural island of less than four millions in a dynamic continent of nearly 150 million English-speaking people.

No account of Canada would be complete without an adequate recognition of the duality of its culture, but it is essentially a British country, and this character is not threatened by the fact that at the last census the proportion of British stock had fallen just under 50 per cent. It was given its basic mould by British statesmen and colonial administrators, by United Empire Loyalists, many of whom gave up their entire worldly possessions to live under the Union Jack, by Scottish and Irish immigrants, who rose to leadership in its politics, commerce, law and religion. The constitution given the Dominion of Canada in 1867 expressly asserted in the preamble that the provinces desired to be "federally united into one Dominion under the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with a constitution similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom". Its conceptions of civil liberties, of freedom of the press, of religion, of assembly and of association are British in origin and spirit. The teaching of English literature and English history in the schools exercises a profound and continuing influence. The leaders of Canadian politics, the chief administrators in the civil service, the most eminent figures in finance, business, trade are commonly of British origin. It may well be that as French-Canadian education evolves to meet modern conditions, and as the children of the European immigrants of a generation ago reach maturity, British dominance in some of these fields will be effectively challenged. Yet so strong by now is the British spirit of Canada that it may be safely predicted that these acquisitions will not materially alter its character.

Canada's polyglot composition, its status of "melting-pot of nations", is a comparatively recent development. Until the immigrant hordes of the early years of this century began to arrive, the only important exceptions to the exclusively English-French origin of the Canadian people were the descendants of the few Palatinate Germans who had settled part of Nova Scotia in the eighteenth century, the handful of Swiss and Germans who had trekked across the border with the United Empire Loyalists, and the Mennonites who formed several settlements in Ontario over a hundred years ago. Then the doors were opened by the immigration policies of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Minister of the Interior, Sir Clifford Sifton, and the fertile plains of western Canada, the lumber camps and mining camps of British Columbia and Ontario, the factories and towns in half-a-dozen provinces welcomed these picturesque immigrants from nearly every country in Europe. The experiment has been essentially a success: the newcomers have become assimilated; they have proved loyal to the country of their adoption; they



17. AN ONTARIO VILLAGE.

By J. Carson, R.C.A.

CANADA

have fought side by side with native Canadians in every theatre of the world war just ended. Their children attend Canadian schools; they have adopted Canadian customs, and there is considerable intermarriage both among themselves and with the Canadians of several generations. The only exceptions of importance are the religious colonies such as those Doukhobors (by no means all) who have retained the communal basis of their lives and have refused to assume full social and national obligations. For the most part, the influx of "New Canadians" has meant an enrichment of Canadian life and thought. These people brought new crafts, new arts, cultural ideas and customs which are weaving bright new colours into the national fabric of Canada.

IV

Before the White Man came, Canada was peopled by a few score thousands of Indians and Eskimos, who in many areas never rose far above the starvation level. Its ability today to support about twelve million people at a standard of living hardly excelled anywhere rests essentially on the specialised exploitation of a few natural resources. The surpluses of these products are exchanged in the international market for manufactures, fuels, raw materials, tropical fruits and miscellaneous services which make such a substantial contribution to Canada's welfare and comfort. This reliance on trade has always existed. Despite the long industrial expansion fostered by tariffs and the accelerated pace set by the demands of the second Great War, it is the opinion of some economists that Canada has emerged from the latter struggle even more dependent than before upon world trade.

During the French regime the chief exports were fish, and then furs. After the conquest, the forest came into its own for over a century as the chief source of trading wealth. At Confederation (in 1867) the maritime provinces exported fish, square timber and ships, while Upper and Lower Canada shipped wheat, rye, barley and cattle, as well as products of the forest, to the United States, the West Indies and Britain.

The transformation of the Canadian economy in the past fifty years can most readily be seen in the character of her exports. In 1890 the ten leading exports in order were: planks and boards, cheese, fish, cattle, square timber, coal, raw furs, fruits and hay. The total exports were valued at \$85,000,000, and timber and lumber made up one-quarter of the total. It will be noted that furs, the historic staple, had fallen back to seventh place, and that wheat did not appear at all in the first ten.

By 1910 a large part of the rich wheatland of the prairie West had been settled, and the mineral areas were beginning to yield important wealth. In that year the first ten exports were: wheat and wheat flour, planks and boards, cheese, fish, silver ore and bullion, cattle, meats, copper ore and raw gold. Wheat and wheat flour had replaced lumber as the chief export staple, and in a total export trade of \$279,000,000 these two items approached one-quarter.

Between 1910 and 1930 Canada pushed forward to become one of the leading export nations of the world, the total value in the latter year being \$1,120,000,000. Cheap hydro-electric power and her forest resources had made Canada a prime source of newsprint. The order of the first ten items was: wheat and wheat flour,

newsprint paper, planks and boards, wood pulp, copper ore, automobiles, fish, raw gold and whiskey. Wheat and wheat flour had retained their predominance, still representing nearly one-quarter of the value of all exports. Products of the forest represented another fifth. The emergence of automobiles as an important item heralded the rise of the factory as a major element in the Canadian economy.

By 1943, under the impetus of the second Great War, another revolutionary change had come about. The first ten items in an export trade which had reached the war-swollen value of \$2,971,000,000 were: motor-vehicles, cartridges and shells, wheat and wheat flour, newsprint, guns, aluminium, bacon, wood-pulp, ships, planks and boards. The factory and shipyard had for the time being replaced the wheatfield and the forest as the main sources of Canada's exports. The value of the motor-vehicles exported in 1943 alone was nearly double the value of *all* Canadian exports as late as 1910.

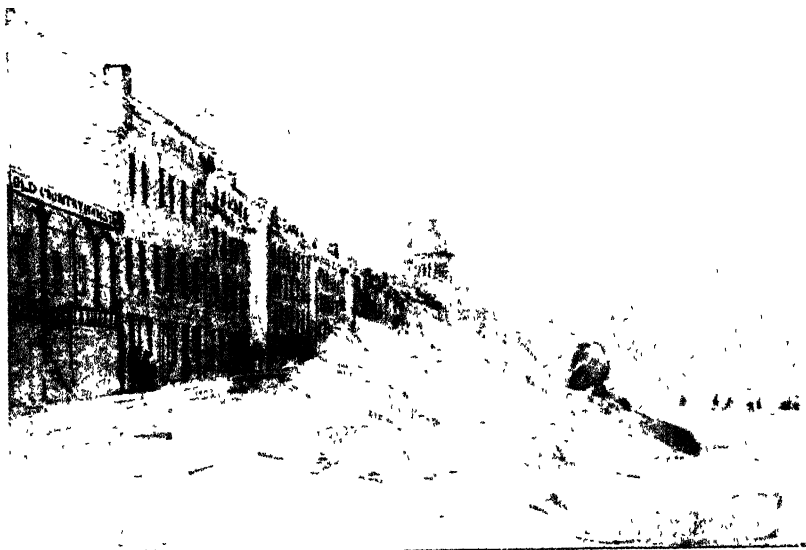
The reliance upon external trade for such a large part of Canada's national income (roughly one-third) has profoundly affected Canadian economic history and the attitude of the Canadian towards certain international relationships, the economy being extremely sensitive to world trading "climate" and sharply vulnerable to world depressions. It is rapidly buoyed up by periods of prosperity in the United Kingdom and the United States (its two chief customers) but as rapidly depressed when the cycle ends. During the late twenties, Canada sensitively reflected the expansion of the United States boom, and her exports and national income quickly rose to record levels. But when the boom collapsed, Canadian trade and income tumbled precipitately likewise, despite the most strenuous efforts to insulate the Canadian economy from the shock. In dollar values, Canada's external trade fell 65 per cent. and the national income 50 per cent. in four years (1929 to 1933). The impact upon the primary producing areas of Canada, notably the wheatfields of western Canada, the fisheries of the Maritimes, and the lumber and mining areas of northern Ontario and Quebec, was almost a national disaster. Prices of secondary commodities consumed in Canada were restrained from falling quite so sharply, but ultimately the loss of purchasing power in the primary producing areas pervaded the whole economy, with deplorable results everywhere.

V

Canada's reputation first as a vast fur preserve, heavily forested, then as a "granary of Empire", has probably retarded world-wide recognition of her remarkable trend towards industrialisation. The official figures for net production of manufactures in recent years are as follows:

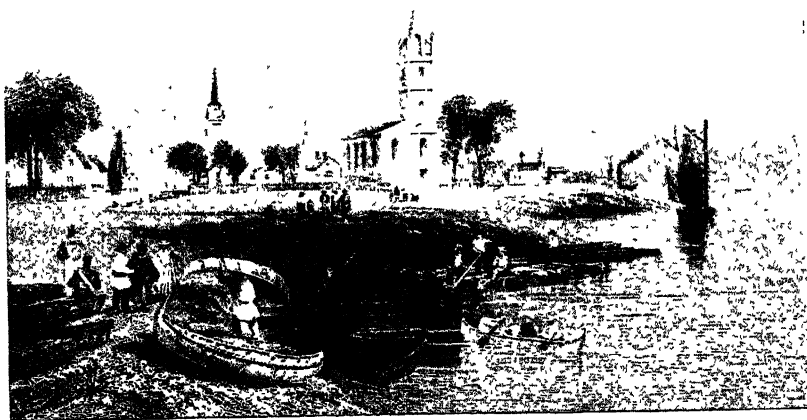
Year	Value \$	Per cent. of all production	Per capita \$
1900	215,000,000	— *	40
1926	1,520,000,000	42.0	162
1934	1,223,000,000	51.4	114
1941	2,605,120,000	55.2	227
1942	3,310,000,000	53.0	293

* No official figure available.



18. ICE FLOES OF THE ST LAWRENCE, MONTREAL, 1848

By A. Duncan



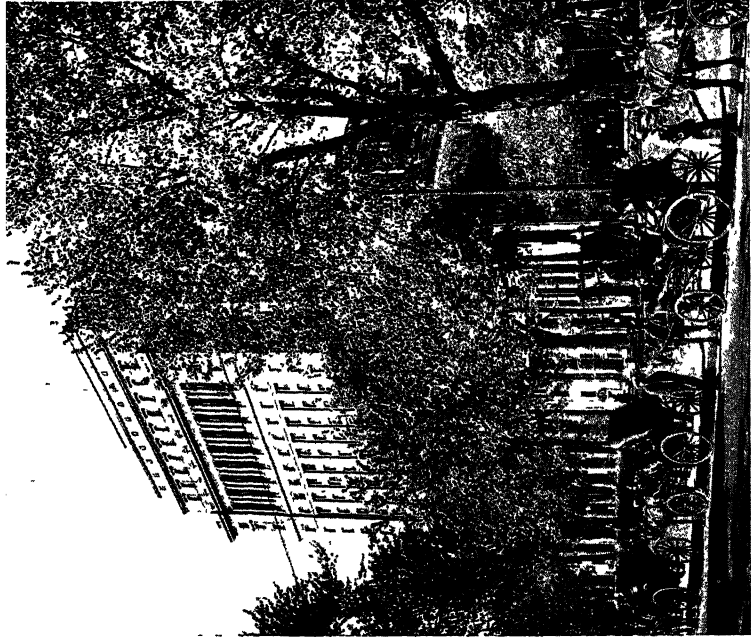
19. THE GREEN AT FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK

By W. H. Bartlett, c. 1840

CANADA



22. WINTER IN QUEBEC



23. SUMMER IN MONTREAL

The evolution can also be seen in the shift from rural to urban population. In 1871 only 19.6 per cent. of Canadians lived in urban areas; in 1891, 31.8 per cent.; in 1911, 45.4 per cent.; in 1931, 53.7 per cent.; and in 1941, 54.3 per cent. There are still provinces which are largely rural, such as Prince Edward Island (74.4 per cent.) and Saskatchewan (67.06 per cent.); but the most populous provinces have swung to a decisively urban pattern—Quebec (63.32 per cent.) and Ontario (61.74 per cent.). During the second Great War the industrial output of Canada was almost tripled in 48 months, and new productive facilities equalling in value all the pre-war plants of Ontario were created. Some of these are being reconverted and others closed in the post-war era, but the expansion has left a profound and enduring mark on the character of Canadian activity.

VI

The need for diversifying and expanding Canadian industry for war purposes came suddenly in 1940, when Hitler's conquest of north-western Europe, culminating in the fall of France, at a time when both the United States and the U.S.S.R. were still neutral, confronted Canada with a formidable challenge. Until the time of Dunkirk, Canada had leaned heavily upon British factories, shipyards and laboratories for her own war needs. It had been taken for granted that Canada's most useful role would be to increase her production of food, forestry products and minerals—the traditional export staples. But now it was imperative to expand and convert her industrial resources to massive war production in the shortest possible time. The year 1940 was one of plans and tiny beginnings, and a first trickle of war supplies. The year 1941 saw mammoth new construction. Production began in earnest in 1942, with first objectives reached. By the end of 1943 the early plans had reached fruition, and Canada had become the fourth greatest producer of war material in the world: was building warships and merchant vessels in such volume as to rank as one of the major shipbuilding nations, had manufactured three-quarters of a million of military vehicles, hundreds of tanks, heavy aircraft, thousands of guns, large and small, radar and signal equipment, delicate optical instruments with lenses made from Canadian glass, vast numbers of light arms, enormous quantities of heavy ammunition and small arms ammunition, over a million tons of explosives, military and naval stores of all kinds. A synthetic rubber plant had been built, able to supply all Canada's requirements, and substantial exports as well. Important contributions had been made to the manufacture of the atomic bomb. Over \$1,400,000,000 had been spent on construction. Annual steel production was more than doubled. Production of base metals rose notably. New power installations increased Canada's plants to 10,000,000 horse-power, an increase of 20 per cent. over 1939. Much of this additional power was used to produce aluminium, of which Canada's wartime production exceeded the pre-war production of the entire world.

Canadian armed forces could use only about 30 per cent. of the war supplies. The remainder was sold or contributed to other members of the fighting United Nations. By the end of the war, shipments under Canada's variant of Lend-Lease,

namely, Mutual Aid, and other financial expedients, reached over five billion (thousand million) dollars in value, of which one-third was exchanged for repatriated securities or loans without interest, and the remainder was an outright contribution.

VII

Until quite recently Canada lagged behind other Western nations in legislation affecting labour and social welfare, but rapid strides have recently been taken. The lag was partly due to the difficulties of divided jurisdiction between national and provincial governments, the latter possessing the necessary constitutional power but lacking fiscal resources, while the Dominion government, which had the funds, lacked authority. To some extent this dilemma has been overcome by Dominion grants-in-aid: the whole question of a reallocation of responsibilities and revenue resources has been explored in the Dominion-Provincial Conferences of 1941 and 1945, which were in turn based on the recommendations made by the Royal Commission on Dominion-Provincial Relations (1937-40). Another factor in the lag was the persistence of a "laissez-faire" philosophy in a country which has only recently emerged from the pioneer or "frontier" stage of economic development. Old age pensions were introduced on a provincial basis (with Dominion contributions) in some provinces in 1927, and by 1936 had been extended to the whole Dominion; the national government proposed in 1945 taking over the entire burden for pensioners over 70 and increasing the benefits; and contributing one-half of the cost of provincial pension schemes for those between 65 and 69. In all provinces but Prince Edward Island (an agricultural province) there is now workmen's compensation for injury and disease. Family Allowances, on a Dominion-wide basis, were first paid in the summer of 1945. A complete health insurance programme has been proposed by the Dominion government for early acceptance by the provinces. Unemployment insurance came into operation on July 1st, 1941, as a national scheme. Social security for the primary producer has been more difficult to legislate for. Against drought losses on the prairies, nationally financed schemes for water conservation and irrigation have been launched, and a modest form of crop insurance against drought has been in force since 1939. Floor prices for agricultural products are promised, the first step having been taken in 1945 in the form of a guaranteed minimum price for wheat covering the years 1945-50. Minimum wages and maximum hours of labour are essentially matters for each provincial government to govern (eight of the nine provinces have legislation on the subject), but there has been considerable agitation for a national labour code, which, to be effective, would require an amendment of the constitution.

VIII

Canadian arts and letters are only now beginning to emerge from pioneer influences. The early history of Canadian literature followed the pattern of other colonial settlements. For many generations the physical demands of subduing the wilderness precluded any active cultivation of the arts or letters; those works which



24. SI HILARION, QUEBEC

By A Y Jackson, R C A

CANADA

achieved publication were usually the writings in Canada of people who had brought all their culture with them: such books owed little to North America, unless it might be a theme. The same was true of the arts. In French-Canada the early writings were influenced by the Church or executed by the religious orders. When a secular French-Canadian literature began to appear it reflected the literary fashions of France. Nova Scotia was the first province in British North America to produce a branch of native English literature: the best-known figure of it was Judge Haliburton, whose character "Sam Slick" (*The Clockmaker* was published first in 1836) won international notice. This level was not sustained, and it was not until the 1880's that a group of Canadian writers, chiefly lyric and nature poets, founded English-Canadian literature as we know it today. Bliss Carman, Duncan Campbell Scott, Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, Archibald Lampman all won some measure of international reputation: one of Duncan Campbell Scott's poems, *The Piper of Arll* was an influence in awakening the poetic gifts of John Masefield. But English-Canadian letters, so promisingly launched by a series of volumes of lyric poetry in the early 1890's, still had a discouraging road to travel. The hard materialism of the frontier, the necessity of competing with imported English and American books and periodicals, the geographic and cultural divisions and conflicts, a conservatism which clung to rigidly Puritan conventions, made the life of the Canadian writer peculiarly difficult. Canadian publishers found it more profitable to bring out Canadian editions of British and American works than to produce Canadian letters for domestic distribution. Canadian writers discovered only three ways to survive, all unsatisfactory from the point of view of Canadian literature: to content themselves with such part-time creation as they could squeeze into a civil service career, or similar vocation; to emigrate to New York, London or the Continent; or to aim their work at international markets by avoiding Canadian regional themes and settings. Canadian literature is still dogged by these handicaps, but there are more hopeful signs on the horizon. The quality of Canadian writing is improving, and the sale of Canadian books to Canadians is reaching a point at which Canadian writers may hope to live without adopting some unsatisfactory compromise. For the first time, a competent school of literary critics has begun to appear. The poetic work of E. J. Pratt, the novels of Gwethalyn Graham and Thomas H. Raddall, the historical works of D. G. Creighton, the intimate essays of Emily Carr (who was also a powerful modern painter), the regional sketches of Bruce Hutchison, the critical essays of E. K. Brown and W. E. Collin, may be taken as illustrating these new developments. French-Canadian literature has enjoyed a parallel upsurge since 1940, though not so pronounced.

So far Canada has not produced any important body of dramatic works. The economic handicaps cited above may explain much of the dearth. In recent years the radio has begun to offer new outlet for dramatic writing, and some interesting short plays are being produced.

Similar factors have discouraged the rise of a school of Canadian music. The growth of interest in good music everywhere, and the encouragement of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, offers some hope that the number and quality of Canadian compositions will steadily improve.

IX

Canadian painting (17, 24), like Canadian literature, began as the work in Canada of foreign or native artists who were thoroughly the product of foreign schools. The canvases of such documentary artists as Paul Kane and Cornelius Krieghoff gave the world invaluable records of Canadian pioneer life, the Indians and fur-traders. James W. Morrice and Maurice Cullen were Canadians who studied in Paris and came under the spell of the French Impressionists: when they returned to Canada their treatment of Canadian scenes proved highly suggestive to Canadian painters who followed. The emergence of a genuine Canadian school came after 1912, when the "Group of Seven" began its work; the original members were J. E. H. MacDonald, A. Y. Jackson, Arthur Lismer, F. Horsman Varley, Frank Johnson, Lawren Harris and Frank Carmichael. There were changes and additions, and in 1930 the group merged with others into the "Canadian Group of Painters". The original philosophy of the group was defined by A. Y. Jackson. "We frankly abandoned our attempts at literal painting, and treated our subjects with the freedom of a decorative designer in emphasising colour, line and pattern, even, if need be, at the sacrifice of atmospheric qualities", he wrote. Their tradition has been carried on to the present day by a younger generation, which has also found in current European and North American trends new sources of inspiration. Some writers feel that Canadian painting has succeeded more than any other art in discovering a distinctive national expression. Canadians are rapidly awakening to the merit of their own painters, and the commercial demand for the work of Canada's more significant artists was never greater. There are so many painters in Canada doing interesting and perhaps enduring work today that it is invidious to single out a few; however, in the past generation Tom Thomson, C. A. Gagnon, Carl Schaefer, F. H. Brigden, Emily Carr, L. A. C. Panton, in addition to those already mentioned, have won wide recognition. Canadian portrait painters of merit include Dorothy Stevens, Sir E. Wyly Grier, Kenneth Forbes, and Jack Humphrey.

Canadian sculpture has had to depend largely on government commissions for historical groups, single figures and memorials. Walter S. Allward, whose supreme achievement is the Canadian War Memorial at Vimy Ridge, has created a number of notable groups and single figures, to be found principally at Toronto and Ottawa. Phillipe Hebert, of Montreal, was the first Canadian sculptor of note. A. Suzor Cote has won wide acclaim for his small bronze figures of French-Canadian life. Emmanuel Hahn, of Toronto, who worked at first with Allward, has emerged as one of Canada's leading sculptors. Elizabeth Wyn Wood, Alfred Laliberte, Frances Loring and Florence Wyle are among those who have produced significant works in different styles. One distinguished Canadian sculptor who left his native country to work elsewhere was Dr. R. Tait McKenzie. His best-known works are to be found in the United Kingdom, though he makes his home in the United States.

Canadians themselves know surprisingly little about their own handicrafts, which in neither range nor quality deserve to be ignored. Quebec has for nearly

three hundred years fostered the crafts, notably in textiles, wood-carving and silverware. The school of Cap-Tourmente was founded there in 1675. Some of the best artisans came out from France to instruct the colonists. Lately there has been some decline in the quality of French-Canadian work, through the prevalence and cheapness of factory textiles, but the provincial government is attempting to revive the industry. Many European groups which came to Canada as immigrants, especially the Doukhobors, Mennonites, Ukrainians and Czechs, have notably enriched the Canadian tradition in such arts as weaving, needlework and embroidery. There are a few good metal craftsmen in Canada, and a small wrought-iron industry. Ceramic clay is found in many parts of Canada, and in recent years some interesting private potteries have been founded by enthusiastic artists, producing creations of rare distinction.

X

Discussion of post-war immigration into Canada raises the question of available land resources and other possibilities. Offsetting most of the mass immigration into Canada since 1900, there has been a wholesale exodus, chiefly to the United States. In the first thirty years of this century Canada lost 3,400,000 people, a large proportion of them natives of Canada, by emigration. This has led some demographers to contend that any attempt to increase Canada's population beyond a natural rate of increase based upon the development of her resources is thwarted by emigration to the adjacent attractive areas of the United States. Undoubtedly part of this migration is a local manifestation of a universal drift from rural to urban areas. Since most of the large urban areas of the North American continent lie in the United States, it is not surprising that many Canadians have crossed the political boundary in the process of moving from country to town.

There was a time not so many years ago when after-dinner speakers freely predicted that within their own lifetime Canada would boast a population of fifty, a hundred or even two hundred millions. Surprise is constantly expressed in other parts of the world that with such a vast area the population should still be as low as twelve millions. Students of demography who have projected Canada's population growth (on the basis of current birth and death rates) over the period 1931-71 estimate, however, that, lacking some revolutionary new factor, Canada's population will not be much above eighteen millions by the end of this century, with an ultimate limit somewhere between twenty and thirty-five millions.

One misconception which has led many after-dinner orators astray concerns the narrow limit of exploitable virgin farmland in Canada. The best agricultural areas of the original Canada (Ontario and Quebec) were all occupied by Confederation; and the accessible farmlands of the Great Prairies were substantially settled by 1929. Since the latter date the prairie provinces have been unable to support their own natural increase. Moreover, the trend towards completely mechanised wheat-farming (13, 14) is encouraging a fall rather than a rise in the density of the prairie farm population. The only large area of promising farmland still unoccupied in Canada lies in the Peace River block of Alberta and British Columbia, and

the natural increase of prairie population in western Canada is capable of occupying that area—which largely awaits cheaper transportation—within a few years. The chief factor tending to increase the density of population in western Canada is irrigation. To the extent that the schemes now surveyed and projected are constructed, a basis will be provided for a modest increase in the total population of the prairies. But there is a strict limit to the water available, and even under the most favourable economic conditions this development would not appear able to support more than a few hundred thousand additional people at current Canadian living standards.

Canada has other bases for additional population, however, and it may well be that the industrial areas along the St. Lawrence valley and on the border of the Great Lakes, and along the coastal area of British Columbia (26), will become more and more thickly populated. It is not inconceivable that new industries based on cheap water transportation and abundant cheap hydro-electric power will in a few years attract millions of additional people to those areas. The mineral wealth of the far North has been barely scratched, but mining camps exploiting a wasting asset are of limited promise as a basis for major increases in population.

XI

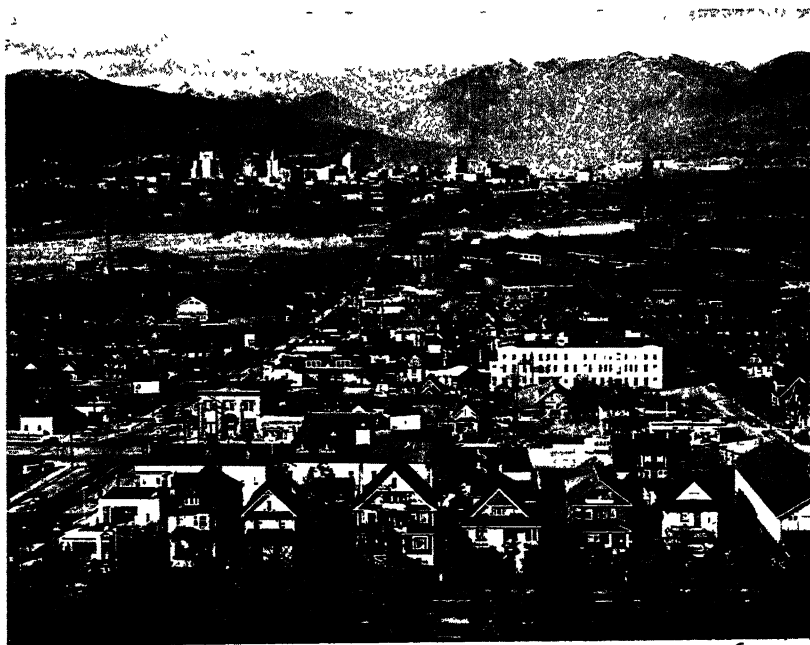
Builders of the Canadian nation have had to grapple continuously with discouraging factors; progress has been slow, and there have always been sceptics to call the task impossible. As a recent historian asks, has Canada as a nation achieved anything distinctive in personality and culture "or is it no more than a sort of artificial political contrivance, as Goldwin Smith argued, put together in defiance of geography and economic interest and kept together merely by the perverse stupidity of people who refuse to recognise realities"?* It would not be difficult to appeal to geography and economics to demonstrate how difficult, if not impossible, is the creation of a homogeneous and harmonious nation out of the far-flung regions of Canada; and the evidence of history—the annexationist movement of 1849, the move towards secession by British Columbia in 1877 and by Nova Scotia in 1886, the gloomy words of Sir Wilfrid Laurier about "premature dissolution" seeming to be at hand in 1891, the pessimism of Goldwin Smith, the sharp cleavage between French and English Canadians over conscription, the breakdown of the 1941 Dominion-Provincial Conference—might be summoned to show how unstable the union has always been. Yet in the face of these discouragements the vital fact is that Canada persists and even grows as an incipient nation; indeed, in the closing months of the second Great War she may be said to have demonstrated to herself and to the world a more impressive measure of nationhood than ever before.

The fate long thought to be in store for Canada—absorption by the United States—seems less imminent today than a century ago. The influence of the United States upon Canada is, of course, prodigious and continuous, and is likely to increase. Yet this has not prevented the healthy growth of Canada's dual and

* Quoted by Professor George W. Brown, of the University of Toronto.



25. WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



26. VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA



27. NIAGARA FALLS FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE, 1821

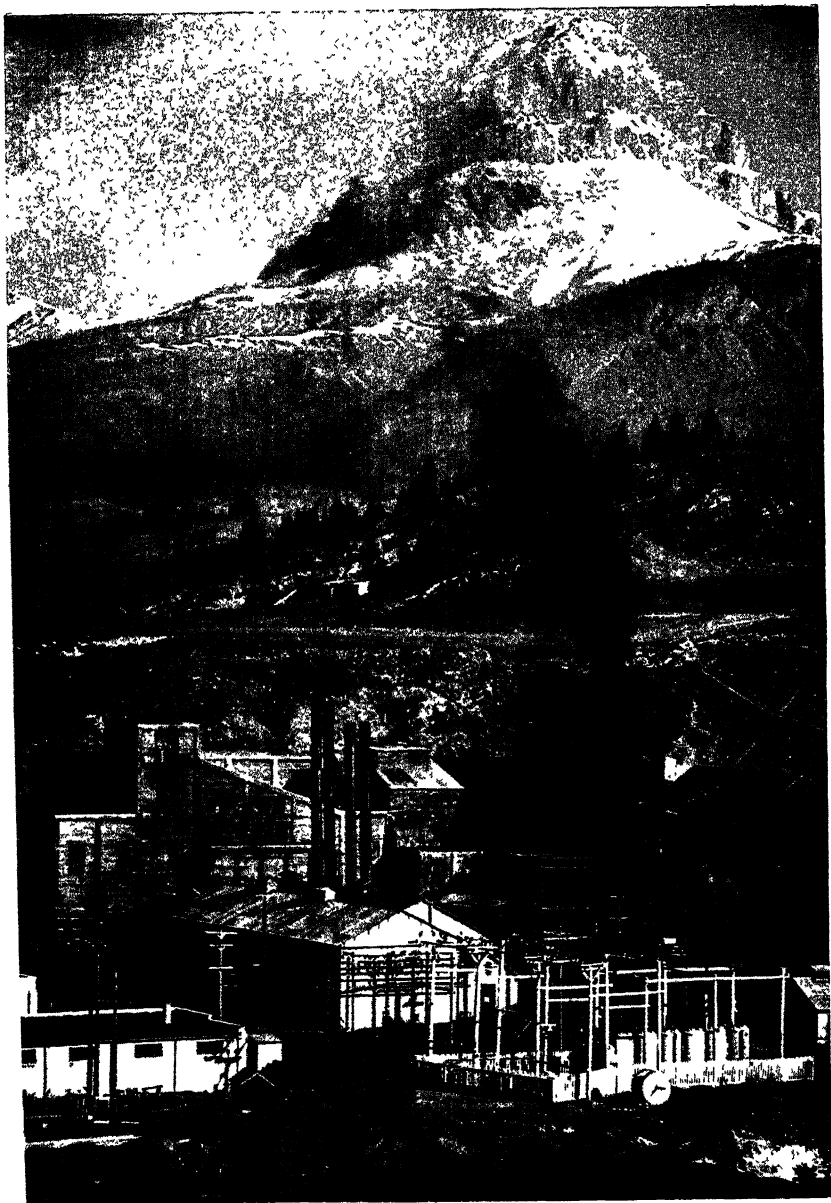
From an old print

CANADA



28. THE STATUE OF SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN ON DUFFERIN TERRACE, QUEBEC

CANADA



29. ROCKY MOUNTAIN INDUSTRY, ALBERTA

CANADA

distinctive cultures. Nor has the evolution of Canada from a colony into one of the self-governing Dominions of the Commonwealth pulled Canada away from Britain towards the orbit of the United States. The relations between Canada and the United States have never been better than in the past decade, but this has not been at the expense of the British tie. Indeed the relationship between Canada and the British Isles never reached such a pitch of affection and concern as it did during the height of Hitler's assault on Britain; and in a score of practical ways Canada has since expressed this devotion.

Where, then, is Canada going, if her fate is not to become a northern tier of states in the great nation to the south? Having overcome the obstacles of geography, economics, duality of culture and various centrifugal forces so long, the more hopeful Canadians see a useful and even dignified role for their country as an independent nation linked in free association under the same monarch as the other members of the Commonwealth, an intermediary, if not an interpreter, between Britain and the United States. As a country with a long record of peace with its neighbours, one which is solving within its own boundaries the conciliation of conflicting races, and religions, it may have a significant contribution to make. If ever there were Canadians who dreamed of working out their own destiny in isolation from the rest of the world, they are silent now. Canada has as much interest as any nation in a world of collective security and multilateral trading. Since the development of the aeroplane she lies at the crossroads of air-routes which link the most populous areas of the world. Without her foods and raw materials the reconstruction of Europe and Asia will lag. In a world of smouldering animosities and defensive autarchies Canada cannot thrive. She must move towards a practical internationalism based on co-operation and mutual respect.

Canada's slow emergence towards nationhood has been reflected in a singular lack of national symbols. Nationalism found its first effective expression among the French-Canadians, left by France to develop their own sturdy variant of North Americanism; but there it tended to become narrow provincialism, among the more impractical dreamers even taking the vision of a "Laurentia", a pastoral French Catholic state separated from North American industrialism. The Maritimes and British Columbia developed their own local or regional loyalties. The immigrants from Europe often left their hearts behind in the homeland. It was not really until the first Great War that Canada was stirred with one common purpose, and even then the unity was marred by the rift between French-Canadians and English over conscription. In the second Great War the measure of unanimity was at least greater, even if still not perfect. Meantime intangible forces have been at work drawing the ends of the country together: the radio, the aeroplane, the automobile, improved news services, the common danger faced in the war and the common interest in a successful peace. These unifying and nation-making influences are beginning to find symbolic and administrative expression. Canada's first diplomatic representative was the Minister to Washington appointed in 1927; now there are a score of missions in various parts of the world. Canada's independence as a self-governing Dominion within the Commonwealth was established by the Statute of Westminster in 1931. Canada still possessed no official flag or

official national anthem. However, on VE and VJ Days, 1945, the *Red Ensign* was flown from the Peace Tower above the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, and when Parliament opened on September 6th, 1945, it was flown (instead of the Union Jack) as an interim official flag, until such time as a parliamentary committee should make recommendations.

Lacking an official national anthem, Canadians sing both *God Save the King* and *O Canada*; French-Canadians prefer the latter. Officialdom has been slow about accepting the term *Canadian* as a nationality, the term "British subject" having been used instead in most connections, while a Canadian of several generations is still identified in census returns as being French, English, Ukrainian or Italian, based on the birthplace of that paternal ancestor who first arrived in Canada. Yielding to widespread demand, however, the Government has recently clarified the whole status of Canadian citizenship and nationality. These are straws in the wind. Considered in the light of Canada's recent participation in world affairs, and the up-surge of national consciousness finding new expression in arts and letters, they may be evidence that the Dominion will not be long in taking its place as one of the "middle powers", essentially British in its political traditions and sympathies, North American in its economic orientation, diverse in its racial and cultural origins, drawn strongly to both Britain and the United States, yet preserving a considerable measure of autonomy in a world in which the atomic bomb may have made any very strident or exclusive nationalism an obsolete and impracticable dream.

AUSTRALIA

by

NEVILLE THOMSON

I

On the sandy foreshores of a horseshoe-shaped cove in one of the world's most majestic harbours, a flag was run up one hot January afternoon in the year 1788. Drums rolled, a volley was fired, the King's health was drunk and the land was proclaimed British. A few hundred sunburned sailors, soldiers and transportees then began to build a settlement. No steel implement had scarred the ancient forest before their coming. Hidden by the dense bush and purple-mottled trunks of giant trees, a handful of savages watched in wonderment. By evening, as the smoke of the fires of the settlement went up, the ebony-black natives were exchanging fish and wallaby meat for the gaudy glass trinkets and strange wheaten flour which the strangers had brought with them.

That brief ceremony in the heat of the afternoon marked the birth of a nation. The straggling convict settlement was the seed of villages; of the towns and cities that now stretch across the 2,000-miles-wide Commonwealth of Australia.

Australia's founders had no real idea of the vastness and richness of the land that stretched away from the settlement. They knew little of the immense littoral washed by the Southern Ocean and only a handful of them knew that the Pacific rolled along an eastern seaboard of almost 2,000 miles; that the Indian Ocean beat on a long, western coastline; that the Timor Sea and the Arafura Sea lapped the northern extremities of the continent. These pioneers were little ahead of Ptolemy of Alexandria in knowledge of the vast island continent. When he mapped the known world in the second century, he drew in a vast landmass in the south, Terra Incognita, no doubt gaining his information from Malayan sailors, who were great rovers in their day.

In the late eighteenth century what little was known of the land was called New Holland, because Dutch navigators had brushed its western coast and mapped fragmentary patches. On his first Pacific voyage, Cook (3) had charted and written about some of the eastern coast, but the Dutch name remained. Australia still withheld the full mystery of its size and character, and philosophers and cartographers could do no more than dream of the great South Land. None of them could realise that within the fragments of coastline which had been discovered there lay a continent that was theirs for the taking.

In the century and a half that have passed, the continent has become one of the great states of the freely linked Commonwealth of British Nations, with a population of 7,000,000 British people cultivating 23,500,000 acres of land and working 27,000 factories.

But there was no grand imperial idea behind its foundation: no romantic story of a quest for empire. The simple facts are that when the British Government of the time had made a mess of ruling the young American colony they had to find other soil on which to dump the thousands of convicted wretches who choked the jails and rotted in convict hulks in almost every harbour of the kingdom.

Someone thought of the fever-seething swamps of the west coast of Africa. But there were opponents of this brutal scheme—among them Edmund Burke—and the Government had to drop it. The harshest penal laws in all Europe still operated in eighteenth-century Britain. The courts went on turning amateur criminals into convicts, and something had to be done with the melancholy harvest.

Sir Joseph Banks, the great naturalist who had sailed with Cook, suggested that the eastern coast of New Holland would be ideal for a penal settlement. Others backed up this idea—but nothing was done for some years. At last, when the convict troubles were almost out of hand, the Government commissioned a naval officer, Captain Arthur Phillip, to organise a fleet to sail for New Holland and found a penal settlement. The place chosen was that recommended by Banks—Botany Bay, a wide inlet in the part of the coast of New Holland which Cook had named New South Wales.

Phillip sailed from Britain with two warships, six transports and three supply ships: the First Fleet. Aboard these were about three hundred officers, sailors and marines, with the marines' wives and children. There were over five hundred male and almost two hundred female convicts.

Phillip was the first and the greatest of the governors of New South Wales: an idealist who happened also to be a superbly efficient organiser: a humanitarian who also knew the uses of discipline. He believed that he was destined to lay the foundation of a great British colony in a land which was then relatively as distant as the moon. Phillip was about the only man in a generation of cynics who thought of his mission in terms of empire-building and social construction. His idealism and courage survived all the hazards of colonisation and left their deep, unmoveable mark on what has become the Commonwealth of Australia.

When the fleet arrived in New South Wales—there was surprisingly little illness on the way—Phillip immediately rejected Botany Bay as the site for his settlement. He sailed some miles northward and found the magnificent stretch of sheltered water which is now Sydney Harbour (30, 36). Cook had sailed past its entrance; a turn of forty-five degrees would have revealed to him what Phillip later described in a dispatch to the British Government as "the finest harbour in the world, in which a thousand sail of the line may ride in the most perfect security".

The settlement was founded on the wooded shores of one of a hundred delightful coves. Phillip named it in honour of the Home Secretary, Lord Sydney: an honour which was scarcely merited, for Sydney did not have the faintest interest in the place beyond its possibilities as a convict dump. Having disposed of its criminal incubus, the British Government turned back to its insular interests and the colonists were left without food, so that Phillip had to pool his own supply with that of the community. There were murder and robbery, and death from sheer starvation.

Supply ships and further batches of convicts arrived at last. Free settlers also came, and the borders of the original settlement stretched farther and farther over the hinterland.

Phillip returned to England with broken health, to scant thanks for his struggle to make the colony into an outpost of Empire. A period of military rule followed in New South Wales: a period of privilege and racketeering which ran completely wild. Then came a succession of governors who ruled with autocratic power. Captain William Bligh—Bligh of the *Bounty*—was one of these. His chief task was to smash the insidious rule of the military junta which then controlled the colony. This junta, the New South Wales Corps, had an illegal but complete monopoly on everything coming into the country. All farming implements and rum passed through their corrupt control and they had a reservoir of cheap convict labour to work the land which the officers had grabbed for themselves. There was neither justice nor equity in the colony.

Bligh fought this junta and tried to clear away the iniquities. He ordered the slaughtering of government cattle to feed the hungry and he listened to the grievances of the free settlers who had suffered equally with the convicts under the New South Wales Corps. But the Corps proved too strong for him, and Bligh was soon involved in his second mutiny and shipped back to England.

Although Bligh failed to smash the cynical monopoly of the junta during his governorship, the iniquities had been exposed enough to force the British Government into action. The Corps was disbanded and a period of relatively quiet development began. Curiosity and enterprise induced men to explore the interior, and new settlements were founded. It seemed to them that they had discovered one of the most promising pastoral and agricultural countries in the world. Agriculture began to boom, and merino sheep were introduced by John Macarthur, who had bought himself out of the New South Wales Corps before Bligh arrived in Australia. The introduction of merino sheep was the beginning of Australia's fortune. In 1792 there were 105 sheep in Australia, yielding an average of 3 lb. of wool. In 1939, less than 150 years after, there were 119,000,000 sheep, yielding an average of 9 lb. The pioneers who brought the first Spanish merinos from the Cape of Good Hope loosened a tide of prosperity upon the land. Today Australia has one-sixth of the world's sheep and she produces one-quarter of the world's wool.

During the next fifty years there was further exploration and settlement. An American historian has written of this time, "As a record of human endeavour the exploration of Australia during these years constitutes a chapter in history for which the United States has no parallel . . . only the Spanish explorers from Mexico and the pioneer travellers through the deserts of Arizona and southern California can appreciate the suffering and understand the failures of the heroic Australian scouts".

While these intrepid men were conquering Australia's inner secrets, others were founding the cities of today along the verdant coast. A settlement was established in Tasmania in 1803—the Hobart of today. Brisbane was founded in 1824 and Perth in 1829. The foundations of Melbourne were laid in 1835, and of Adelaide in



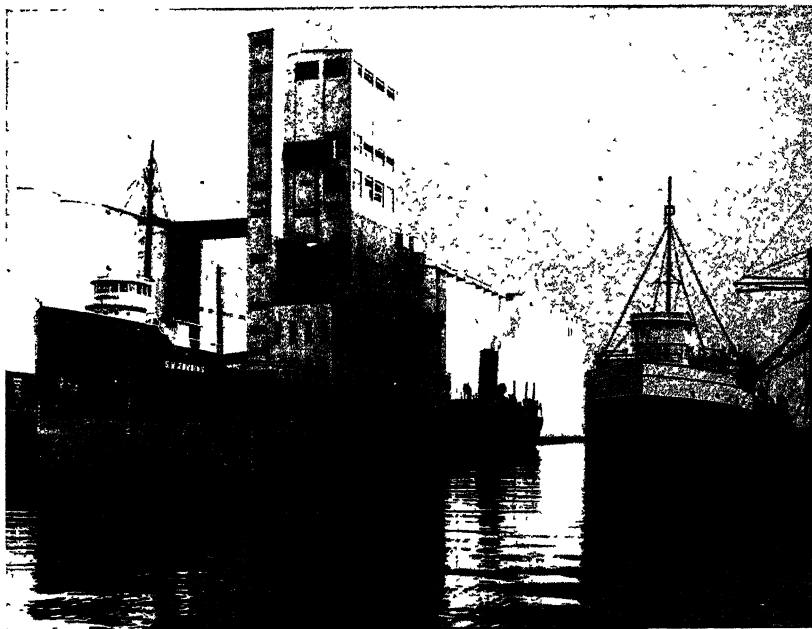
30. SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES IN 1825

By J. Lycett

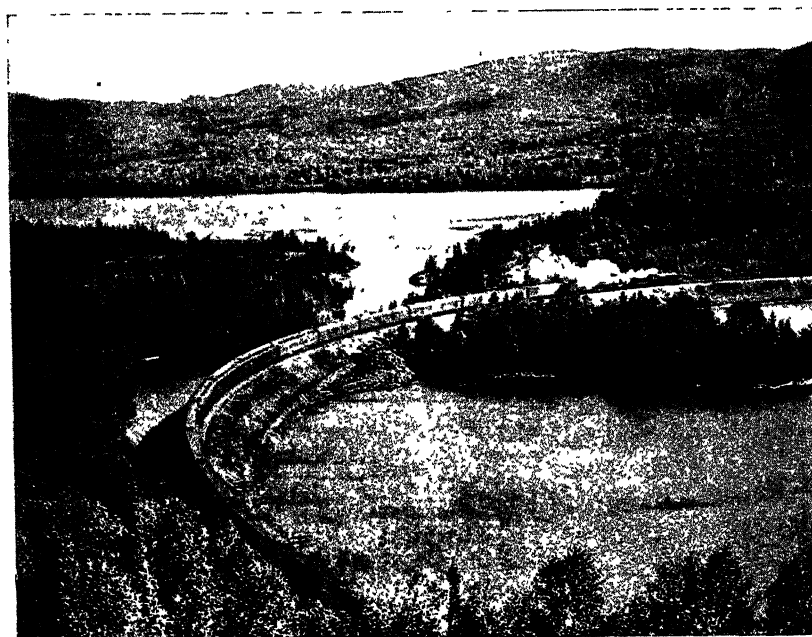


31. SYDNEY TODAY

AUSTRALIA



32. LOADING GRAIN AT PORT ARTHUR



33. JACKFISH CURVE, LAKE SUPERIOR, ONTARIO

CANADA

1836. Law and comparative order came. Windjammers poured fresh thousands of settlers into the deep harbours, and the paraphernalia of civilisation began. A free press was established and trial by jury was introduced. The free settlers outnumbered the convicts, and many of the convicts, refreshed by opportunity, took their honoured place in the pattern of the country's life. Australia was adopted as the name for the colony and a national and independent outlook began to develop—together with a growing demand that the transportation of convicts should cease. The Australians were Britons living in an un-British climate: they had left a cold island for a warm continent where oranges and grapes ripened in the open air. Their character slowly changed accordingly. Greater rights of self-determination were granted by the reluctant British Government, and state legislatures were ultimately established, with complete autonomy, subject only to veto by the Imperial Parliament.

Then something happened that changed the whole course of Australia's history: gold was discovered, in quantities that attracted settlers from all over the world. There had been hints of this in earlier years, but the Government had been afraid to exploit the deposits in case the convicts might be demoralised by the promise of fortune. But in August of 1851, Edward Hargraves discovered Australia's first considerable goldfield, and in the ten years that followed £105,600,000-worth of gold was won from the earth. The romantic story swept across the Old World, and in the same ten years, from 1851 to 1861, the population of Australia leapt from 405,000 to 1,146,000.

Workers already settled in the colonies left their benches for the goldfields at Ballarat and Bendigo: and shepherds deserted their flocks to pursue the new, quick way to fortune. Sailors jumped their ships in almost every Australian port; adventurous men and women, scholars and scientists, toughs and slick-wits streamed into the country; a conglomerate, eager migration which formed the foundation of the new Australia. For the time being, husbandry took second place.

Modern Australia dates from this time. In the second decade of gold—from 1861 to 1871—the population grew by another half-million and the yield of gold increased by a further £81,000,000. The fever passed in time, and gold assumed second place to pastoral and agricultural expansion. But Australia built up its chief fortunes in those years, and it formed its own character, based on increasing independence.

The birth of Australian trade-unionism can be traced to an armed revolt on the goldfields of Ballarat, when the Government of Victoria put up the price of diggers' licences. The diggers banded themselves together and said flatly that they would not pay. Some of them, led by an Irishman, Peter Lalor, built a stockade round the Eureka claim, ran up a blue flag bearing the stars of the Southern Cross, declared Australia a republic and said they would see the Government in hell before they would pay. There was a clash, with casualties on both sides. Government troops took the little stockade, but the leaders got away. The Government, however, had seen the first red light of day. The licence fees were modified; some of the revolutionaries were tried, but they were acquitted.

The country was growing up. This early sign of independence set the course for

its future. At the beginning of the twentieth century, the individual states, each of which had pursued its own selfish destiny, realised the value of Federation in establishing their own strength and in any conflict of views with the parent Britain. So they became one, in the name of the Commonwealth of Australia. The grip of the Imperial Parliament upon them slackened away until finally in 1931 the Statute of Westminster was signed, giving Australia, as well as Canada, New Zealand and South Africa, the rights and status of completely independent nations—voluntary members of the British Commonwealth. Neither parent nor child lost caste in achieving this independence.

* * * * *

This, briefly, is the story of Australia's development from penal settlement to nationhood. All these events had some influence in moulding Australia as it is to-day and in forming the Australian character. The Irish and English political prisoners of the convict era played a great part in setting a foundation for the tradition of independence and political consciousness. English liberals and Scottish radicals who went there as free men canalised this urge for political self-expression and tempered a desire, which was growing in the country, for a complete breakaway from Britain.

The hard-working Scots tilled the earth, raised flocks and herds—the nucleus of the millions of sheep and cattle of today—and those of their sons who had no appetite for farming went into industry and commerce. The Welsh and Cornish went into the mines, as they had done in their native valleys, and the Irish who did not farm gave their imaginative talents to the building of the cities and the towns. The English, with their talent for managing the lives of others, organised and planned, and prospered in both town and country. There was a strong influx of European stock also, but these were absorbed into the essentially British character of the country's blood. Although the Australian exploited every chance of independence, seeming to absorb some of the spaciousness of his enormous country into his own spirit; although he liked to boast that he was an Australian in blood and purpose, he remained essentially British in his hatred of injustice and his insistence on personal freedom. This was to be expected in a Commonwealth which is still 98 per cent. British in origin. This Britishness has mixed with it an effervescence which makes strangers imagine that Australians have developed flashes of Latin temperament. But this is not so. It is true that Australians have flashes of temper, that they are a musical, eager and friendly people. But the climate is the reason for this rather than any fundamental change in the basis of their character.

II

The cities and towns of modern Australia are clean, without smoke or slums. The standards of individual and communal health are high because building is strictly supervised and because standards of sanitation are rigorously enforced. No one may build a house without a bathroom, and every Australian bathroom includes a shower. The shower is a national institution.

Australian women have had a great deal to say in planning the nation's homes. Rationalisation of housework is of great importance partly because there is very little domestic help. The Australian girl prefers to work in office, factory or shop, where conditions and pay are among the best in the world.

For the housewife, therefore, there is no servant problem—because there are practically no servants. After she has sent the children off to school in the morning, the Australian mother is her own maid of all work. In the afternoon she is probably a bridge hostess or she takes the car, which she drives herself, and goes shopping. The fact that the average woman does all her own housework is taken entirely for granted. But she insists that scientists and engineers must plan and build her home so that she may do her work with an ease thought scarcely possible by European housewives. She is helped in this by state enterprise, which gives her cheap and efficient gas and electric fuel.

The land and the sea about Australia yield abundant fresh, cheap food. There are green vegetables and fruits all the year, as well as seasonable vegetables. Measured by the standards of Britain's cities, the prices of all these are very moderate. Queensland pineapples and bananas, Riverina grapes and peaches are sold on street barrows and in the shops for a few pence.

The fundamental ideas of cooking are British, but over the years these have been adapted to the climate. Successive generations have demanded more salads and fruits and greater ingenuity and variety in preparation. But Australians remain great meat eaters; meat three times a day is by no means unusual. But the repetitive roast beef and yorkshire pudding, the roast mutton and the great grilled steaks of grandfather's day have merged into a larger framework. Ideas from other countries and the all-electric kitchen have modified the sturdy diet of Britain to suit a hot, dry climate and a people who spend most of their time in the open air.

The absurdity of a family sitting down to a British Christmas dinner when the shade temperature may be touching the hundred mark—or exceeding it—is passing from Australian life. It was one of the sentimental whims of the early British settlers that they should celebrate white Christmas in a land where snow seldom fell. They ate turkey and Christmas pudding and exchanged Christmas cards with robins and snow on them, in sunshine that made the tar bubble on the pavements. But young Australia has revolted against the traditional, heavy meal. Nowadays, the family may go for a picnic to the beach or to one of the national parks. Even if they stay at home for the Christmas celebrations, hot roast beef and turkey are steadily being ousted by cold ham and pineapple, with fruit salad and iced lager instead of plum pudding and rum punch.

Pure foods laws play an important part in Australian dietetics. There is strict government supervision in the preparation and sale of all food. The shops of the butcher and fishmonger, the delicatessens and the like must be fly-proof and dust-proof. No domestic animals are allowed inside; smoking is prohibited. Australians take their pure foods laws very seriously. This is reflected in constant official inspections of canneries, dairies, abattoirs, refrigerators, vans and food-ships, as well as the food departments of the big city stores and the little shop round the corner.

As the cities and towns of Australia are scattered over a continent where the climate ranges from crisp cold to blazing tropical heat, each capital city has its own character. Up in the semi-tropical part of Queensland, Brisbane (37), the state's capital, is built in steel and concrete and its business centre is largely air-conditioned. Its suburban homes are bungalows built on stilts to allow free circulation of air. Around them are magnificent gardens of tropical and semi-tropical flowers: hibiscus and jacaranda, bougainvillea, ferns and richly coloured vines. The city is built astride the smooth-flowing Brisbane River. At Moreton Bay it is twenty miles from the sea. Around the city are tropical fruit farms, and away to the west are mountain ranges which are rich in tropical vegetation.

Over four hundred miles to the south of Brisbane is the biggest, most sophisticated and beautifully set of all Australia's cities: Sydney, capital of New South Wales (36). It is the third city of the British Empire. Great city buildings now pile up to a majestic skyline away from the cove where the first settlement was built in 1788. Much of suburban Sydney clusters about the bays and coves of a harbour rich in bold, timbered headlands and sheltered heights; a deep-blue harbour of infinite variety and changing beauty. Not far from the spot where Phillip landed, the harbour is now spanned by a giant steel arch, weighing 50,000 tons, which carries four lines of electric railways, six of vehicular traffic, and flanking pedestrian footways. But the clear water still laps the harbour's beautiful miniature beaches and the sun streams down on public parks and gardens which have been preserved for the people in perpetuity.

The suburbs stretch away to the north, the south and the west for twenty miles and more—red brick bungalows with green or red tiled roofs. But there are also big blocks of flats in the American fashion, and stately homes in the outer suburbs and along the tree-sheltered harbour-front.

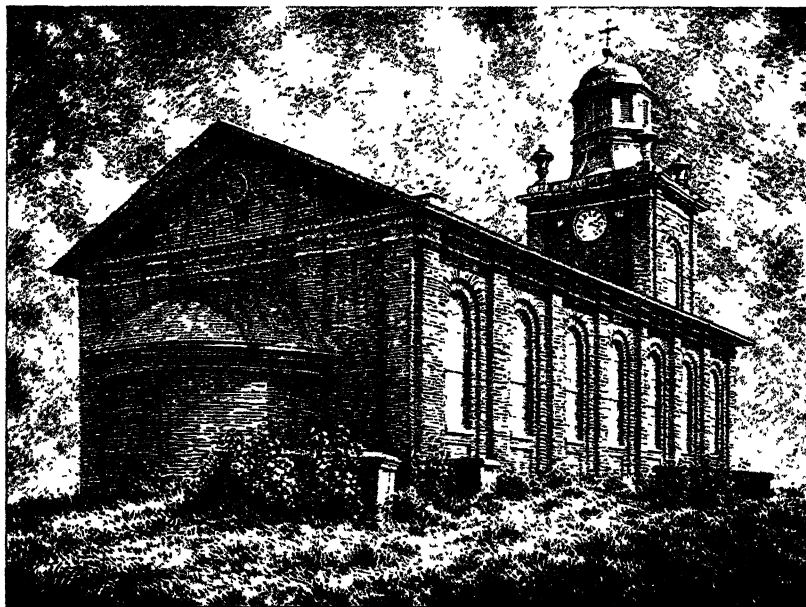
To the north and south of the city the Pacific rolls on long, white-sanded beaches: Maroubra and Coogee, Bondi, Manly and Narrabeen, Freshwater, Curl-curl and Dee-why. Surfing has been developed on these beaches more than anywhere else in Australia. Thousands of the city's workers ride the great rollers before taking tram, 'bus or ferry to office or factory; and again when they come home in the cool of the evening.

Sydney is a city of gardens. English roses and carnations bloom alongside tropical guavas and passion-fruit vines. There are fruit-trees in practically every back garden: oranges and apricots, mulberries and figs, and peaches that ripen as winter fog shrouds London.

Some four hundred miles to the south-west of Sydney is Melbourne (39), the capital of Victoria, completely different from Sydney in character. There is something sturdily British about Melbourne; and unlike Sydney, which more or less just happened, the city was carefully planned. Its streets are wide and shaded by trees; its public gardens are laid out with a nice appreciation of the beauty of imported as well as native trees and flowers. Melbourne is quiet and dignified, with British-looking shops and a stately tempo. Its suburban homes are very much like those of Sydney, but generous planning has given Melbourne more avenues of noble trees.



34. COTTAGE IN PRINCES STREET, SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES



35 ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, WINDSOR, NEW SOUTH WALES

AUSTRALIA



36. AN AERIAL VIEW OF SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES

AUSTRALIA

Nestling in an English setting in Melbourne's Fitzroy Gardens is an eighteenth-century English cottage: the birthplace of Captain James Cook, who mapped most of the eastern coast of Australia in 1770. The cottage was transported, stone by stone, from Great Ayton in Yorkshire. Cook's cottage is somehow symbolic of Melbourne as a city and of the character of its people. They cling to their Englishness more than any other people on the main continent.

More British even than Melbourne in its general character is the trim and beautiful city of Hobart (41), the capital of Tasmania. The city nestles on a wide stretch of river, at the foot of a snowcapped mountain. There is a pronounced Georgian air about Hobart. Many of its buildings date from the early colonial days when builders still thought in terms of the English landscape.

The climate of Hobart is like that of southern England. It is the coolest of all Australia's cities, yet there is nothing dismal or dank about it. Hobart is sunny and equable, like a fresh-complexioned English maid. And it remains benign and aloof from the strivings and turmoils of the mainland. Its river flows on placidly; its mountain looks down peacefully on the capital of a tight little island.

Adelaide, South Australia's capital, was meticulously planned, like Melbourne. It is a city of broad, tree-bordered avenues and mathematically spaced gardens, set against a background of magnificent hills. Adelaide has an abundance of churches. Its business centre is surrounded by a broad belt of parkland; thus commerce and the suburbs remain aloof from one another.

Over in the west is Perth (40), capital of Australia's largest but least populous state, Western Australia. The city is built on both shores of a broad reach of the Swan River. Its founders had a wonderful eye for the preservation of natural beauty. Its river is deep, wide and clear, and bordered by trees and gardens. Perth is a quiet and restful city. Within walking distance of its heart is King's Park, a thousand acres of bushland, kept almost entirely in its natural state, with great avenues of exotic trees and masses of native wild flowers. Back of the city are the Darling Ranges, with summer residences and a four-thousand-acre reserve, set aside as a national park and sanctuary for native birds and animals.

The newest of Australia's capitals is the Federal city, Canberra (42): built in a pocket of land that belonged originally to New South Wales, but which, by the consent of all the states, has been declared Federal territory. Canberra is a modern city in every respect. Plans were drawn up, checked and argued about before a single foundation stone was laid. Parliament House is a simple, finely proportioned building, light and spacious. So is the Governor-General's residence, Yarralumla. So are the city's hotels and the homes of the civil servants who are practically its only all-year-round residents. People go to Canberra to legislate, not to live.

The Federal Parliament and the Senate go into session to mould the destiny of the Commonwealth, and plenipotentiaries visit Canberra from the ends of the earth. Every building buzzes with the important business of government. The lobbies of Parliament swarm with political axe-grinders, newspaper and radio commentators, big business men, pastoralists and trade-union leaders.

But Canberra, the very soul and mainspring of all Federal and external legislation, somehow seems aloof from the life of the nation. When the Federal

legislators return to their own states, taking with them, comet-like, their trains of helpers, supporters, well-wishers, opponents and would-be advisers; the active ministers and the regular civil servants settle down to quiet routine work.

The first impression from all these cities is of twentieth-century life and modern buildings . . . of cities adapted to the ranges of the climate. But there is a more graceful chapter to the story of Australian architecture, and it was the first. One of the early governors, Macquarie (1761-1824), had taste and imagination, and among his convicts he found a man who had been trained as an architect in England. With the help of others he designed churches and big Georgian houses, in Sydney and the satellite settlements of Paramatta, Windsor, Richmond and Camden. Here the richer settlers made their homes, with spacious Georgian porticos and all the grace of Georgian drawing in their design. They were built, well and truly, by convict labour, and many of them have survived. They are set in beautiful parks with avenues of British and Australian trees. It might be a consoling thought to those who resent the pettiness with which so many of the early convicts were sent to Australia that the most graceful memorial in the country, this scattered crop of churches and mansions, is a memorial to the taste of a convict whose crime is forgotten.

III

Behind the cities lies the vast continent, tracts of which are still half known and mysterious. There are rich fertile belts: thousands of square miles of wheat, sheep and cattle country. There are great deserts also; and tracts of land as yet undeveloped; land which may some day support big communities of Europeans. But political organisation and science must play a major part in this; there must be a government to organise immigration on planned, communal lines, and science must help nature to produce a new abundance of natural and man-made wealth.

To an Australian, any part of the country away from the capital cities is known as "the bush" (44). It is a magnificently sweeping generalisation. "The bush" ranges from the closely linked settlements and towns of the fertile coastal belts to the bark humpy in the sun-baked Never-Never. But the climate of Australia is not all heat and dust. The landscape is by no means one perpetual, arid plain. The climate ranges from tropical in northern Queensland, the Northern Territory and parts of Western Australia, right through a wide variety of temperate and equable zones, down to the southernmost tip of Tasmania, where it is roughly the equivalent of England, without the fog.

In the north, there are great jungles. There are coconut, banana and sugar plantations, and tobacco and cotton grow abundantly. In Queensland and the Northern Territory there are thousands of square miles of open, dry cattle country.

Until the White Man came, this country was no more than semi-arid transit land for the nomad aborigine, wandering from one camp-ground to another. Two-thirds of the continent had an annual rainfall of less than 20 inches. The land supported only roving herds of kangaroos and wallabies; the flightless emu wandered its vast acres; the croaking black crow soared in the perpetually blue sky, waiting for something to fall, prostrated by starvation or thirst.

But the White Man found that a gigantic pressure system existed under the earth. The result was a flow of artesian water which brought life to almost endless acres of desolation. Today, herds of cattle grow fat where the kangaroo and the wallaby starved. There are 8,750 artesian wells in the continent—some of them dug 7,000 feet into the earth.

To the south of the tropical belt, along the coastal area, the climate becomes temperate. Plants and tropical crops grow in abundance. Here an enormous mountain chain, the Great Dividing Range, edges closer to the coast, running down the full length of the continent and dividing the seaboard from the plains. And all the way down on the seaward side of the range there are rich orchard, agricultural and pastoral lands. The climate becomes gradually cooler. Tropical Queensland merges into temperate New South Wales, then down into cooler Victoria. The part of New South Wales on the western side of the Great Dividing Range, away from the sea, is largely sheep, cattle and wheat country. There the immense undulating tablelands and sweeping plains stretch away into a relatively waterless interior. Both Queensland and New South Wales are rich in foods, fruits and cattle; minerals also—gold, silver and copper. And there are fine opals and great belts of coal.

Victoria is on a much smaller scale, but it has wonderful sheep, cattle and agricultural land. Its timber, cut from the immense forests of blue-gum, iron-bark and many other varieties of hardwoods, is exported to Britain and Europe.

Tasmania (41, 47, 48), known to Australians as "The Speck", also has its forests of tall trees. Its small trees, the pride of all Tasmanians, are the descendants of English apples that now yield a harvest of superlative fruit which finds its way to many thousands of British tables.

In South Australia there is sheep, cattle and wheat country, slashed with green orchard and vineyard belts. But to the north of this state the fertile lands peter out into the desert interior.

Western Australia is large but much less populous than any of the other states. There are many semi-arid stretches, but good sheep and cattle country, and the coastal belt, particularly down towards the south-west corner, is very fertile. Gold has played an important part in the development of Australia's west, and still does. Much of the northern part of Western Australia still awaits thorough exploration. Many later-day explorers say there are rich valleys and plains to be developed. They believe, also, that the land holds great mineral wealth.

Life in the Never-Never—that part of the continent away from the relatively closely settled belts—is pretty grim. A couple of mates, or a lone, gnarled prospector, may live in the Never-Never for years on end, scratching for gold in dry creek beds. Nowadays they may see trans-continental aircraft sweeping across a cloudless sky; they may have an occasional visit from some wandering aborigines whose dress is the same as that of their Stone Age ancestors: a few streaks of white clay.

But this is the extreme of isolation. For many hundreds of miles from these ramshackle humpies, away towards the coast, the land is vast and sparsely settled. Holdings are measured in terms of hundreds of square miles. On these run

enormous herds of sheep and cattle. Then civilisation begins to crowd in. One big homestead may be only fifty miles or so from its nearest neighbour. The towns begin. The homesteads draw closer together until, in the rich coastal belt, settlers' homes are in sight of each other.

This is by no means a complete picture of Australian settlement. The continent is vast; the nature of the land infinitely varied. Throughout this enormous area a little over seven million people are scattered. It is true that the land could support many more, but to land-hungry European or Asiatic eyes, looking at a map, the size of the continent makes a misleading picture. The fertile coastal belts are already fairly closely settled and the largest stretches are not necessarily suitable for close settlement. It is true, however, that big-scale hydro-electric and irrigation schemes would make more intensive cultivation possible, but it is arguable whether or not the future of Australia lies in greater development of pastoral industries. Manufacture is becoming increasingly important, and all the raw materials are at hand.

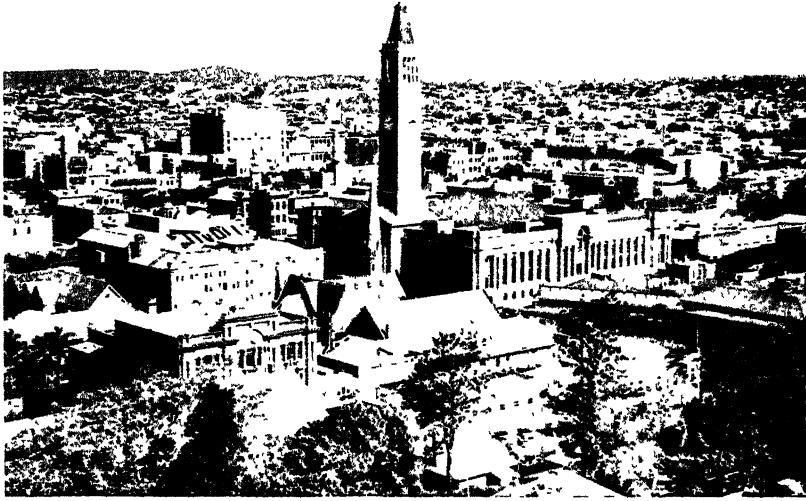
Those who see Australia as a great manufacturing country point out that the country already produces more food than it needs, and they argue that further immigration should be planned to take over the industries which have been developed under the stress of war. This mighty question of Australia's industrial future has to be answered now that the war is over.

About one-third of Australia's seven million people are country dwellers—if one includes small and large country towns in the generic term. The state capitals in which the bulk of the population lives are the only really big Australian cities.

Owners of all big country property are known in Australia as "squatters". The term originated in the early days of settlement, when to "squat" on a tract of land meant that you could hold it—provided some officer of the Rum Corps or some corrupt official did not want it for himself. The squatter—the big pastoralist—leads a life entirely different from that of the smaller man, known to Australians as a "cockie". The squatter is the Australian lord of the manor; the cockie is the small yeoman farmer. The wealthier squatters can afford to build and equip magnificent houses on their estates. Though they may be many miles from their nearest neighbour, isolated in the heart of their thousands of acres, their houses are big and comfortable, surrounded by wide verandahs upon which the family makes its life during the summer days . . . eating and sewing and playing in the sun. Motor-cars are modern, and many squatters own aircraft. Hangars and garages stand side by side. Within the houses are electric light, modern sanitation, refrigeration and running hot and cold water.

The sons and daughters of these rich landowners are sometimes educated in England. Parents have travelled and brought back fine old furniture and carpets; good linen and silver. There are cellars of wine; and pictures, some old masters and some painted by members of the lively school of Australian landscape painters.

The life of the squatter and his family is ideal. They live in the bush, but they are scarcely part of it. The younger generation, enjoying the education of the cities and the luxuries of their riches, often abandon the site of their parents' suc-



37 BRISBANE, CAPITAL OF QUEENSLAND



38 FLINDERS RANGE, LOOKING TO MOUNT FALKLAND, SOUTH AUSTRALIA



39. ACROSS THE RIVER, MELBOURNE, VICTORIA



40. PERTH FROM KINGS PARK, WESTERN AUSTRALIA

AUSTRALIA

cess and become city dwellers. This is unfortunate because it means that fortunes made on the land do not always stay there. Money made from farming is thus diverted to commerce and idle investment. But there is usually one son who keeps faith with his father's fortune; one who turns his back on the cities and their sophistication, to carry on the dynasty of the squatter.

The cockie, with his sons and daughters, is more closely identified with the land since he makes his living in a harder school than the squatter. His family grow up to a life of helping around the holding and the house, in between getting their compulsory primary education at the nearest bush school, which may be ten or fifteen miles from the homestead. The farmer often provides the transport for the school-children; sometimes a motor car or buggy or, if the school is near enough, a horse with a longish, nicely concave back which can accommodate three or four children in comfort.

In the early summer the cockie's children are free to help with the shearing; in the autumn they help with the harvesting. Then, as they grow up, the eldest boy will perhaps stay with Dad and Mum and ultimately take over the property. The younger sons and often the daughters may copy the squatter's children and go to the big cities for a secondary and university education. Secondary education is free for any boy or girl who wishes it and whose parents can afford to maintain them for those vital extra years. For those whose parents cannot afford it, there are any amount of state scholarships.

Life in the bush on a smallholding boils down to very simple elements. Radio and modern communications have helped to annihilate distance, but the span between homestead and homestead, except in the populous coastal belts, is still very considerable according to European standards.

The cockie's homestead usually conforms to a typically Australian pattern. The houses are weatherboarded, painted red or white, with a broad verandah on three sides. The verandahs are festooned with grapes, climbing roses and honeysuckle. The roofs are usually sheets of painted galvanised iron down which the rain-water runs into enormous tanks where it is stored. Water has always been a problem in the bush, and in the Australian mind it is a sin to waste a drop.

The rain-water supply is often supplemented by a well or by pumps from the uncertain creek which skirts almost every bush homestead. Great log barns or outhouses for motor-cars and vehicles stand away from the house and its surrounding orchard. The barns are used only as storehouses, for cattle are not brought in during the mild Australian winter. Apart from Tasmania, and occasionally in southern Victoria, there is no snowfall, except in the mountains and on some of the tablelands which form a relatively small part of the continent.

Organised pleasures are very few in the bush. But when these come along, the people of the outback throw themselves into their fun with a zest and gusto never known in any town. Except in the farthest outposts of the back-blocks, where lone homesteads brood amid vast oceans of wheat or endless rolling miles of sheep or cattle country, there are picnic race-meetings and shearing-shed dances to break the monotony of bush life. When a picnic race-meeting is held, as far as possible work is forgotten for the day. Dad and Mum and the girls pile into the car. The

boys round up and saddle the geldings and the fillies that may bring the family renown before the sun has set that day. The dogs are called up, canvas water-bags are filled and away they all go over the dusty tracks to some neighbour's paddock by the side of a clear creek or a wide, slow-moving river.

There they will find headquarters pitched by the river-side, usually in the shade of weeping willow trees that are giants compared with their Old-World progenitors. The women and girls busy themselves with tea-making; with the unpacking of sandwiches and cakes and fruit that they have brought by bucketsful. The boys compare horseflesh; the men unerringly locate the barrels of beer parked in the dimmest green shade of the willows. The races, beginning about eleven o'clock, open a day of excitement, feasting and companionship—then home at sundown, with enough anecdotes and tales of races gloriously won or lost to last a three-month.

Occasionally a cricket match is staged instead of the picnic races. There are families in the Australian bush who can field a fine eleven without the help of any neighbour.

When the nights become nipper and there is not quite as much work to do, there are shearing-shed dances: a grand old institution of Australian bush life. No metropolitan ballroom has a floor more perfect than that of the Australian shearing-shed. Tons of soft merino wool have been swept up from it or pushed about its surface for many years. There is not one splinter. Accordions and fiddles, concertinas, mouth-organs and cornets are tuned up. The women-folk bake and cook and cut sandwiches until they almost drop with the sheer fatigue of it. There is a great washing and laundering of tablecloths and party dresses; an orgy of crimping and hair-doing. And young Dave perhaps, being just turned eighteen, is sent into town to buy himself a new suit. As for Dad, he will wear the one he was married in. If it was good enough to marry Mum in, and good enough to wear down to Sydney almost every year for the great Royal Agricultural Show at Easter, it is good enough for the dance.

But it is different with a woman. When Mum and the girls finally emerge on the great night, Dad and the boys burst into heavy masculine guffaws. But they are pleased and proud. They did not know they had such fine-looking women-folk round the old homestead.

The shearing-shed dance is the real highlight in a busy bush season. Everyone has provided food; the fathers and the older boys have weighed in for the beer. And there are always a few dozen bottles of good Australian wine for the ladies.

Old Uncle Bill Grady takes on the job of M.C. He's been doing it for twenty years; no one would even dream of challenging his right to this very important office. When Bill roars, "Take your partners for the lancers", the cornet blares, the fiddles wail, and the shearing-shed dance has begun.

Everyone goes for the lancers, the polka and the schottische. But after a waltz, and perhaps another polka, the older folk find they are not quite as sprightly as they used to be. Uncle Bill rather reluctantly, but nevertheless in the line of his duty to the young people, announces some new-fangled thing or other and then the night belongs to the youngsters.

And so to the supper; a boisterous, gargantuan meal. Then, for those who can take it, more dancing. Uncle Bill solemnly brings the gaiety to an end round about one or two in the morning. The orchestra plays *God Save the King*, and home they go over the moonlit plain or the rough hill tracks; home to the round of milking and ploughing, to harrowing, clearing and fencing; home to the jam-making and the bread-baking; home to quiet evenings before a huge open fireplace, where stringy-bark logs crackle cheerfully, while Mum knits and Dad dozes over the *Stock and Station Journal*.

But life in the bush is not always placid. Sometimes a bush fire sweeps the countryside. Every man, woman and child is out to fight it. Sometimes the flames swallow up the work of a lifetime. If Dad and his family survive the disaster they just look at the ashes, salvage anything that may be left, and begin all over again. But bush fires are not as frequent or as devastating as they were a couple of generations ago. With closer settlement there are more people to watch for the first red-rose of fire in the long yellow grass; there are more people to fight the little licking patches of flame before they eat their way into the acres.

Drought is another old and familiar enemy. But drought is being vanquished by modern methods of fodder conservation and irrigation. Now there are vast irrigation areas in Australia where drought has been checkmated for ever.

Sentimental Englishmen who took the rabbit to Australia many years ago presented the country with a great nuisance. But the nuisance has also been a profitable affair, for rabbits are eaten all over the country and thousands of them are exported. The skins, sold in Australia for a few pence, become smart fur coats, worn in the London streets. Some sentimentalists took the blackberry from the Old Land also. It spread like a black bush fire and devoured the land.

No one knows how the English sparrow got to Australia, but everyone knows that he is an ingenious bird. He thrives in the New World with just as much pertinacity as he does in the Old.

IV

Life in big Australian country towns is much like town-life in any other part of the world, except that in Australia there is no mellowness from antiquity; and no dirt or squalor. There are the town hall and the war memorial; schools and cinemas, churches, shops and pubs. There are study circles and local operatic societies; libraries, newspapers, clinics and meticulously run hospitals.

Developments of modern transport, particularly with aircraft, have brought great changes to many of these once isolated towns. Their distances from the big cities remain geographically enormous, judged on any European scale; but radio, aircraft, motor-car and motor-coach have helped to bring them closer. Coolongatta or Gundagai no longer feel remote from the life in Sydney, Melbourne or the wider world. A chain of radio stations—both state and privately owned—brings Coolongatta and Gundagai the news almost as soon as it has happened. The familiar figures of the day are as familiar to these people as they are to the millions in the cities of Australia, Britain or America. When a British prime minister or a

United States president makes a speech, Coolongatta, Cootamundra, Gundagai and Gobarralong hear it as clearly and as instantaneously as London and New York.

They also hear full programmes from the big broadcasting stations of Europe and America—from half-way round the world. The great singers, musicians, speakers and writers of the older hemisphere are welcome guests on the broad Australian verandahs in the summer and at their firesides in the short Australian winter.

Perhaps the biggest single factor in annihilating distance in this country of distances has been the aircraft. During the war, young Australia proved that its pilots are not in any sense insular in their aviation. A flood of aircrews went overseas from the continent, to fight in the air over the Atlantic, Germany, Egypt and Italy, as well as to fight against the Japanese nearer their own shores.

Australia naturally became air-minded very quickly by reason of its geographical needs and because of the inherent love of adventure in its people. During the 1920's Australian pilots became internationally famous. Ross and Keith Smith, who made the first England-Australia flight; gallant Parer and Mackintosh, who picked up an old De Havilland from the scrapheap in Britain and finally reached Australia after one of the craziest flights in history; Bert Hinkler, who made the first solo flight; Kingsford Smith and Charles Ulm, who made the first trans-Pacific flight in the original "Southern Cross". These were the pioneers. Their followers are now legion. The young R.A.A.F. pilots who have survived this war will be the civil airline pilots of Australia tomorrow. In 1939—the most recent year for which statistics are given—Australian civil airlines covered 14,098,615 miles and carried almost 150,000 passengers. Twelve subsidised companies were operating machines over approved routes totalling 23,401 air miles. Unsubsidised companies also operated regular commercial services over additional routes.

Australia pioneered the idea of the flying doctor. This was a natural development in a vast continent so sparsely populated. A child would become ill five hundred miles from the nearest big settlement. A telephone or radio call, and the flying doctor and his nurse would be on the way. Their aircraft are fitted as hospitals, and if the apparatus is not adequate for the case, the patient is flown to one of the cities. Hundreds of lives have been saved by these flying doctors—the lives not only of people who have suddenly become ill but those of lonely boundary riders who have met with accidents in the Never-Never, or of stockmen somewhere in the wilds of Queensland.

V

Life in the cities of Australia is the same as in the cities of America and Europe—except that there is more emphasis on leisure in the open air. Except in Tasmania there is no equivalent to the long, bitter winter of Europe and the northern part of the United States. Brisbane is never cold; Sydney has its morning frosts in mid-winter and sometimes there is a brief fog over the harbour. By nine o'clock the strong winter sun has turned the frost into dew and the harbour fog has been dissipated, clearing the way for a clear, bracing day. Melbourne is somewhat colder, with occasional cutting south winds, but in Europe this would be accepted as late



41. THE CITY OF HOBART

TASMANIA



42. PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CANBERRA



43. A PIONEER'S SHANTY, SOUTH AUSTRALIA

AUSTRALIA

autumn rather than winter. Hobart often has a winter snowfall, but there is never the day after day dankness and piercing cold of Britain's middle and northern cities.

For all Australia's principal cities the summer is long and hot, and they are all within reach of big ocean beaches upon which whole families bake in the generous sun. The long splendid days are so happy, with the cool sea rolling in, the abundance of fruit and the keen sense of well-being that summer inspires, that Australians feel pinched and bewildered when they leave their own paradise for the cold, dispiriting climate of England.

Cricket and horse-racing are prominent in the Commonwealth's sporting life. Cricket matches are the greatest individual draw. Even for inter-state matches great crowds flock to the grounds that will hold many thousands. When an England-Australia Test is played the whole nation talks cricket. Newspaper writers and radio commentators describe and analyse practically every ball of every over. The day-to-day lives and the personalities of every player are the morning topic in tram, train or ferry; at home in the evening the day's play is gone over again on the dining-room table when mother and the girls have cleared away the dinner things. The sun is Australia's god, and sport is her religion.

But the cities are not concerned only with sport. Australians are great theatre-goers and music-lovers. Practically every singer, pianist or violinist of international repute has made a tour of the Commonwealth. Many go back again and again. And Australians, quick to criticise and condemn those things which they consider unworthy, are equally quick to welcome and to praise. There is nothing half-hearted about an Australian welcome—as Paderewski, Chaliapin, Heifetz and a hundred and one other performers have discovered.

Australians are very proud of the memory of Nellie Melba. Melba possibly did more than any other single Australian to encourage the youth of a country rich in talented singers and musicians. She endowed scholarships that took pupils to the great European centres of training. These pupils often developed into great performers for whom their native land was a place to visit in the course of their professional careers, rather than a permanent stage for their art. This is understandable, for despite its size on the map Australia can provide only a relatively small audience.

Australia has finished with the early pioneering phase in art and she is now striving for individual and national expression. A new generation of novelists and short-story writers is turning away from the historical to the modern, trying to analyse and to concentrate the essence of the Australian character—a character that is at once tough and warmly understanding, critical but spontaneous in praise, unafraid, yet always conscious of the fact that on the nation's northern doorstep are the tightly packed and often semi-starved lands of Asia. This consciousness has had an effect on Australian painting and writing. It has made the painters and writers love their country.

Australian painters are striving for typical forms of national expression. Each city has its art centre and its national gallery. There are bequests for the buying of European pictures—pictures ranging from those of world-known masters to those of British, French and other Continental painters of today, known and unknown.

There are travelling scholarships for young Australian painters and sculptors, musicians and singers. Australians are by no means prepared to accept the culture of Europe as a sacrosanct model.

Ever since the foundation of the *Sydney Gazette* in 1803 Australia has had a tradition of vigorous journalism. Australians are keen newspaper readers. They wish to know what is happening not only at home but in every part of the world. Per head of population, Australia has more newspaper representatives overseas than any country in the world. The newspapers range from Right Wing Conservative to Left Wing Labour; all are extremely outspoken about domestic, imperial and international affairs. No punches are pulled in criticism, whether it be of Australia's own rulers or those of Britain or any other country. Australians are an outspoken people, and the newspapers reflect the trend of their opinions.

There is a very high standard of technical production; and metropolitan newspapers have cartoonists the standard of whose work is as high as that of Britain or the United States. In fact, many Australian cartoonists have gone abroad to work for the great newspapers in Fleet Street. David Low, probably the world's greatest cartoonist, was trained in Sydney, although he was born in New Zealand.

VI

The Federal Parliament is Australia's only authority in such matters as defence, customs and excise, external affairs, posts and telegraphs, navigation, quarantine, census and statistics, currency, insurance, trade marks and copyright, immigration, banking, naturalisation, pensions, and industrial regulations where disputes extend beyond the boundaries of the states. Each state handles its own education, health, justice, railways, agriculture, and trade and industry within its own boundaries. With the exception of Queensland, which has only one Chamber, state parliaments consist of Upper and Lower Houses. All Lower Houses are elected by popular vote. In New South Wales, the Upper House is elected at a joint sitting of Upper and Lower Houses; in the other states, the Upper Houses are elected on a nominal property and educational basis. The Crown is represented in each state by a Governor. Each state has also shire and municipal councils to carry out the more detailed business of local administration.

Australia pioneered voting by ballot in parliamentary elections. The first law of this kind was enacted in Victoria in 1856. By 1870 the system was in operation in all Australian parliamentary elections. It was adopted by the British Parliament in 1872. Voting is compulsory and on the "preferential" system. This means that electors indicate the order in which they prefer the candidates by putting 1, 2, 3 and so on opposite the names. It is held that the successful candidate is thus the real choice of the people.

Australians are politically minded and not at all given to hero-worship of their elected representatives. A vigorous press, and the local societies of each of the three principal parties, keep constant track of the actions of elected representatives. For many years the balance of power in the Federal Parliament has swung between Labour and a coalition of the United Australia and Country Parties. Queensland

has had a succession of Labour Governments for many years. In New South Wales there have been more or less steadily alternating Labour and Coalition Governments; in other states, Labour has seldom been strong enough to take office. The Federal Government controls the region known as the Northern Territory, part of New Guinea, Papua, various Pacific islands and an antarctic dependency 2,472,000 square miles in extent.

VII

As much as any single factor, Australia's industrial arbitration laws have moulded the development of the country. Every Australian worker is directly concerned; every trade has its court-made regulations of work and scales of payment. Although the Australian is a great individualist, he realises the value of collective bargaining and action. This has its roots in the era when English Chartists and class-conscious workers of the early nineteenth century were shipped there in chains for daring to try to organise collectively for the betterment of their fellows. Indelibly inscribed on the record of Australian industrial history is the case of the Tolpuddle Martyrs, those stout Dorsetshire farm labourers who dared to try to form a union—and were sentenced to seven years' transportation. All they had done was to form a Friendly Society of Agricultural Labourers which pledged its members not to work for less than ten shillings a week.

The Irish political prisoners also played a big part in laying the foundations of the Australian trade-union movement. Many of them were what was known as "gentlemen convicts", enjoying a great amount of freedom. They wrote and spoke about the wrongs and trials of Ireland, also of the future brotherhood of man in the new world which they visualised.

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century, labour questions began to take a definite form. The earliest record of trade-union organisation, however, is that of a body of Sydney seamen and workmen employed in fitting out vessels. They demanded that their wages be raised from 3s. to 4s. a day.

The gold rush and the spread of industrialisation which followed it hastened the growth of the trade-union movement. Principles like the eight-hours day were adopted in nearly all organised trades. In 1879 the first trade-union congress was held. Then came conferences of workers and labour politicians.

The great test came in 1890 when a ship's captain dismissed a fireman who was a member of the Seamen's Union. Out came the seamen. Out, too, came the ships' officers and the wharf labourers. The strike spread to other industries, for the workers believed that they were facing a life or death struggle for the future of trade-unionism. Ultimately, the workers lost; but the entire character of the movement had been changed. It was clearly seen that the fight must be transferred to the legislative chambers, rather than joined on single issues in individual trades. The Labour Party was born, and it became an aggressive political organisation. Today the boundary rider and the shearer of the great outback, no less than the skilled workers in the modern aircraft factory, the clerk, the shop assistant and the journalist, has his trade-union organisation.

The industrial organisation as a whole is somewhat complex in application, yet essentially simple in character. The foundation-point is a basic wage for every male or female worker in the Commonwealth, irrespective of trade. This then branches into individual awards and conditions for each trade or group of trades. Wages and conditions are fixed for a definite period by state or Federal arbitration courts. At the end of these periods, employers or workers may apply to the courts for variations of the awards. The case is argued in the dispassionate atmosphere of the courts. Points for and against an increase or decrease of hours or pay are made and answered. Ultimately, the judges make their decisions—and those decisions are law in that industry for twelve months or more, unless special circumstances warrant revision.

All talk of "hotheads" inciting honest men to strike in Australia is so much bunkum. The Australian worker is extremely union-conscious. If there is a local general dispute he knows very well what it is all about and he does not need any agitators to interpret a situation for him. It can be said that he is sometimes too quick to act; that he will down-tools over some point which a round-table argument could settle without recourse to direct action. But this happens to be his temperament. Man for man, as the war proved, his output in any industry ranks with the world's highest.

There is one characteristic which is common to the Australian worker: when he is on the job he throws himself into it. He is quick and adaptable. There was evidence of this in Australia's wartime production record. The nation entered the war with only a handful of wartime secondary industries. Within twelve months guns, cars and lorries were rolling off the production lines. At one stage, after Dunkirk, Australia exported anti-aircraft guns to Britain.

When Japan came into the war, the insistent calls of Australia's leaders for more material aid for the Pacific front went round the world. But, parallel with this call, local production began to soar—despite the fact that out of a population of seven millions, over 5 per cent. were in the armed forces.

Then the Commonwealth began to manufacture aircraft and to train pilots not only to fly in the Pacific sphere but to go to the battle-fronts of Europe and to the Near and Middle East.

Ships were also built: freighters and coastal vessels, minesweepers, corvettes, fast motor craft and destroyers. Starting from a pinpoint of war industrial activity, Australia developed its manufactures with a rapidity which has no parallel in history.

This industrial development will have its inevitable repercussions in the Australia of the future—and the whole Pacific group of nations.

In pre-war Australia the pattern of national productive activity was pretty clearly defined. The pastoralist raised his enormous herds of cattle and sheep; the wheat-grower sowed and reaped his hundreds of square miles of grain; the manufacturer persuaded the Federal Government to put up tariff walls to help his infant industries. There were Empire preferences and most-favoured-nation clauses; there was an attempt to balance established primary industries with the growingly insistent demands of the new era of secondary production.



44. A TRACK THROUGH THE BUSH, NEW SOUTH WALES



45. A BUSH HOMESTEAD



46. FARMER AT WALPEUP, MALLEE DISTRICT

AUSTRALIA



47. DERWENT RIVER, HOBART



48. HARVESTING OATS, NEW NORFOLK

TASMANIA

For many years the British and the American manufacturer looked on Australia as a wide and rich market for his motor-cars, his machine tools and the thousand-and-one gadgets which are basic needs in a civilised community. Here was a land of enormous natural wealth, selling its wheat and its wool, its mutton and its beef, its hides and its gold and its tinned fruits, and an almost endless variety of natural produce to an eager world. They hoped that it would remain for ever a country of rich primary industries, with very little secondary manufacture.

But war changed all this. The small group of secondary industries expanded. The Australian worker proved his ability to make an engine for a motor torpedo-boat, a tank or an aircraft; he proved also that he could make precision instruments and the fine dies and tools essential in war manufacture.

The Australian found that his country was rich in all the materials necessary for these manufactures, so he began to reason that if such things could be made during the war, cars, aeroplanes and ships, refrigerators and typewriters, nuts and bolts and screws and high-grade steel could be made on the spot in peacetime—without having to transport them over the oceans. He realised also the absurdity of shipping fine wool to Britain to be made into cloth and then sent back 12,000 miles to be made into clothes.

The Australian knew that Europe and Asia did not buy his wool and wheat because of any particular love for Australia. He knew that these primary products were bought because Europe and Asia needed them—and that few other countries could supply them in such quantities.

A great industrial consciousness has therefore developed in Australia. Having everything at hand to fill his needs, the Australian began to reason that the markets of Asia might become a larger export ground for agricultural and manufactured goods. The Chinese, for instance, will need cars, aircraft and sewing machines, and cables to carry electricity. Australia is a very close industrial neighbour of these countries and, being ready to help fill these demands, the way of the future became obvious.

The Australian worker, like the Australian manufacturer, is market-conscious. Socialism plays a very big part in the national outlook. A capitalist system operates, but the worker carries on within its framework—never ceasing to strive for greater markets. This not because he wishes to enrich investors but because he wishes to play his part in the development of his country. He will fight the employer on specific issues and will brief his elected parliamentary representatives to battle for this or that measure of socialisation. Within the existing framework he will do his full day's work and insist on his rights to relaxation. But, due largely to his early background of remote rule and attempted repression, he is conscious of a national destiny in which there is no automatic class-rule, no hereditary privileged class. Like his New Zealand cousin he is inclined to think on a national scale, with no particular hostility to the Old World, but with insistence that hard-won rights shall be preserved in the New World; that there shall be no lowering of standards of living; that the worker shall have a fair deal, through justice and not through bounty.

To reach these levels of national prosperity and to have some feeling of military

security, Australia must have a greater population. The "white Australia" policy is firmly ingrained in the national consciousness. The Australian knows that if his ports were opened to wholesale immigration from Asia, all his heritage would be swept away by cheap labour and low standards of living. He was conscious of the military menace of Japan long before democratic Europeans were conscious of the menace of Fascism and Nazism.

There is no internal racial problem in Australia. The aborigine, a naturally friendly, nomadic soul, never stood up to the White Man as did the Maoris of New Zealand or the American Indians. There were occasional outbursts of violence: clubbing and burning of settlers' homes. But there were also incredible barbarities against the aborigines, particularly in Tasmania, where the race no longer exists. On the whole, the Australian aborigine has never been a problem in the development of his country.

Not so the Asiatic peoples in the north. Australians have always known that one way to offset any inrush from Asia would be to increase the European peoples settled in Australia. But there has never been any wish for indiscriminate immigration from Continental Europe simply because of this need. People of British stock are naturally most favoured, but the Scandinavian and Northern European peoples have also been welcomed.

At one stage in the history of immigration people came from the starved areas and the slums of Britain expecting to find prosperity and plenty waiting for them. This migration owed nothing to cut-and-dried plans from the Government. It was grossly unfair to expect the half-starved British city dweller to work on some remote wheat farm in a strange, hot country, and be happy within a month. It was unfair. Also he bred hostility when he drifted to the cities in despair, prepared to work for what seemed to him high wages, but what were actually cut payments from unscrupulous employers.

The arbitration laws laid down a basic wage, but there were employers ready to fake the wages books and immigrants ready to sign for money they did not receive. The cut wages were liberal for them after the parsimony of England, but this led to great bitterness and ill-feeling.

It showed Australians clearly that future immigration must be properly planned. It was no use tempting people who were physically or mentally incapable of fitting into the tough, hard life of the bush. This is not the whole picture of immigration problems. Skilled workers and agricultural labourers came with the others and quickly fitted into the life of the country. But there were far too many misfits, and many of these returned to Britain filled with rancour and haunted by a false picture of Australia.

Australia looks forward to a new era when intelligent, hard-working, virile people will arrive in hundreds of thousands. But this can be only when the nation's economy develops so that these people can be readily absorbed. Industrialisation will encourage that development much more rapidly than the quiet plodding of producing wheat, wool, beef and mutton.

Therefore the skilled artisan and his family will be welcome in the Australia of tomorrow, and the skilled artisan, being a trade-unionist by instinct, will under-

stand that the conditions he will enjoy in Australia are not the product of some happy chance, but that they have been fought for, decade after decade. His skill will be important in the new industrial Commonwealth and his children will begin right in to become citizens of the future Australia. At first they will find it a little strange, but the accents and the dialects of Europe will soon be ironed out into the all-pervading, uniform Australian. They will find a land of good food, good schools, clean and comfortable homes, beaches, parks and friendly sunshine.

They will find also that social classes are not sharply divided as in the Old World. They will find also that social background counts for nothing except among a bogus and dwindling minority. They will find that the acid test is simply willingness and ability for fitting into the Australian community; willingness to work hard and help to build a nation which will still have experiments to make for the next fifty years.

VIII

Australia is part of the British Empire, but it also has its own little empire. The Australian dependencies are Papua, New Guinea, Norfolk Island, Nauru Island and a vast stretch of uninhabited territory in Antarctica. The smallest of the Commonwealth's possessions is Nauru, which is administered under a mandate of the League of Nations. Its area is approximately 8 square miles, with a population of about 3,500, of whom only 170 are Europeans. The island is rich in phosphates. In 1939 its exports brought in £605,974. It is governed by an administrator who has all the powers of government—administrative, legislative and judicial.

The second smallest unit of Australia's empire is Norfolk Island, discovered by Captain Cook in 1774. It lies about 930 miles from Sydney and 400 from New Zealand. It is about 5 miles long and 3 miles wide. The climate is mild, the island rich in vegetation and noted in the southern hemisphere for its majestic pine trees. The descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty* were taken to Norfolk Island in 1856. The population in 1940 was 896. Norfolk Island is governed by an administrator, supported by an Advisory Council.

New Guinea (174, 175) is the richest of Australia's territories. Vast territories are unexplored, and there are tracts of wild jungle and towering mountains. Its rivers are infested with alligators and there are enormous mangrove swamps between the hills. But New Guinea is rich in gold, cocoa, coffee, yams, sago and bananas. For many years after 1920, when New Guinea became Australian territory (when a mandate was given by the League of Nations over what was formerly German New Guinea), adventurous prospectors scratched the fringes of its mountains and river-beds for gold. Sometimes they struck plenty, sometimes they perished in the parched gullies around the Sepik River; sometimes the wild head-hunters would swoop from the hills—and another white man's skull would decorate the mud and straw meeting-hut in some native village. A little band of prospectors more daring than even their daring predecessors crossed a great mountain range and after many months of toiling through jungle and malaria-infested swamp, struck a rich patch deep in the interior, at Bululo. It took them weeks to get to the nearest

settlements with the first fruits of their strike. It took them many weeks to return with fresh provisions and tools to develop their claims.

The field was worked in this way for some time, and then an enterprising airline company began a transport service between the nearest coastal town and the new goldfields. What took the toiling prospector a minimum of twelve days to cover on foot the aeroplane covered in less than a couple of hours. Mining experts visited the fields and saw that they were worth developing, so bigger aircraft were added to the transport fleet and hundreds of tons of mining equipment were flown from Port Moresby to the goldfield. This was probably the first time that aircraft were used for the regular transport of heavy mining machinery.

Australian New Guinea covers an area of roughly 70,000 square miles, but most of it is useless for white settlement. A great deal is still unexplored and there is no reliable estimate of the native population. About 50,000 natives were working under indenture in 1939. The climate ranges from hot and moist along the coast to coldness in the mountains. New Guinea is governed by an Administrator. Other government officials include judges, a Director of District Services and Native Affairs, a Secretary for Lands, Mines and Forest, a Crown Law Officer, a Director of Public Health and a Chief Collector of Customs. The seat of administration is in Rabaul, in the neighbouring island of New Britain.

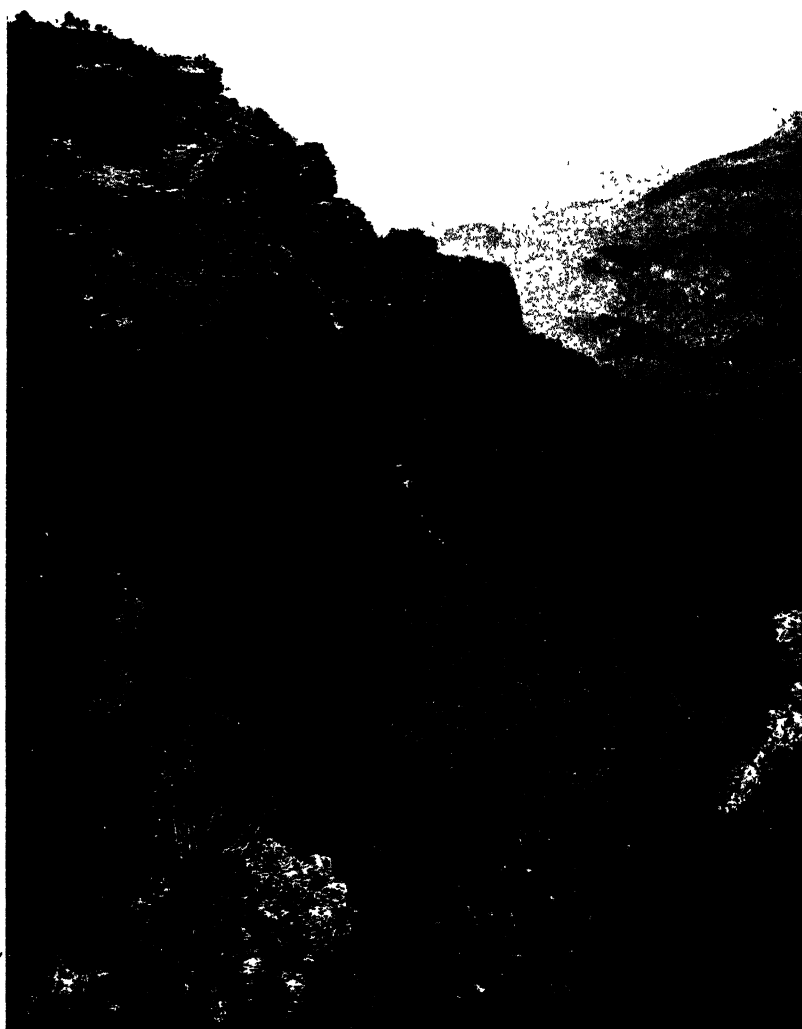
Papua is another part of Australia's empire. It was placed under the authority of the Commonwealth in 1906. It comprises a part of the mainland of New Guinea, also the Trobriand group of islands, the Woodlark, D'Entrecasteaux group, the Louisiades, the Conflict and the Loughlin groups. The total area of Papua is 90,500 square miles, of which 87,786 are on the mainland.

There is an Executive Council of nine members. The white population in 1940 was 1,608. The official estimate of the native population is 300,000. Papua has a very heavy rainfall and a large number of rivers, the best known of which is the Fly, which is navigable by steam-launch for over 500 miles. The climate helps the cultivation of most tropical products, including coconuts, kapok and coffee.

An Order in Council of 1933 assigned certain areas in the Antarctic to the Australian Commonwealth. This territory lies between the 106th degree of East longitude and the 45th degree of East longitude and is situated south of the 60th degree of South latitude. It is part of the vast uninhabited and eternally frozen antarctic continent. What use it is to any nation at the moment is problematical, but scientists believe that some of this gigantic polar continent is rich in minerals. If this is so, its exploitation is a problem for some future generation.

Australia's little empire has been efficiently administered. It is true that the problems of administration have been relatively simple, as there are no enormous mixed populations with which to deal. European commentators who have visited New Guinea have many times praised the efficiency and humanity of the administration.

The system of dealing with the wild New Guinea natives—black, fuzzy-haired Melanesians, often with large pieces of sharpened bone stuck through their noses, was to appoint local administrators, with a small force of native police who would establish camps in some god-forsaken part of the territory and try to spread law and

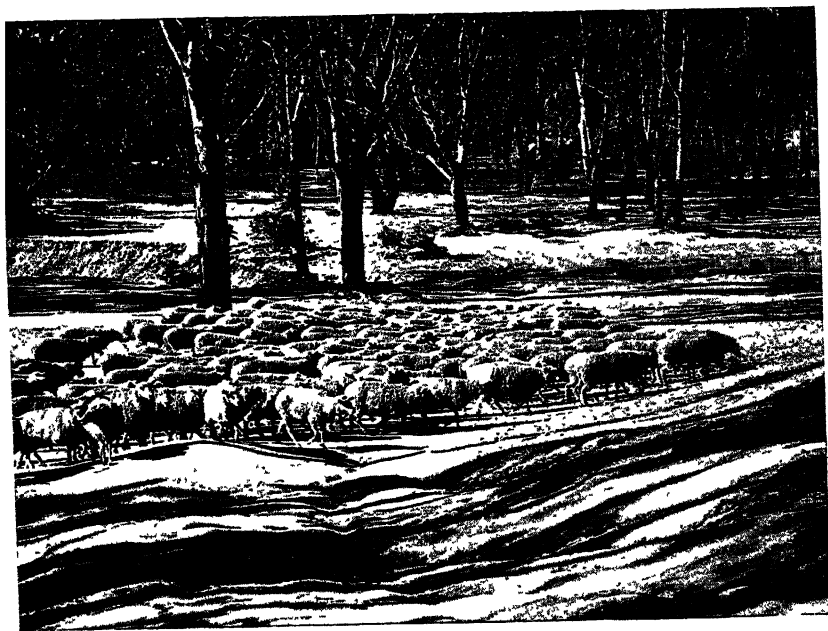


49. IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, NEW SOUTH WALES

AUSTRALIA



50. THE MAGNETIC ISLANDS, OFF QUEENSLAND



51. MERINO SHEEP, SHEPPARTON, VICTORIA

AUSTRALIA

order in the immediate vicinity. It was a tough job. It was found that punishments which were usual to civilised countries had little if any effect on the New Guinea natives; they just didn't understand.

The administrators found that the best thing to do was to give the toughest and most honest man in a particular village a belt or some other insignia of rank, tell him that people must not be murdered, that other villages must not be raided on head-hunting expeditions and that as the White Man was one hell of a big boss, he must not be molested. The badge of authority, plus a regular supply of tobacco and other novelties, usually worked very well. The local "constable" would depute some of his powers to others and the white administrator would call now and then and hold a court if necessary. Signs of our civilisation crept in. The homicide rate declined and white prospectors and planters were left in comparative peace.

Problems of administration in the other Australian dependencies are simple, and the only international problem is the control of whaling rights in the Antarctic dependency.

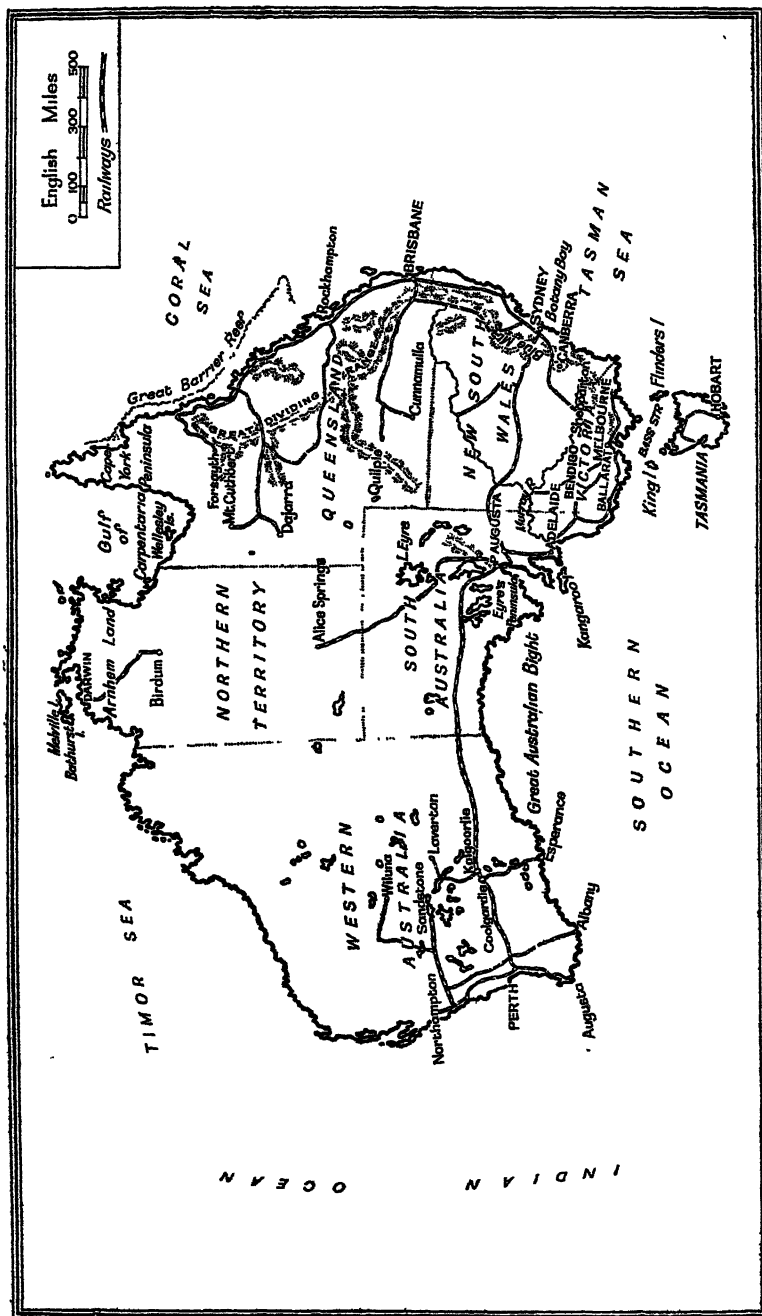
IX

Australia will remain a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. There can be little doubt of this. Any nationalist tendencies are soothed by the fact that Australia is 98 per cent. of British stock. There are all-out separatists and republicans, and those who believe that Australia's future lies close to the United States; who believe that Britain let the Commonwealth down by the devastating failure to hold Singapore—a focal point of Australian hopes. These republicans also argue that Britain did not rush arms and equipment to Australia, whereas Australia had rushed warships, soldiers and airmen to take part in the defence of Britain and her bastions in the Middle and Near East.

There were thousands of Australians who saw the war as a global war from the beginning: who, when Japan came in against the United Nations, wished to see a global strategy in which the Pacific theatre would be regarded as equal in importance to the European theatre. Being so close to the Japanese, with such a small population in such a large continent, they believed that they realised the menace of Japan much more acutely than was possible in the remoteness of Whitehall. Very belatedly Britain sent the blueprints of some aircraft; the United States very quickly sent tanks, aircraft and men. But it must not be forgotten that there were millions of Australians whose faith in Britain never wavered during that critical time, nor in the years that followed.

There will be a readjustment of Australia's outlook *vis-à-vis* Britain in these post-war years. The old idea of mother and son is dead and cremated in the flames of war. Now Australia is a young and independent nation dedicated to play an important part in the destiny of the Pacific.

Some Australians expect that the imperial focal-point will move away from Britain. They talk of an Imperial Parliament meeting in Canada, or of a federation of English-speaking peoples with its centre in the United States.





52. THE NAPIAN RIVER, NW SOUTH WALES

By J. Lycett, c. 1825

AUSTRALIA

But there are others with a much broader vision. It must not be forgotten that Australia is predominantly Labour in outlook. Although the Labour movement has its purely nationalist section, it also has its supporters of a world federation of freedom-loving peoples. This does not imply any breaking up of the British Commonwealth—but rather a fitting of the British Commonwealth and of the English-speaking peoples into a larger picture. These contend that the symbol of the Crown and a common race stock are not enough to hold Australia and Britain together indefinitely—particularly as Australia in these post-war years is becoming a very different place economically and ideologically from the Australia of 1939.

But Australians also have a very deep sense of loyalty and a genuine affection for the land of their forebears. New immigration of the right type should strengthen this. Historical blunders and recriminations will probably be forgotten in the stimulating business of building a new world. But automatic observance of the wishes of Britain is finished. The Dominions Office and the City of London have had their final say in Australian affairs.

Modern Australia emerges from young manhood with a mighty and formidable will to advance without any shackles: emotional, imperial or financial. A land that can produce all it needs and still have a vast percentage for export is naturally independent. It stands to reason that the primary, guiding impulse will be the betterment of Australia, without asking for favours or condescensions.

Australia in the new world will have a great deal to contribute to the pool of common advancement and mutual prosperity. It will be contributed freely, whole-heartedly and warm-heartedly. Old friends will not be forgotten, but new friends will be sought. The initial building phase is finished. The era of development on a world scale opened with the first shot of the second World War.

NEW ZEALAND

by

HECTOR BOLITHO

I

The Maoris of New Zealand take their story back to the time of William the Conqueror. The Norman king was no doubt planning his wooden castle on the hill at Windsor when *Kupe*, the first name in the legends of the Maoris, looked out from a beach—perhaps in Tahiti—wondering if there were more lands across the blue Pacific. The Maoris say that *Kupe* set out in his canoe—hollowed out of a tree—and sailed or paddled across more than two thousand miles of ocean to what must have seemed to him like the bottom of the world. There he found New Zealand, natural as God had made it. There were no wild animals or snakes, and the rivers and valleys were rich with food. *Kupe* killed a bird in the bush; he cooked it and ate it on the shore and then sailed back over the two thousand miles, to Tahiti. But *Kupe*'s discovery did not excite the Tahitians, and the generations that followed allowed two hundred years to pass before they made their terrible journey to New Zealand, in bigger canoes, hollowed out of tree-trunks, laced together in pairs.

There is a big oil-painting in the Auckland Art Gallery, by C. F. Goldie and L. J. Steele, showing the survivors straining forward at the prows of the canoes, searching towards the land which lay on the horizon, like a long white cloud (2). They called it *The Long White Cloud*, which in their language was *Aotearoa*. It is a frightening and stirring picture of the emaciated sailors: a picture which excites the imagination of every New Zealand boy who sees it.

These adventurers became the Maoris. They found a glorious country with mountains that pierced the clouds and rivers that watered the rich valleys. Nature was benevolent; it fed them and it sheltered them. They increased, and divided themselves into tribes. They elected kings and they fought wars. They cut down the noble trees and built houses, which they carved in great beauty (53). They appointed gods and they ate their enemies. Thus they flourished and fought until the time of Cromwell. It was a Dutch navigator, Abel Tasman, who first found the Maoris and their islands. He skirted the New Zealand coast in 1642, but the natives were so hostile that he sailed away without going ashore.

The first European to land in New Zealand was a Briton, Captain James Cook (3), whose journals are extant. Perhaps Cook had some talent for friendship which the Dutchman lacked. He visited the islands four times, in 1769, 1773, 1774 and 1777, spending almost a year with the Maoris. He gave them their first pigs—the biggest animal they had ever seen. Their own animals were all small, except a fantastic bird, the moa, which was sometimes twelve feet high.



53. A MAORI VILLAGE.

NEW ZEALAND

From an old print



54. AUSTRALIAN GUM TREE

The pig became almost a god to the Maoris: their friend and a symbol of their prosperity.

Then came the whalers and sealers, in the 1790's. Among the men who went to New Zealand in these years was Dr. Maynard, whose diaries were edited by Alexandre Dumas. His book, *The Whalers*,* tells the story of these brave expeditions in one of the most exciting narratives that have come out of the southern seas.

The measure of New Zealand's history as far as it concerns us is a little more than a century. The first sailing-ships with emigrants crossed the Equator in the 'forties. It was in 1840 that the Maoris succumbed to British power and signed the treaty of Waitangi that was to deliver them from barbarism to civilisation. This civilisation was expressed to them in firearms, mission stations, all-enveloping European clothes and as much of the sophisticated laws of the British as they were able to digest. They abandoned their war cries and learned to sing evangelical hymns.

There was one figure that appealed to their imagination more than any other. They were romantics, poets and singers, and the stories of the great white Queen Wikitoria touched their hearts. They remarked, "By kripey, this Wikitoria, she rule one very big tribe." So they accepted the solicitude of the doctors and the prayers of the missionaries, the delight of fumbling with the trigger of a gun and the unbelievable beauty of frock coats and top hats—which the chiefs adopted as a sign of their eminence—as part of the trappings of being subjects of the great white Queen.

But the Maoris were a fine race. They did not deteriorate under the aegis of our civilisation as so many of their coloured brothers have done. They adapted themselves to polite behaviour and education with astonishing readiness; and in later years they learned to be school-teachers, doctors and politicians. The Europeans in New Zealand were eventually able to treat them with kindness and encouragement because the Maoris were not numerous enough to be a menace to their own enterprises. The story of the assimilation of the Maori people into the life of New Zealand is a creditable piece of Empire history. The natives changed their habits, but they did not decay in doing so. They were left with their pride and their delightful sense of humour, both of which saved them from the melancholia which seems to fall upon other coloured races when they are subdued. One reason for this may be that the Maoris had settled in a comparatively cold country where they escaped the lazy resignation of natives in warmer lands. The Maoris had to work to survive, and they remained a healthy people in body and mind.

II

There are many letters and diaries to give pictures of New Zealand in the 'forties, for, as explained in the introduction, the farthest away of all the colonies seemed to catch the imagination of many Britons who had a talent for writing.

* *The Whalers*, translated by F. W. Reed, published by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

During the winter of 1839-40, a Scottish settler, William Webster, travelled from Glasgow to New Zealand in the *Bengal Merchant*. His diary * is a delightful record of the long journey which ended with his first sight of the earth upon which the capital of New Zealand is built. He wrote:

"The long boat was sent on shore with about fifty persons. I went also. We were all anxious to set foot on land . . . when we got to the shore, there were a number of the natives sitting on the bench . . . several of them came into the water to carry us out on their backs to save us wetting our feet . . . there is a good spot for a settlement on the other side of the bay, but it was thought too small. It is much better situated than the present settlement and very sheltered for shipping. There is little doubt but a town will yet be formed here."

William Webster's "good spot" has since become the city of Wellington, with a population of almost 200,000 people.

Mary Taylor,* a school friend of Charlotte Brontë in Brussels and the model for Rose York in *Shirley*, landed in the same place as William Webster, five years later. In September of the previous year Charlotte Brontë had written to a friend, "Mary Taylor is going to leave our hemisphere. To me it is something as if a great planet fell out of the sky."

Mary Taylor must have also felt that "a great planet" had "fallen out of the sky" when she found herself in the strange new country where she sat "on a wooden stool without a back, in a log house without a carpet". She wrote to her friend at Haworth:

"About a month since I received and read *Jane Eyre*. It seemed to me incredible that you had actually written a book . . . after I had read it I went on to the top of Mount Victoria and looked for a ship to carry a letter to you. There was a little thing with one mast, and also H.M.S. *Fly*, and nothing else. . . . I think I told you I built a house. I get 12s. a week for it . . . my life here is not disagreeable. I have a great resource in the piano, and a little employment in teaching. . . . I can hardly explain to you the queer feeling of living, as I do, in two places at once. One world containing books, England, and all the people with whom I can exchange an idea; the other is all that I actually see and hear and speak to. . . .

"I must now tell you the fate of your cow. The creature gave so little milk that she is doomed to be fatted and killed. In about two months she will fetch perhaps £15, with which I shall buy three heifers. Thus you have the chance of getting a calf sometime. My own thrive well, and possibly I have a calf myself. Before this reaches England I shall have three or four.

"It is a pity you don't live in this world, that I might entertain you about the price of meat. . . . This is the only legitimate subject of conversation we have."

* The story of journeys made to New Zealand by these early travellers is told in *The Emigrants*, edited by Hector Bolitho and John Mulgan (Selwyn and Blount).

Mary Taylor described the colonists as "decent, honest, kind" and thought some of them "intelligent and able". She wrote also of the day when the first copy of *Shirley* arrived, "just in the thick of our preparations for a party". They stopped "spreading red blankets over everything", the New Zealand way of arranging a room in the 'forties, to read Charlotte Brontë's book.

In November of 1841, Charles Armitage Brown sailed for New Zealand—twenty years after his friend, John Keats, died in Rome. Brown had written the libretto of an opera which was produced in London and he had collaborated with Keats in writing *Otho the Great*. He kept an original and amusing diary while he travelled out to New Zealand in the *Oriental*. It is now in the Keats Museum in Hampstead. Brown did not survive many years in Taranaki, where he settled, but his descendants stayed and became politicians, bankers and teachers.

In the following year, Alfred Domett—the Waring of Browning's verses—arrived in Wellington, where Mary Taylor and Charles Armitage Brown had landed before him. Twenty-one years after, Domett was Prime Minister of the colony. Eight years after this, when Domett had filled many important offices and written one long narrative poem on the Maoris, he returned to England. "Waring came back the other day," wrote Browning, "after thirty years' absence, the same as ever, nearly. He has been Prime Minister of New Zealand for a year and a half, but gets tired and returns home with a poem." Later, Browning wrote of this first considerable piece of literature to be inspired by the colony: "In fine, the poem is worth the thirty years' work and experience, and even absence from home."

In 1863 Samuel Butler published the early chapters of *Erewhon* in the *Church Press*. In the fancy of *Erewhon* are many fine descriptions of New Zealand as Butler found it. His "exceedingly lofty range of mountains" were the Alps which dominate the South Island, and when he wrote of "the most beautiful grass country in the world" he described the land on which the Canterbury lambs are grazed.

Among other early visitors was Charles Meryon, the French artist, who explored the coast in a French ship in the 1840's. He made many drawings and etchings of the country and he kept a diary which is now in the British Museum. But he did not think much of the settlers he met, near Akaroa, where the French were attempting colonisation. He wrote:

"We are always very quiet, and very little disturbed by outside things and events. The colony is very sad, very poor, very little interesting in itself; the colonists are rather miserable, not very hard-working, not very ingenious, not very industrious; and it is not with them that we found the few distractions that we have."

These gifted visitors and settlers gave New Zealand a certain amount of grace in its background. The earth was generous, and since the country escaped the fate of Tasmania and New South Wales, there were few desperadoes among the settlers. On the shores of the harbours, of which there were many, the New Zealanders built the polite and industrious settlements which have grown into the prosperous cities of today.

III

For sixty years or more New Zealand did not attempt any industry of consequence. No land which came under the British crown was more naturally blessed. In one letter to Charlotte Brontë, Mary Taylor wrote: "I have written an account of the earthquakes for *Chambers's Journal*". She touched on the only fearful drawback in the young country's natural features. Some writers have built the danger of earthquakes in the Dominion into a formidable tale, but this is nonsense. Between 1848 and 1940 only 284 persons were killed by earthquakes in New Zealand. So we may dismiss this as being less dangerous to life than the traffic in a city street.

To counteract this one small danger from New Zealand's subterranean activity, there are regions where the healing thermal waters are a great asset to the health of the country. Rotorua is a natural hospital with hot baths formed in the earth, baths impregnated with every conceivable healing chemical, and warm lakes and rivers. It is no traveller's tale that Maoris sometimes catch a fish in a cold stream and swing it over into a hot pool to cook it, without leaving the earth upon which they are squatting. As in Iceland, some of the natives harness the steam heat for warming their houses, and even in these days of electricity and gas, a few of them still cook their food in hot holes in the ground.

The chief beauty of New Zealand lies in its mountains and streams, its glaciers and fjords (65-73). They are lovely beyond those of any other place in the world. If I may be allowed one personal story, I would like to recall the wonder with which I returned to my country after twelve years' absence. As a boy I had taken the mountains and the forests, the thousand little islands and the thousand bays for granted. In those twelve years I saw much of the world. I travelled in Britain, Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, Germany, France, Canada and America. I went back to New Zealand and realised that, without knowing it, I had been born in paradise.

The rivers are too swift for much navigation, but they have fed the country handsomely with power for electricity. The percentage of rain and sun is equally high so that even in winter you have cold, crisp mornings which suddenly break into sunny days. Where England has no climate but a great deal of weather, New Zealand has a magnificent climate and little offensive weather. In the far north the summers are so warm that oranges and grapes ripen in the open air.

Taranaki soon became a luxurious grazing province—the dairylands which, in 1941, helped to make up New Zealand's record of supplying Great Britain with two-thirds of her imported cheese and one-third of her imported butter. Taranaki is on the west coast of the North Island. On the east coast are the rich acres of Hawkes Bay, which became equally important farming country. In the South Island were the Canterbury Plains—the home of the sheep farmers who slowly made it possible for New Zealand to produce, in 1941, half the lamb and a little more than half the mutton imported into Great Britain.

New Zealand grew slowly until 1851, when there were only 27,000 Europeans in the country. Then came the discovery of gold, with such attractions to colonists that in the next thirty years the population rose to a quarter of a million.



55. LION ROCK FROM LINDEMAN ISLAND, BARRIER REEF, QUEENSLAND



56. A PINEAPPLE PLANTATION, NEAR BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND

AUSTRALIA



57. SHEEP COUNTRY, CASS, AT THE FOOT OF THE SOUTHERN ALPS, SOUTH ISLAND



NEW ZEALAND

58. PAKURA GEYSER, ROTORUA, NORTH ISLAND

New Zealanders love their land, with justification, seeing in its snowy mountains, its valleys of fruit trees, its undulating acres of grassland and its rivers—rich in fish and gold—a country specially favoured by God. Almost to the end of the century the country kept its agricultural character. The gold and coal miners were not as important as the farmers, and the cities grew only as big as was necessary to the hinterland which they served.

This dominance of the farmer was an interesting force in the building of New Zealand. The new century, with its quickened transport, cable services and wireless, saw the weakening of the simple power of the land-worker. Industrialists, financiers and reformers brought a cloud of cynicism over the country. But for the better part of a century farmers ruled the land. There was a dramatic proof of this power in 1913, when all the ports of New Zealand were stunned by a strike of wharf workers. They would not load the farmers' produce on to the ships. In one night, the farmers of New Zealand rose like an army. At dawn, in the chief ports, they rode in on their horses, armed with batons. They formed a barricade across the waterfronts—I recall the scene, in my fifteenth year, when I walked down the main street of Auckland, to find what seemed to me a mile-long line of farmers on their horses, guarding the wharves from anyone who dared to try to pass them. They loaded their own produce on the ships, and thus simply showed the strikers to whom the country belonged.

New Zealand has been able to experiment in labour laws and social legislation more bravely than Australia, with its vast territory and division into states, or Canada and South Africa, also vast and troubled by social problems unknown in the small dominion. As early as the early 'nineties a Liberal Government introduced arbitration courts and conciliation councils which, in the words of the *New Zealand Official Year-book*, "not only administered the labour code efficiently, but could also modify it rapidly to suit the changing economic background".

This way of making laws flexible, so that they could be suited to the conditions of the moment, has been the way of New Zealand legislation ever since.

IV

Before we contemplate life in New Zealand as it is today, and the country's place in the future pattern of British countries, we must consider the period between 1900 and the beginning of the last war, in 1914. By the end of the century the country was strong and rich. Its government was Liberal, under the leadership of Richard Seddon, a miner. In the years of his rule the land was divided by the compulsory cutting up of big estates. Loans were made to farmers and the value of meat, butter and wool exported grew into millions. The trade in meat had been greatly helped by the introduction of refrigerated ships in 1882. The entire exports of the colony in 1900 were valued at £13,223,258. In 1914, at the beginning of the first World War, they had reached £26,253,925. In the same fourteen years imports rose from £10,207,326 to £21,144,227 and the population from 808,132 to 1,145,838.

In the meantime, in 1907, New Zealand had been declared a Dominion, with the

attendant signs of dignity and independence. The Liberal Government fell in 1911. The *New Zealand Official Year-book* suggests that the reforms which Seddon brought in were partly the cause of the change from Liberalism to a form of agricultural Toryism. Increased trade had made closer settlement possible, and there thus arose in New Zealand a "new farming class" which was mainly responsible "for the overthrow of the Liberal regime".

The Prime Minister of the succeeding years, William Massey, was well known in Britain. He steered the Dominion through the 1914-1918 war and took his place in the councils of the great in Britain. In his own country he was typical of the New Zealander of his time. He was a bluff, honest farmer, free of frills and bent upon keeping the Dominion an agricultural country. His ideals and legislation were mostly for the farmer.

Life in the Dominion was pleasant and secure during the first fourteen years of the century. The little settlements had become towns, and the land yielded almost everything man could wish. Trout had been introduced into the lakes and streams and they bred in abundance. Scottish deer were transported for the southern forests, and a New Zealand business man could enjoy all the pleasures of a rich Briton, fishing and stalking and shooting, with an income of, say, five hundred pounds a year. There were no millionaires in the country and few sluggards or poor people.

In these years New Zealand almost reached the heights of perfection as an experiment in British colonisation. The generation which emerged from the schools, which was to be so sadly depleted by the war of 1914-18, was one of balanced, intelligent men and of women who worked in their homes with few thoughts beyond their happy family life and the simple pleasures which the country afforded.

The British blood had transplanted well. We can string a list of brilliant names together and remember that these were all boys and girls born in or being educated in New Zealand in the years before the 1914-1918 war. Lord Rutherford, perhaps the most brilliant scientist of his day, was at school in Nelson at the close of the last century. Sir Harold Gillies, plastic surgeon, son of a member of the House of Representatives and born in New Zealand, was a youth of eighteen when the new century was born. Katherine Mansfield was a girl in Wellington, and David Low, whose cartoons were to make Adolf Hitler lose his temper a quarter of a century after, was a boy in Dunedin when the 1914-1918 war began. Hugh Walpole had been born in Auckland, but he had already left New Zealand, and his first novel, *The Wooden Horse*, was published in 1909. Dr. Truby King, whose experiments influenced infant welfare in almost every country and who reduced the infantile death-rate in New Zealand to the lowest in the world was already at work. General Sir Bernard Freyberg, V.C., the present Governor-General, was a boy of the younger generation, and Sir John Salmond, whose *Law of Torts* is an established work of scholarship, was studying law. Air-Marshal Sir Keith Park and Air-Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham were boys of the same generation.

When Lord Northcliffe went to New Zealand he described the people as "more English than the English". This was partly true. Even at that great distance the authority of Britain in thought and taste was seldom questioned. People bought



59. LAKE WAKATIPU, SOUTH ISLAND

NEW ZEALAND

By T. C. Howell, c. 1890

English things "because they are always well made and they wear better". There was always a certain harmless snobbishness in the land. Secretly the New Zealanders thought themselves much better than the Australians. The hearty manifestations of life in the Commonwealth were a little vulgar to the respectable New Zealander, who was less original and, perhaps because his land was so much like England, less inclined to rebel and change. Also, the blood of the country was 98 per cent. pure British—more than in Britain herself—and the numbers of Orientals, Levantines and mid-Europeans were a mere trickle in the emigration figures. This was not by accident. The New Zealand Government made strict immigration laws. An Oriental had to pay £100 to land in the country. There were schemes to encourage public-school boys to emigrate from England, and education was enforced so that no class similar to the poor whites of South Africa was born to mar the standards of the country. So the cliché was born: New Zealand was the England of the Southern Seas.

But other influences began to work in the country on the eve of the 1939-1945 war. Ships arrived from the United States in half the time they took to come from England. New Zealand was a country of the Pacific and it was natural that she should yield to the nearest influences. In Auckland, the first port of call for ships from the Pacific Slope, cinemas were built in the street which had been a running stream, crossed by a bridge, seventy years before (60). The films shown were American. There was only one theatre of consequence for the production of English plays, so whatever culture came through entertainment, was American. The Wild West was the setting for the New Zealand boys' imagination. They played cowboys and Indians instead of Robin Hood. I recall the anomaly of my own secondary-school education. Our "set books" for English literature were Longfellow's *Evangeline* and the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.

For those of us who were more or less as old as the century, life was easy and pleasant. We ate fresh fish on the day it was caught and oysters were a penny each. Canterbury lamb was sweet, tender and cheap. Schools were built with great fields about them, so that we learned our lessons in the blazing sun. We bathed in the sea or the rivers and we divided our days between duties and pleasure. We spent our long summer holidays on beaches where we wore nothing but a respectable pair of V's, or on farms where there were horses to ride, dairies full of milk and cream and food in abundance. We were the fortunate generation. We were reaping the harvest of the early years of fortitude. I don't think that we troubled about Britain or Europe very much. The bogey of the yellow races hung over us, but not in formidable shape. It was there, like the bogey of the earthquake, but we had no reason to fear it very much. We worked and we learned, we swam and we ate; and we believed New Zealand to be the best country in the world. Few of us had ever heard of Sarajevo. We certainly did not heed the perils of a Grand Duke's life or even the ambitions of William II. Then came the day in August of 1914 which was to test New Zealand's independence—to test her loyalties and her heart. When it came, neither the illusion of independence nor the influence of the cinemas nor the growing bonds with the Pacific Slope mattered one iota. Britain's enemy became New Zealand's enemy over night. A generation

changed into khaki and went off to Gallipoli, of which they had barely heard. It was an astonishing manifestation of the weakness of cynicism in any real crisis.

V

The story of New Zealand's service in the last war need not be told here. It was whole-hearted; and when the armistice came—when the guns fired over the harbours of New Zealand, to celebrate a peace in which the New Zealanders believed, the Dominion licked her wounds and began again.

Perhaps the peace of 1918 was the most important moment in the relationship between Britain and New Zealand, not only because it signalled the momentary conquest of Germany but because it opened up such great opportunities for the future. Britain and New Zealand had shared disaster, and there is no bond greater for understanding. The simple question therefore was how far the parent and the child would face the future hand in hand. The opportunity of welding the English-speaking countries into a whole—of making them into such a formidable commonwealth that war would be almost impossible again—was thrown away.

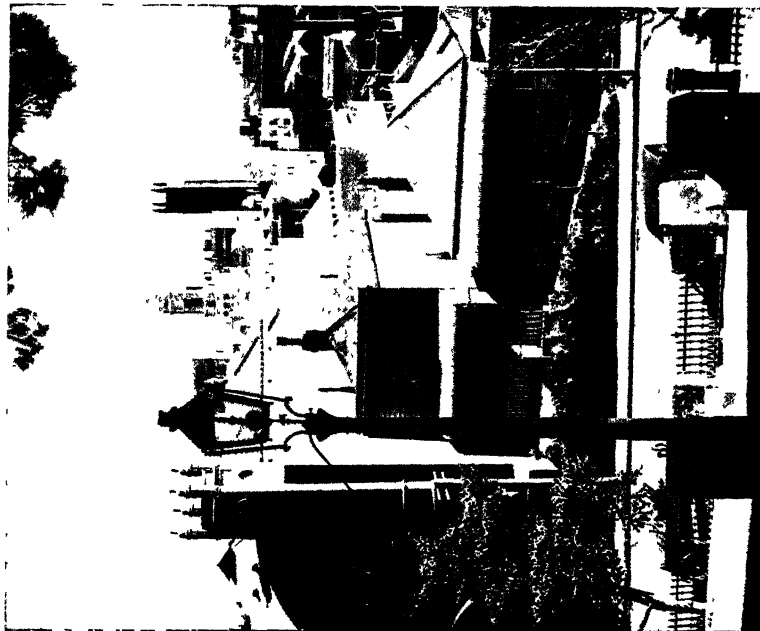
This subject is dealt with in the introduction to this book. Here we need only consider New Zealand's problems within her own boundaries. She began a period of careful legislation and to develop her individuality as a nation. Up to this time she had only to produce from the land and to enjoy the profits. The end of the war brought unemployment and reduction of wages. At first "no drastic legislation was necessary to stabilise economic conditions". The phrase is from the *New Zealand Official Year-book*. The official chronicler goes on to say, "During the following years the price-level rose; and, from the administrative side, it was characterised by extensive public-works expenditure, with particular attention to the hydro-electric schemes and highways."

The next sentence in the official history of legislation in New Zealand brings us to the Nemesis in her story as a simple, contented pastoral country: a Nemesis from which no new country seems able to escape—in a world governed by economics. The writer states: "Owing to the encouragement given to farming, pastoral production constantly expanded, so that New Zealand became one of the world's greatest exporters of pastoral produce. As a consequence, her national income was extremely sensitive to price fluctuations of these products; so that, with the advent of the depression in 1930, her economic position became extremely vulnerable."

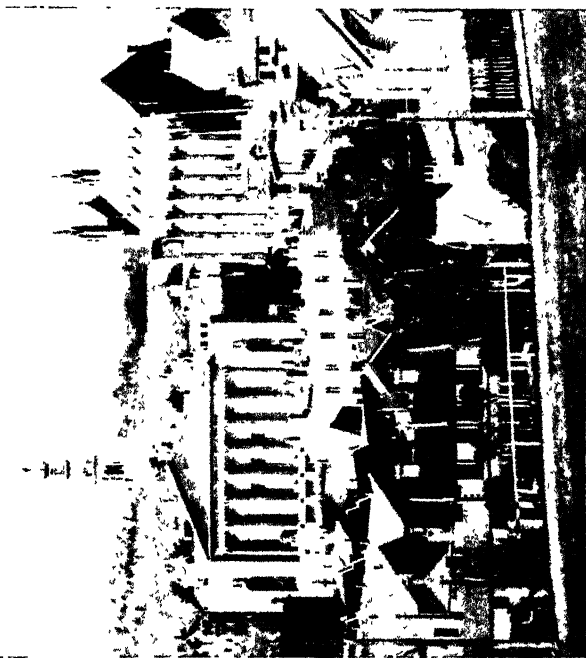
At last economics had to rule husbandry. The farmers had forced the earth to yield more than its natural harvest, and they had to study international finance before they could know the value of their own crops and cows.

So, in the record of the period between the two wars, we no longer read the simple story of colonisation. In covering the period 1918–35 the official historian writes:

"In order to produce balanced budgets, both public and private, various legislative remedies were attempted. In particular, enactments were passed providing for unemployment relief, for the suspension of the Industrial Conciliation and



60. AUCKLAND FROM ALBERT PARK, NORTH ISLAND



61. TOWN HALL AND CATHEDRAL, DUNEDIN, SOUTH ISLAND

NEW ZEALAND



62. THE NORTH SHORE AND HARBOUR, AUCKLAND, NORTH ISLAND



63. THE HARBOUR AND ORIENTAL BAY, WELLINGTON, NORTH ISLAND

NEW ZEALAND

Arbitration Act, for the establishment of a Reserve Bank, for a mortgage moratorium, for raising the exchange-rate, wages, and for reductions in interest-rates. With the recovery in price levels and consequent general economic revival, amendments were made to several of these Acts, removing the more stringent measures."

New Zealand may have lost her colonial charm in becoming a dominion, but she faced the bigger responsibility implied in these formidable phrases with courage and imagination. She was not afraid of experiment. She elected a Labour Government in 1935 to readjust her depressed finances and to advance her social services even farther. Her standard of education was already the highest in the Empire. More than 80 per cent. of her boys and girls received secondary-school education. It was possible for a boy to proceed from the toys of his kindergarten to the cap and gown of his university entirely at the expense of the State. The population was then little more than a million, and they spent four million pounds a year on education. There were already special schools for the blind and deaf-and-dumb and for the feeble-minded. All children were obliged to attend school between the ages of seven and fourteen.

For farmers who lived in isolated places, the Government paid £15 a year for each child so that the farmers could club together and employ their own teacher. Railways and coaches were free for children going to school, also medical and dental treatment. At all four universities degrees were granted according to the Oxford and Cambridge standards. And New Zealanders were law-abiding. More than 50 per cent. of the prisoners in the gaols were born out of the country. Many prisoners were employed on road-making and work in the forests. Prison Boards had power to revise sentences in the light of good behaviour.

During this period, before the advent of Labour, New Zealand's death-rate was the lowest in the world. Hospitals, schools, factories, restaurants and shops were all subject to Government control.

Some idea of the quickness with which the authorities worked is shown in the case of goitre. It was found that this was on the increase in some parts of the country. The school inspectors reported that there were twelve thousand children under their charge likely to develop goitre. With the consent of the parents, small doses of potassium iodide were immediately given to these children, and the percentage of goitre cases in their generation showed a marked decrease.

With all these elements of civic happiness, vouchsafed by a Tory Government for almost twenty years, the New Zealanders were in danger of economic collapse when they elected the Labour Government in 1935. The mind of the country was expressed in a statement made by Mr. Savage, the Labour Prime Minister, who said that the time had come when the Dominion's trade must be carried on in a spirit of "enlightened self-interest".

The Labour leaders who governed New Zealand before the second World War, and who formed the chief power in its War Cabinet, saw the future of the Dominion in a different light from that of the early settlers. A cleavage had begun. The passing of almost a century gave the old families a proud and proprietary

feeling about their land. They were the old Virginians—the yeoman farmers who resented the Labour Government and the reforms it introduced.

But the change was inevitable. A million and a quarter people could not live in the sylvan contentment a quarter of a million had once enjoyed. Mr. Savage, the Labour Prime Minister, wrote:

“In the past it was held that New Zealand’s economic destiny lay solely in the expansion of her farming industries . . . the possibilities of market restrictions in the United Kingdom and in other overseas countries have made it evident that the future level of prosperity in New Zealand cannot wholly depend on agricultural expansion . . . the alternative method of maintaining prosperity, that of developing the manufacturing industries, has claimed increased attention. New Zealand is capable of considerable development in this field.”

This was the “enlightened self-interest” which was, according to Mr. Savage, New Zealand’s attitude towards the United Kingdom. This was the new theme of her relationship with the mother country.

In domestic affairs the Labour Government was original and brave. They adopted the Dick Turpin notion of finance and the rich were heavily taxed to provide bounty for the poor. It was sad that a young country could not thrive without such experiments, for we can never get away from the fact that a man respects only the money he has earned and that his spirit languishes under charity, whether it is provided by an individual or the State.

But it had become the way of the world. “The tradition and spirit of State socialism has been more commonly accepted in New Zealand than it has in most other countries”, wrote the Prime Minister. It was true, as he said, that the advent of his government in 1935 had “resulted in further and far-reaching changes in the economic and social institutions in this Dominion”.

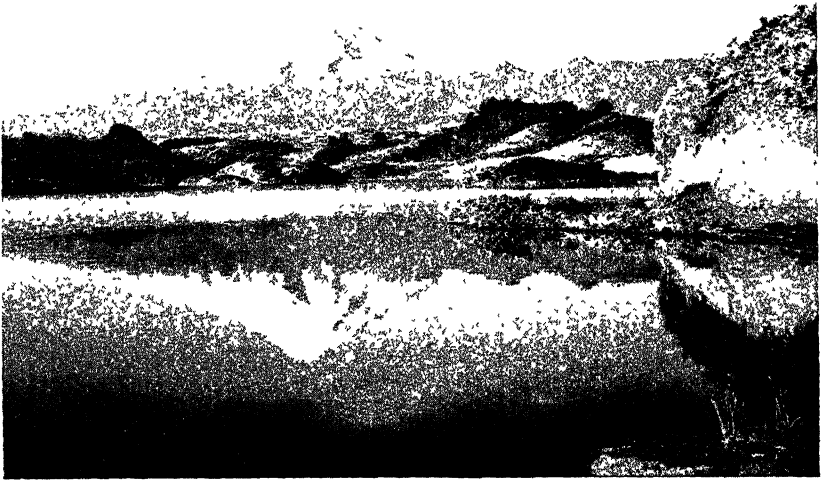
The first big innovation was the Social Security Act, designed to protect people from the fluctuations of fortune. The farmers were assured a steady return for their produce, independent of market fluctuations in Britain and Europe. The poor and old no longer had to dig and produce in days of stringency. All they had to do was fill in a form and enjoy the peace of mind and fullness of larder to which their early labours entitled them.

The Labour Government guided the country through the next period of its development up to and during the second World War. The story of this time is best told in Mr. Walter Nash’s *New Zealand: A Working Democracy* (Dent). In Mr. Nash the Dominion had been fortunate, for he is a man who can speak and write and therefore explain New Zealand’s experiments to the rest of the world. When we read that in 1941 almost five and a half million pounds were spent on education (£3 5s. 6d. per head of population), we are assured that the future is being cared for, and that the Labour leaders, in urging industry on the country, are not blind to what one might call the continuity of its pioneering tradition. This pioneering tradition is expressed in the original and advanced legislation which has improved the economic conditions and peace of mind of the working man. There was great economic distress in the Dominion when the Labour Government came into



64. PASTURE LANDS NEAR THE MARARO RIVER AND THE TAKIIMO MOUNTAINS, SOUTH ISLAND

NEW ZEALAND



65. MOUNT EGMONT FROM LAKE MANGAMHOE, NORTH ISLAND



66. MAORI CHURCH, LAKE ROTORUA, NORTH ISLAND

NEW ZEALAND



67. QUEENSTOWN ON LAKE WAKATIPU, SOUTH ISLAND



68. HARVESTING AT PEMBROKE, LAKE WANAKA, SOUTH ISLAND

NEW ZEALAND



69. LOCKIEL SHEEP STATION, HAMMER SPRINGS, WAIAU RIVER, SOUTH ISLAND

NEW ZEALAND

power, and they removed this immediately. Unemployment pay was increased, but also employment was encouraged through a vocational analysis which gave the Government a clear conception of the human material with which they had to deal. Public works were increased; a State sawmill was opened; and prices for wheat were fixed so that the farmer would not suffer the anxiety of a fluctuating return for his labour. Unemployment decreased immediately. Wages for agricultural workers were increased and fixed, and two weeks' annual holiday made compulsory. The health of miners was cared for, hours of work in factories fixed at 40 per week, rents controlled, and in every sphere of life in the Dominion the working man was protected from exploitation and the alarms of uncertain employment.

After eight years of Labour government, the party prepared a report of their progress, and it is an impressive document, against which the Conservative opposition in the Dominion could offer little argument. In the eight years the value of production had increased from £96,700,000 to £161,000,000, private income from £104,000,000 to £260,000,000, the value of exports from £46,500,000 to £80,800,000, and the post office savings bank deposits, as a sign of the solidity of the mass of people, from £49,400,000 to £84,400,000. Fifteen thousand State houses had been built, factories had increased from 5,270 to 6,367 and the value of their output had doubled. School-children were receiving free milk and apples, free dental treatment and medicine, school-teachers' salaries were increased, old age pensions rose from 17s. 6d. a week to 32s. 6d., and in cases of sickness pay was made up by the State so that working men were relieved of financial anxiety while under treatment. Free maternity care was universal, and massage and X-ray diagnosis were free.

One of the greatest tributes to the social security progress in the country during these years came from Sir William Beveridge when speaking of his own report. He said, "The only thing the scheme resembles is the New Zealand plan." On another occasion he said, "There is only one other country in the world—New Zealand—which has set out to provide social security on the same scale as is proposed in the Report."

Thus the colony of one hundred years ago, created as an escape from the civilised and sophisticated state of the old world, a paradise for settlers willing to labour, has become a working man's paradise, with lessons to teach the old countries in economics and social legislation. From being a distant, almost secret land of mountains and silence, it has become an example in democracy to the rest of the world. The relationship, and the interdependence with that world, were developed during the second World War. The Labour Government proved that it did not fall into the sin of insularity because of its advanced and individual experiments. Immediate legislation, which stirred the admiration of the other Dominions, brought the Dominion into the war with manpower, land and factories organised as never before. The response was immediate and mighty. The Second New Zealand Expeditionary Force, described by Mr. Churchill as "that ball of fire", proceeded overseas to great and romantic exploits. At the peak of mobilisation half the men of military age in the country were in uniform. A division was maintained in the Pacific Islands and a Maori Battalion proved that the natives of the country had

lost neither their valour nor their racial pride in becoming British. Seven thousand men were in the Royal New Zealand Navy and over 42,000 in the Air Force. Ten thousand were with the R.A.F. Almost nine thousand women were in the combatant services, and the army marched with its own nurses, who willingly crossed the world to do their duty.

New Zealand had never manufactured any munitions more important than .303 rifle ammunition. By the end of the war she was manufacturing mortars, bombs, tommy-guns, shell fuses, grenades, minesweepers, anti-submarine vessels and barges. It was a miracle which would have been impossible without the early encouragement given to industry by the Labour Government. The Dominion clothed its own army and fed it, and yet was able to ship almost ninety million pounds' worth of food to Great Britain in the first four years of the war.

The Government's promises of care for the returned soldiers, sailors and airmen seem generous and possible. Price of land has been controlled so that returned men will be able to farm the land with immediate economic advantages. Loans, education, pensions, and straight-out grants are promised, and a scheme of rehabilitation, with pay, which encourages one to hope that New Zealand will recover from the war perhaps before any other dominion. The New Zealand Government offices in London were besieged by prospective settlers directly the war in Europe showed promise of ending. New Zealand has responded to this enthusiasm by encouraging the migration of skilled workers, whom she needs more than men with nothing but capital, who would contribute little to the real working life of the country.

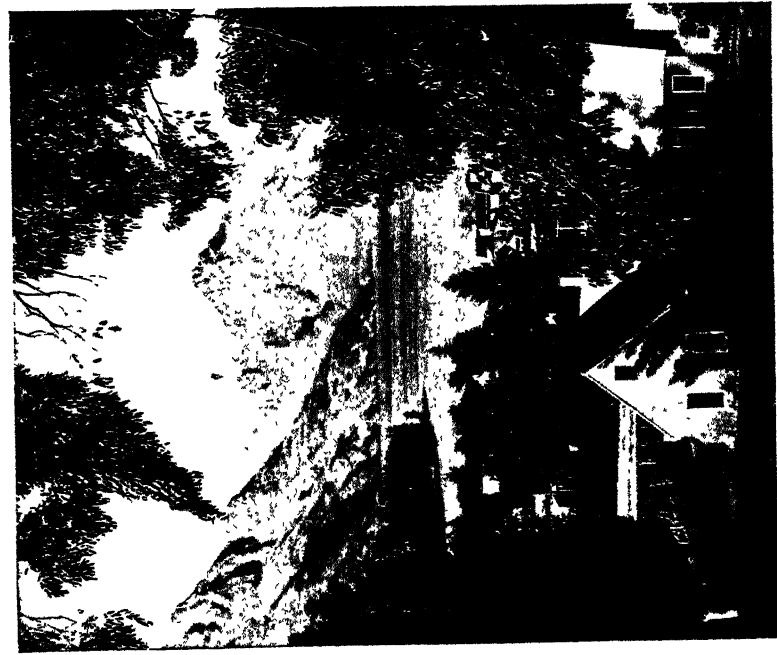
VI

Mr. Nash writes in his book, *New Zealand: A Working Democracy*:

"In the years preceding the outbreak of the second World War . . . a significant change in the New Zealand attitude was clearly to be discerned. During the first year of war the Dominion celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the arrival of the first white settlers who came from England in 1840 to found a new nation. Associated with the idea of the centenary was the feeling that New Zealand had established an identity and attained a culture of her own; not for the purpose of self-containment, but with a view to making some distinctive contribution to the greater family of nations."

It is in the spirit of that sentence that Britain must learn to esteem New Zealand in the future. The time has passed when the Dominion can be relied upon only to produce mutton in time of peace and men in time of war. Through scholarship, the arts, and in strategists in time of war, she makes her intellectual contribution to "the greater family of nations". That contribution may sometimes seem raw and rebellious to the calmer English spirit. But the rawness and rebellion are no longer untutored or without thought.

The best proof of New Zealand's graduation to nationhood is in the generation she offered and gave, so generously, to the war. They are New Zealanders, different from the practical Canadians or the volatile Australians. They have their own



70. CECIL PEAK, WAKATIPU, SOUTH ISLAND

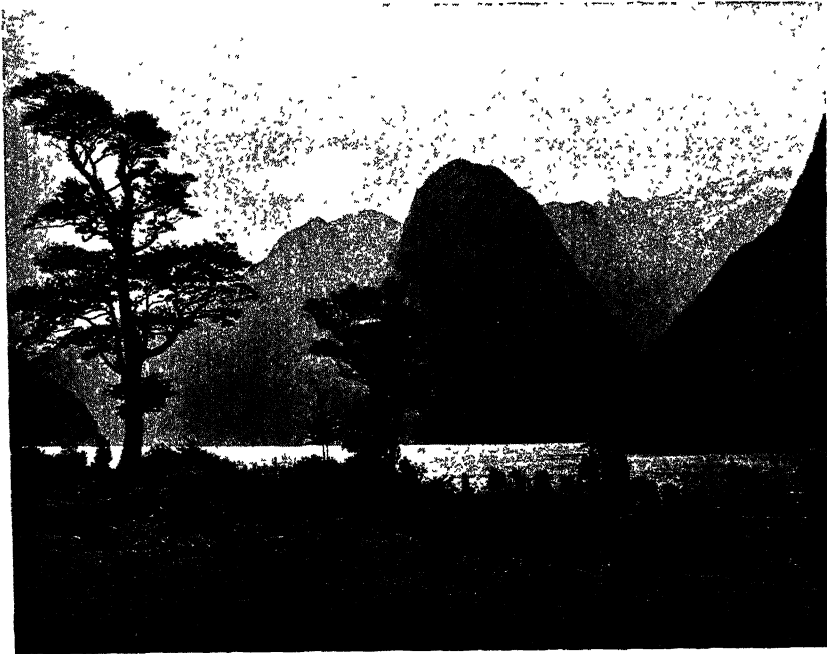
NEW ZEALAND



71. IRANZ JONIF GLACIER, SOUTH ISLAND

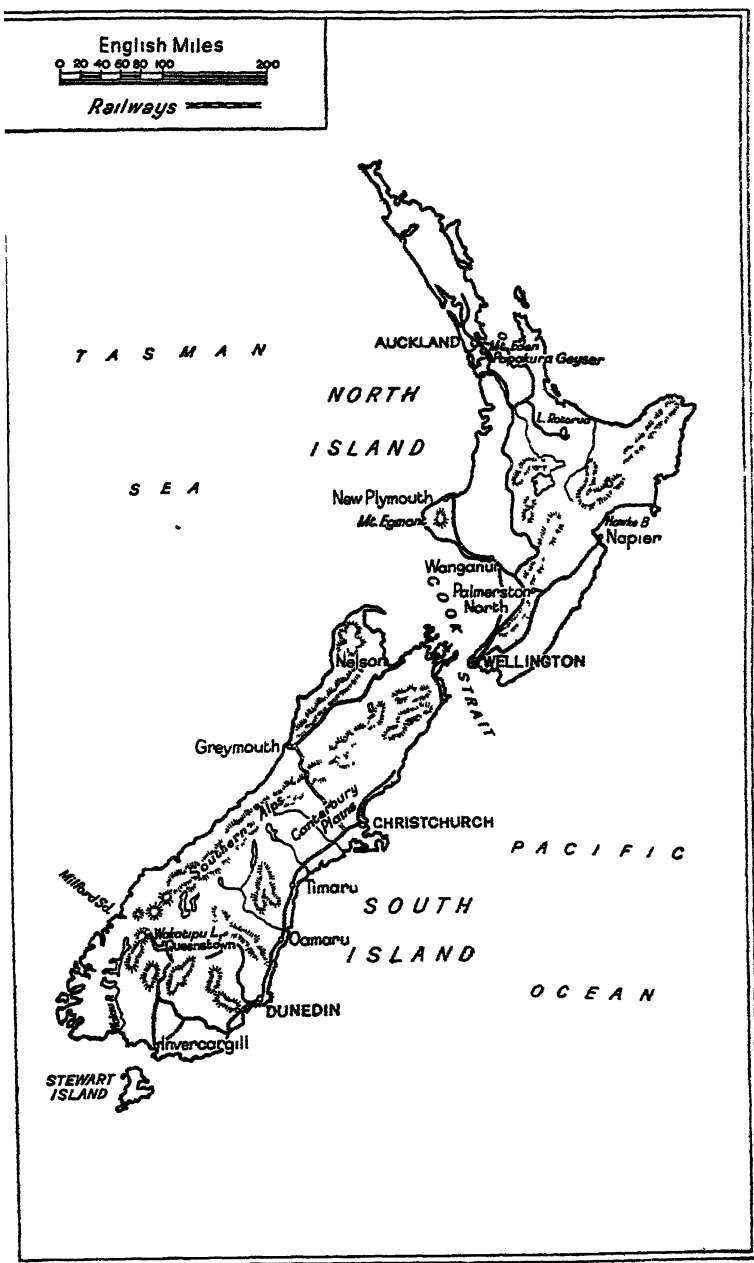


72. MOUNT TASMAN FROM THE FOOT OF THE FOX GLACIER, SOUTH ISLAND



73. MILFORD SOUND, SOUTH ISLAND

NEW ZEALAND



character, absolutely freed of the inferiority complex, most odious but inevitable phrase, which so many people from the new countries brought to the old in years gone by. Their pride is great, but it is not spoiled by arrogance. They do not grumble in war, because they accept its hazards intelligently. They think before they speak and they come to England willing, as all proud nationals must be, to learn. It is a stubborn unwillingness to learn that marks the dominion man of inferior pride. The New Zealanders respect history, but do not accept it without criticism. In all the theatres of the war, sometimes with their own generals and marshals, they were the architects of their own, independent achievement.

This is the fruit that comes from the century-old vine. In the young generation, matured in war, more than in the vicissitudes of legislation or the fluctuations of economics, the future of New Zealand has its assurance. They have gone to their Dominion and they will govern their country taking the best out of their history and continuing to keep their Dominion a nation, painted in its own colours, drawn in its own form, yet fitting into the pattern of a decent world.

SOUTHERN AFRICA

by

JULIAN MOCKFORD

I

White South Africa began as a tavern; brawls have enlivened its three centuries of slow progress; and it may all yet end in a racial riot with Black Africa. To see and anticipate that danger now is the only sure way of avoiding it.

In colonising the Cape, Natal, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, Dutch and British had to shoulder aside the Hottentots and Bushmen and swarms of migrating Bantu such as the Xosas, Basutos and Zulus. Sometimes it has seemed as if they did so merely to create a cockpit for themselves; but in spite of their bitter fights in the past, the Dutch and British continue together in the great adventure of carving a White Man's empire out of Black Africa.

It is true that the political war-cries of a day that is dead still echo in the ear of the outmoded extremist, whether Boer or Briton; but the great mass of South Africa's Europeans becomes more and more homogeneous. These Europeans share a common heritage. Their interests are the same and their children grow up together. They are partners in industry and agriculture and they make up a society to which intermarriage is slowly giving a new identity.

Other hates have developed to occupy their passions in the wars of the wide world. Briton, Boer and Native share these enmities and find a bond in them. South Africa's past begins to mellow under the influence of a present and larger danger. When their blood was young and hot, the Afrikaners and British may have exchanged insults and swapped punches; but the abiding historical truth is that they built White South Africa by working together.

First they farmed the Cape; then they crossed the Orange River and the Vaal, trekking northwards into a hostile hinterland of savages and fevers. Next they journeyed into the deserts of Bechuanaland, and finally they forded the Limpopo to tame Rhodesia, which now links them with the dark heart of Central Africa, giving them the right of way to Nyasaland, Tanganyika, Kenya and Uganda (the King's East African domains) and even beyond into the Sudan.

In one form or another, though sometimes so vaguely that it is not easy to recognise, the writ of the Pax Britannica runs through all those territories, from Cape Town to Khartoum. The Dutch, the Boers, the Afrikaners and now the Afrikaners, to give them the successive names by which they are known, hold Africa's deep south. They were the first to settle in the Cape and the first to open up the unknown interior. They remain, in the Anglo-Dutch Union south of the Limpopo, the first European race, the dominant European race, the rulers and planners of White South Africa. The Afrikaners rough-hewed its yesterday; they shape

its today. They are helped by the British, mainly in commerce and industry; but it is clear that the future of White South Africa lies chiefly in the political hands of the Afrikaners.

The Egyptians hold the far north, the top slice of the African sandwich. Between the far north and the deep south is the rich black layer of West, Central and East Africa, teeming with negroid millions, but brightly studded with outposts manned by the sort of Englishmen who, with the mad dogs, go out in the noon-day sun.

The main struggle for a European footing in Africa is therefore in the Union. If the South Africans weaken, that struggle will be lost and Mother Africa will once more both throw out and absorb the outriders of European civilisation who dared to try to build a Carthage on her sands. To some observers it seems a pity that certain irreconcilables among both Dutch and British, instead of nursing their strength for this main task of nourishing White South Africa, should fritter it away in wrangling with one another. But perhaps these observers take the hubbub and play-acting of the political hustings too seriously. The optimists believe that the so-called irreconcilables are a dwindling, cannibalistic brotherhood on the fringe of the people. These foolish few, devouring one another, argue about the rights and wrongs of the nineteenth century while the nation gets on with the business of the twentieth century: with its present-day love of living and its eager pressing forward towards a tomorrow of much promise and many problems.

II

Throughout the nineteenth century the courageous farmers of the Cape were busy with their discovery and colonisation of the unexplored highveld and lowveld beyond the rivers and mountains of their frontiers. The British settlers of 1820—colonial reinforcements—travelled from England in twenty ships to wrestle with disease and desolation along the eastern reaches of the Cape, wooing the Zuurveld with their ploughs and spades and beating off the frenzied assaults of the Kafirs. And the Dutch frontier farmers, who had already come to be called Trek Boers because of their passion for moving beyond the skyline to blot out the smoke of their neighbour's chimney, now loaded up their tented ox-wagons; and in these, with their wives and children, they sought the solace of isolation far away among the fever-trees of the lowveld, along the malarial banks of the Limpopo, on the pitiless, sun-baked plains of the Karoo, in the hostile hills of the Basutos (75-77), along the bloody trails of the wandering Matabele, and in the terrible valleys of the Zulus.

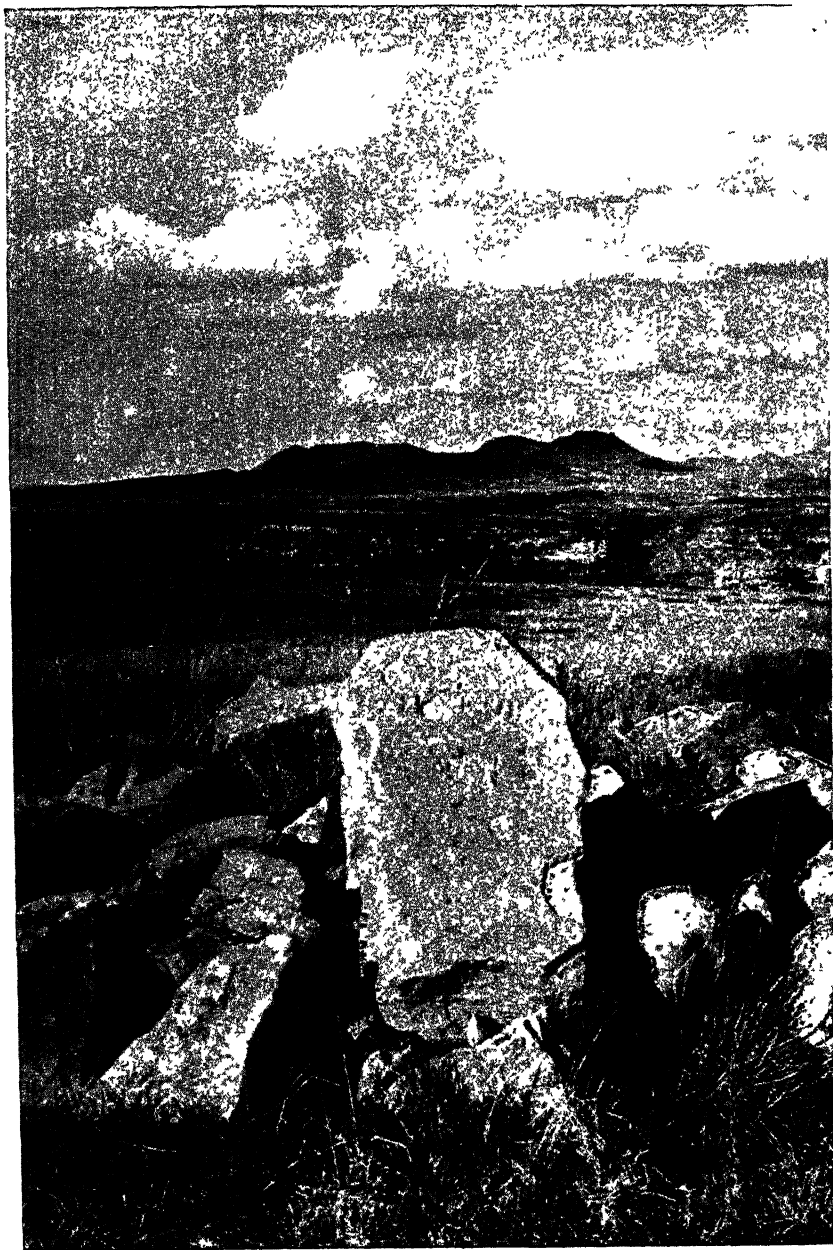
The weak or unlucky were killed off; the strong or fortunate survived. But not even the hardships endured by the British settlers in the Eastern Cape nor the sufferings imposed on the Dutch by the Great Trek could bring them together in a mood of mutual sympathy. There were exceptions to this rule even then: there were cases where the Boers and the British joyously joined forces against old Africa's ruthless bullying and against the warring Bantu tribes; but it remained generally true that they were reluctant to share their misfortunes and sorrows.

Yet they were fighting the same battle for the same prize. Obviously fate and



74. THE COAST ROAD FROM GISBORNE TO FAYT CAPL, HAWK'S BAY PROVINCE, NORTH ISLAND

NEW ZEALAND



75. MONUMENTAL STONES IN A VALLEY OF THE MALUTI MOUNTAINS, BASUTOLAND

SOUTHERN AFRICA

the relationship between their parent countries intended them to be blood brothers; but for many weary years they could not see this because they were dazzled by the vastness of the promised booty. Each wished it for himself. Today, after coming through more than a century of conflict, the Afrikaners and the British at last run in harness together, grumblingly content, in a wiser economy, to share the toil and the grazing.

At last the Boer's dream of a promised land, shut off from the Pharaohs of a wicked world, fades in a waking sigh on the sunny plain beyond the well-thumbed pages of the Old Testament. The Briton's dream of a colony where the Pax Britannica alone flourishes, lovely and beloved, is replaced by the present actuality of a separate country, a new nation crying its own wares and taking pride in its independence. It was these two dreams, for so long the stuff of South African life, that divided the loyalties of the White Man.

III

And what of the Black Man? Well, in spite of the easy, long-distance impeachment of the Anglo-Dutch governance, the Bantu tribes have multiplied under the sanctions it has imposed. They no longer decimate themselves in tribal wars. Warrior-kings who worked to the law of kill or be killed have been succeeded by chiefs who, with the advice of European commissioners and magistrates, rule their tribes according to their many ancient customs—except where those customs are so barbarous that they conflict too sharply with the higher law of the white man. When this happens the commissioners and magistrates turn the face of the chiefs towards the light. If the chiefs obstinately refuse to look towards the light, *force majeure* compels them to do so.

But the chiefs are not allowed to sit in judgment on Europeans living in their tribal area. That is understood not only in the native territories within the Union, such as Zululand, the Transkei, Pondoland and the country of the Bavenda, but also in the protectorates ruled from Downing Street—Swaziland, Basutoland and Bechuanaland. This interesting division of authority is perhaps best explained by citing the particular case of Regent Tshekedi, the youngest son of the late King Khama, one of the Queen Victoria's so-called treaty chiefs. The incident began when two Europeans went native in Serowe, royal capital of the Bamangwato—the most numerous and influential tribe in Bechuanaland. It was said that their huts were often noisy with Kafir-beer carousals which ended in native girls being taken into the bush. Tshekedi, claiming that he had done his best to persuade the European authorities to put an end to the scandal, then charged one of the "white Kafirs" with assaulting a native who had been talking to a Bamangwato girl with whom the accused was said to be in love. The "white Kafir" was found guilty and punished with lashes.

In doing this Tshekedi was exceeding his authority as chief, although, as the acting successor of a "treaty chief", he claimed to have inherited greater powers than those allowed to a conquered chief. One thing was perfectly clear in the law of the land—Tshekedi's high-handed action in lashing a European could not be tolerated,

even though that European said at the subsequent inquiry, "I am satisfied with the chief's judgment".

At this little moment in history between the two great wars, Admiral Evans—Evans of the *Broke*—was both Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Navy's Africa Station at Simonstown and His Majesty's acting High Commissioner. He at once rushed two hundred of his bluejackets and marines, with two howitzers, to Serowe, ordered an inquiry, arrived on the scene himself by aircraft, received a salute of nineteen shots, banished the "white Kafirs" and suspended Tshekedi from the chieftainship.

The defenders of Tshekedi then made themselves heard in both South Africa and in England, gaining for him a great deal of sympathy. "White Kafirs" are beyond the pale, and on their heads their fellow Europeans are always ready to heap hatred and scorn. All good mothers wept, as the cynical journalist who published the letter said they would, when Semane, Queen Mother of the Bamangwato, wrote to King George V in the following strain:

"I send my weeping to you, my King, I who am the widow of Khama; and I pray let my weeping reach your ears because you are the refuge pointed to me by my master Khama. When he died, he left me in your power.

"My life, I know, subsists in you, although I am in bitter weeping because of the castigation which you have given me. I am unable to flee anywhere except to you. Pity me, because you are my refuge and the life of your tribe. Let the great lion, when he kills, spare a few bones: a man is the property of his King.

"This is the cry of the widow of your servant Khama. This is our law, O King! Should the ruling chiefs decide to beat a person, or do something to him very painful when he transgresses one of the laws, they are unable to harm him any longer if he runs away to me, for they remember the name of Khama. And I say, O King, I run to you because this law is yours, and I continue to weep while running to you.

"O King, release for me the boy. I am undone and the tribe is undone. This is my weeping, my Master. O let it be regarded! I am the widow of Khama, Semane."

This appeal did not melt the hearts of those occupying places of ultimate authority in Downing Street. So Tshekedi, from his place of exile on the Bamangwatoland border, apologised for what he had done and promised not to do it again. To the sound of more gun-fire, Admiral Evans reinstated Tshekedi, while uttering this airy aphorism: "It can never be for the good of the people that a chief should break the law."

Whatever the rights and wrongs of that unhappy series of petty incidents may have been, the reassuring fact emerges that it transformed a desert of negative politics into a garden of administrative loveliness. British Officialdom awoke from its coma and began to carry out a positive policy with vigour and enthusiasm. And the Native chiefs, who had been sulking in their huts, suddenly came forward with hands outstretched to help and to be helped by the commissioners and magistrates. The Tshekedi incident, small and ridiculous though it may have been, had

the same health-restoring effect on the body corporate of the protectorate as the lancing of a boil on a sick man's neck.

IV

There is a moral in all this for England's sentimental negrophilists. Too easily they cry, "Give the Natives a fair deal!" But it is not as simple as this. If Tshekedi had been given the sort of "fair deal" his sympathisers demanded, not only he but all his tribesmen would have suffered in the long run. In the sequel, the White Man's authority would have been more flagrantly usurped by the Black Man's law, and sterner discipline would have been necessary to correct the racial balance.

What passes for negrophilism is often the perverse habit of a mind that automatically sympathises with and sentimentalises over the Natives (especially when they are at a distance) while taking it for granted that the White Man is unjust to them. But a mind such as that cannot solve the art of living in Africa, where 100,000,000 Natives form the rich black layer between the Egyptian and Cape slices of the continental sandwich. If taken too literally, this simile of the sandwich is misleading. It gives only a very crude geographical idea. Perhaps we should not look at that southern slice of Europeans as something flat, but as a wedge thrusting perpendicularly through the Bantu masses until its point touches the very heart of Africa, in the equatorial region of the Great Lakes.

The simile of the wedge probably gives a more accurate idea of the situation. Some may quarrel with it because it seems to transform the peaceful colonisation of Africa into a hostile thrust; but much of the early settlement of Africa by Europeans, whether they were Dutch or English, German or French, Portuguese or Belgian, Spanish or Italian, did resolve itself into a physical attack because of fierce tribal opposition. This belongs to the past, it is true; but even today the simile of the wedge may have some justification, because the European colonisation of Africa still sometimes results in a social and racial conflict with the Negro and Bantu tribes. Many enlightened Europeans will deny that it is a conflict. They say that it is a humane experiment in co-operation with the Natives, who should be and who wish to be raised from barbarism to civilisation.

Whether it means conflict or co-operation, the colonisation of Africa is shaped like a wedge because of topography and climate. Except for the low-lying regions of the Northern Transvaal bushveld and the Natal coastal belt, where a sub-tropical climate softens both fruit and Europeans, the Union of South Africa enjoys temperate weather in which men, women and children thrive. From the Cape of Good Hope (82) a spectacular escarpment of mountain parallels the south and east coasts, thus hoisting the Union's hinterland upon high, invigorating plains that roll westwards and flatten out into the arid ranching countries of Bechuanaland (86), Damaraland and Namaqualand. These latter two territories merge to make up the former German possession of the South-West, which, administered under a League of Nations mandate by the Union since the first Great War, is now virtually that Dominion's colony and is potentially its Fifth Province.

V

So the Union is growing; and it will grow still bigger when Great Britain transfers to it her three Protectorates, which at present form illogical enclaves within and along its borders. These are Basutoland (75-77), Swaziland and vast Bechuanaland (86)—Bechuanaland that rubs shoulders first with Southern and then with Northern Rhodesia (80) and whose western wildness of sand and scrub joins with the grazing of Damaraland and Namaqualand. This enlargement of the Union would be, of course, an enlargement of Pretoria's political framework rather than an actual growth of White South Africa. But as this would facilitate this growth, it is a matter of great importance.

The inter-play of activities between the protectorates and the mandated territory on the one side and the Union on the other is already considerable. Free trade, railways, roads and airways are linking their lives and interlocking their interests. There is much going and coming of both Europeans and Natives across these territorial borders. They are responding to the drag of industry and to the call of commerce.

From this developing economic pattern we cannot exclude the Rhodesias and the East African colonies perched on the healthy highlands along the mountainous backbone that extends from the Drakensberg (87) in the Cape, skirts the Valley of a Thousand Hills in Natal, and runs as far as Kilimanjaro and the Mountains of the Moon in the area of the Great Lakes. For the matter of that, we cannot exclude even the adjacent foreign colonies that parallel both sides of our long territorial wedge—Portuguese Mozambique on the eastern side and Portuguese Angola together with the Belgian Congo on the western side.

As we begin to hope for a British federation of all the King's domains from the Cape to Khartoum, there impinges on our imagination a still wider panorama—a panorama of the affiliated States of Africa. Perhaps the mind here jumps too far and too fast. Yet there should be a grand chance of giving practical shape to both ideas simultaneously within the larger protective friendship of the United Nations.

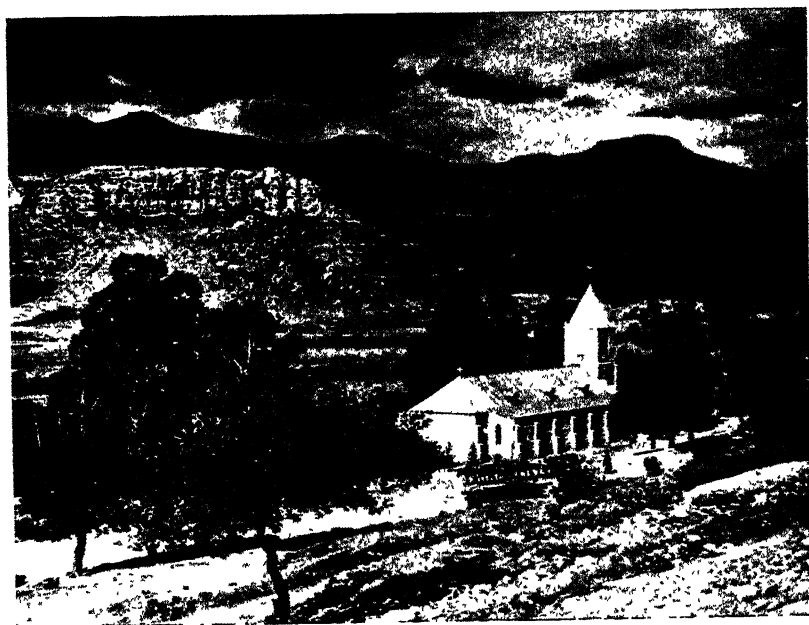
Just as the coming enlargement of the Union means only an enlargement of Pretoria's political framework, so the two ideas of the British federation of all the King's domains from the Cape to Khartoum and the Affiliated States of Africa, to include the colonies of foreign countries, are only the bare bones of European statecraft. The people breathing and working within this vast, loosely knit economy are its flesh and blood, and those people are Africans, more Africans and still more Africans.

Even if we forget for a moment the whole continent's population of 150,000,000 non-Europeans, there are, at a rough computation, something like 50,000,000 Africans living within the area of the white man's wedge and its neighbouring territories. Within the wedge-area alone there are about 25,000,000 Africans.

Posed against this overwhelming black population there are only 2,500,000 Europeans to keep the wedge white; and perhaps another 1,000,000 in the rest of Africa. The great majority of the wedge's 2,500,000 are in the Union itself. After two generations of colonisation in very favourable circumstances Southern



76. CASTLE MOUNTAIN, BASUTOLAND

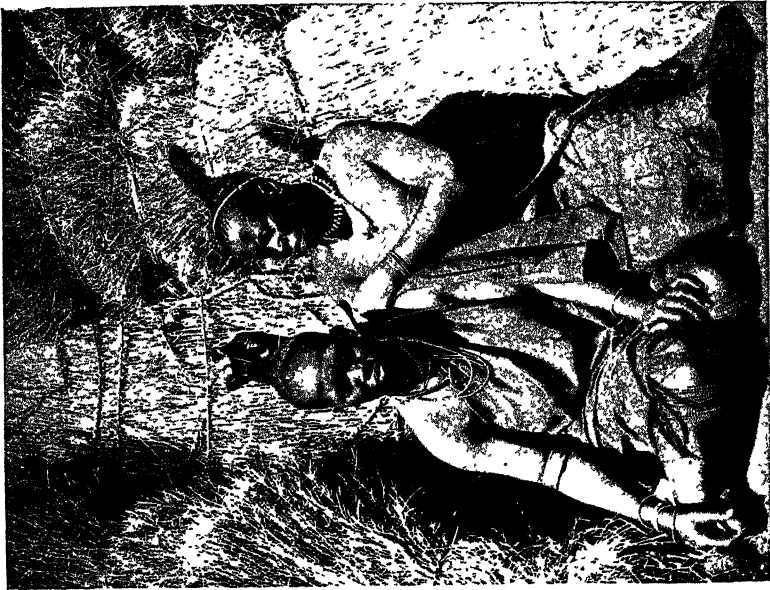


77. THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, ROMA, IN THE MALUTI MOUNTAINS, BASUTOLAND

SOUTHERN AFRICA



78. NATIVE COSTUME, BASUTOLAND



79. ZULU WOMEN, NATAL PROVINCE

SOUTHERN AFRICA

Rhodesia is unable to claim more than 82,000 of this number; and yet Southern Rhodesia can boast of being the second most important White Man's country in the sub-continent. Northern Rhodesia has a tally of 10,000, Kenya 20,000, Tanganyika 9,000 and Nyasaland and Uganda a mere sprinkling of an additional three or four thousands.

VI

The highest hopes of consolidating the position of the White Man in Africa rest, therefore, with the Union; yet in the greater Union here sketched by adding on the three Protectorates and South-West Africa, there are something like 10,000,000 Natives. So even in the very core and stronghold of White South Africa the Natives outnumber the Europeans by about four to one.

The position of the Europeans in their struggle for survival against increasing odds is further complicated by the presence in their midst of three quarters of a million Cape Coloured People and a quarter of a million Indians. The Indians are concentrated chiefly in Natal, whose sugar-cane fields they planted; while the Cape Coloureds, as their name suggests, live for the most part in the Cape Province, where, as disciplined slaves from the West Coast, Madagascar and the Malay Islands, they originally laboured with the Hottentots for the officials and farmers who ran the Tavern of the Seas for the Dutch East India Company.

All this makes a pretty kettle of fish—especially as, for many years, the European population was weakened by the falling away of a proportion of it into the lack-lustre class known as Poor Whites. But these Poor Whites, whose pathetic decline in the rural districts was caused by unemployment and malnutrition, are now being reclaimed by the towns, where new factories are giving them regular wages, nourishing food and schools for their children.

In considering this question of population we must not forget that the White Man's police and soldiers have stopped the tribal wars in which the Natives were engaged when he trekked into the Transvaal, Natal and Rhodesia. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, Tshaka was a sort of Black Hitler of the sub-continent. His military system turned the Zulu race into a ruthless, perfect war-machine. His warriors, armed with a new weapon, the short stabbing assegai, and protected by long, ox-hide shields, annihilated whole tribes and burned their villages throughout the length and breadth of Natal. Dingaan, after Tshaka, maintained the New Order in the same way; and Mziligazi, one of the several Zulu generals who broke away from their king to found their own country and dynasty, cut a path of blood through the Transvaal to Rhodesia. It was on the lands thus laid waste that the Voortrekkers settled.

Throughout the nineteenth century the European settlers, Dutch and British, fought the Natives and decimated many tribes; but now that all the fighting is over, the Natives smile happily among their own increase—an increase which is encouraged by the law allowing them to practice polygamy and profess Christianity at the same time.

VII

In spite of their fear of being submerged by the rising flood of colour, the Europeans in South Africa are adopting a more generous attitude towards the Natives, the Cape Coloureds and the Indians, whose living conditions are being slowly but steadily improved. For three hundred years they regarded the Natives as the American pioneers regarded the Red Indians—as bloodthirsty warriors who had to be quelled with powder and shot and cowed by the *sambok* of hippo hide. Had they not done so, they would have been overwhelmed by the Xosas, Basutos, Zulus and Matabele in those doubtful days of the 1820 Settlers and the Voortrekkers. An age-old, world-wide tradition of Negro slaves naturally took longer to die out in Africa itself, where the menace of their millions was felt by the small groups of frontier families wresting a living from the reluctant wilderness or journeying among savage tribes in their tented wagons.

With the large-scale settlement of South Africa, an understanding and an appreciation of the Natives is rapidly growing. But the sentimentalists who idealise them as the Noble Savage do not hasten this day of understanding. They simply stiffen opposition to the dangerous idea of a swift transition from the untamed jungle of warriors and witch-doctors to a suburban paradise of plaster saints. Even today the Europeans can only grope their way slowly towards a reasonable way of living in the midst of the Africans. The Africans, seen at their best, are remarkable, fascinating and lovable. More than any other race in the world, they have God's great gift of laughter. More than any other people on earth, they forgive an injury and cheerfully forget the injustices of yesterday. Malice is rarely met among them and their sins are usually either the thoughtless sins of children or the dark sins that have their origin in the witchcraft and magic of inherited custom and belief.

But critics who live in England do not often realise that from the White Man's outposts of civilisation to the Africa of superstition is only a short distance. One detailed example will reveal the general truth that the Africans live not in our world but in a world of magic. Let us take the episode at Mount Darwin in Southern Rhodesia. There, a few years ago, a modern Abraham solemnly sacrificed his son to appease the gods of his fathers.

It had become necessary for the Governments of Southern Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa to straighten the border-line between the two territories, and in the process a few tribes of Chikunda Natives found themselves within the country of Southern Rhodesia. This sudden change was felt acutely by a tribe ruled by Chief Gosa. One half of his tribe was included in Southern Rhodesia; the other half was left under the administration of Portuguese East Africa. His most poignant anxiety was "how to provide rain for those members of the tribe now under British control".

There had been for many years in Portuguese territory a family of Natives who had been granted the right of appointing a virgin who, by being segregated and remaining chaste, would ensure the tribes an abundance of rain. Chief Gosa allowed Chief Chigango—one of the newly made British chiefs, but lately of Portuguese



80. KRAAL ON THE ROAD NEAR VICTORIA FALLS, RHODESIA



81. EUCALYPTUS PLANTATION, SOUTHERN RHODESIA



82. MAIN STREET, PORT ELIZABETH, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, 1864

SOUTH AFRICA

From an old print

territory—to assume the position of high-priest and guardian of any rain-goddess awarded him and his people in Southern Rhodesia. The terms were that the goddess would be fed only by Chief Chigango, that her chastity would be kept inviolate, and that her seclusion would be ensured by Chief Chigango. In return, Chief Chigango agreed to pay tribute to Chief Gosa.

Chief Chigango soon acquired a considerable reputation among the Natives in Southern Rhodesia. The tribes close to his land suspected that some mysterious power was being used to bring him so many seasons of rain; and many Natives moved from the outlying districts in order to live in the land of plenty.

The rain-goddess allotted to Chief Chigango was a maiden of about fourteen years, who caused such an abundance of rain and such splendid harvests that there was great contentment in the tribe.

Chigango had placed the rain-goddess in a lovely grove of massive *mitimichena*—white-trees—on a hill which enjoyed a maximum of sunlight. The outer trees were carefully interlaced with withies to form a fence round the sacred grove, which was near Chief Chigango's kraal. About forty-five miles away was the Mount Darwin government post.

An old female relative did all menial work for the rain-goddess, except that of sweeping the grove. This was done by Chigango's wives. The old woman cooked the goddess's food, which was placed in the roots of a gigantic white-tree by Chigango himself.

Then came a season when the rains failed. Crops and grass withered and the cattle became thin. It was clear therefore that the sacred rain-goddess had lost her virtue and tribal councillors decided that the culprit was Manduza, Chigango's eldest son. A high altar of dried logs was built. Manduza was laid on it and more logs were piled on top of him. It was then lit. Soon the flames of the sacrificial fire could be seen for miles around.

Immediately after the sacrifice rain fell in torrents and for many days. But Chigango and his friends were arrested and taken away by the Mount Darwin police. They suggested to Chigango that although the act of sacrifice may have brought rain, he had apparently made no arrangement to stop the torrent. Chigango then mentioned to an official that a blue cloth had been placed on a bush at the place of sacrifice and that rain would continue to fall until this cloth was removed. In order to prove the stupidity of such Native beliefs, the official went to the scene of the sacrifice and took the cloth away. The torrent ceased immediately.

Chigango and two other aged chiefs were sent to gaol. None denied the act alleged; all expressed amazement that the European authorities were punishing them for it. Meanwhile, the little rain-goddess continued to live in the sacred grove, attended by another member of Chigango's family. But a few months later she became ill and died.

Later, in view of Chigango's failing health, the authorities decided to release him. This was during another period of drought; and, on hearing the news, the old man exclaimed, "Now shall you have rain!"

On the day of Chigango's release from Salisbury gaol the sky was pitilessly blue:

not a hopeful cloud could be seen. He set off for home, and on the way rain began to fall. That whole night there was a torrential downpour—the first of the season. The next day Chigango told his people, "I am here. Fear no shortage of rain." Until the time of his death, a few months later, there was plenty of rain and the crops and cattle prospered.

One must live in this horbed of superstition to appreciate the difficulties of the authorities in their efforts to enlighten the Black Man—especially when such results as these sustain old beliefs and scatter wisdom to the winds.

VIII

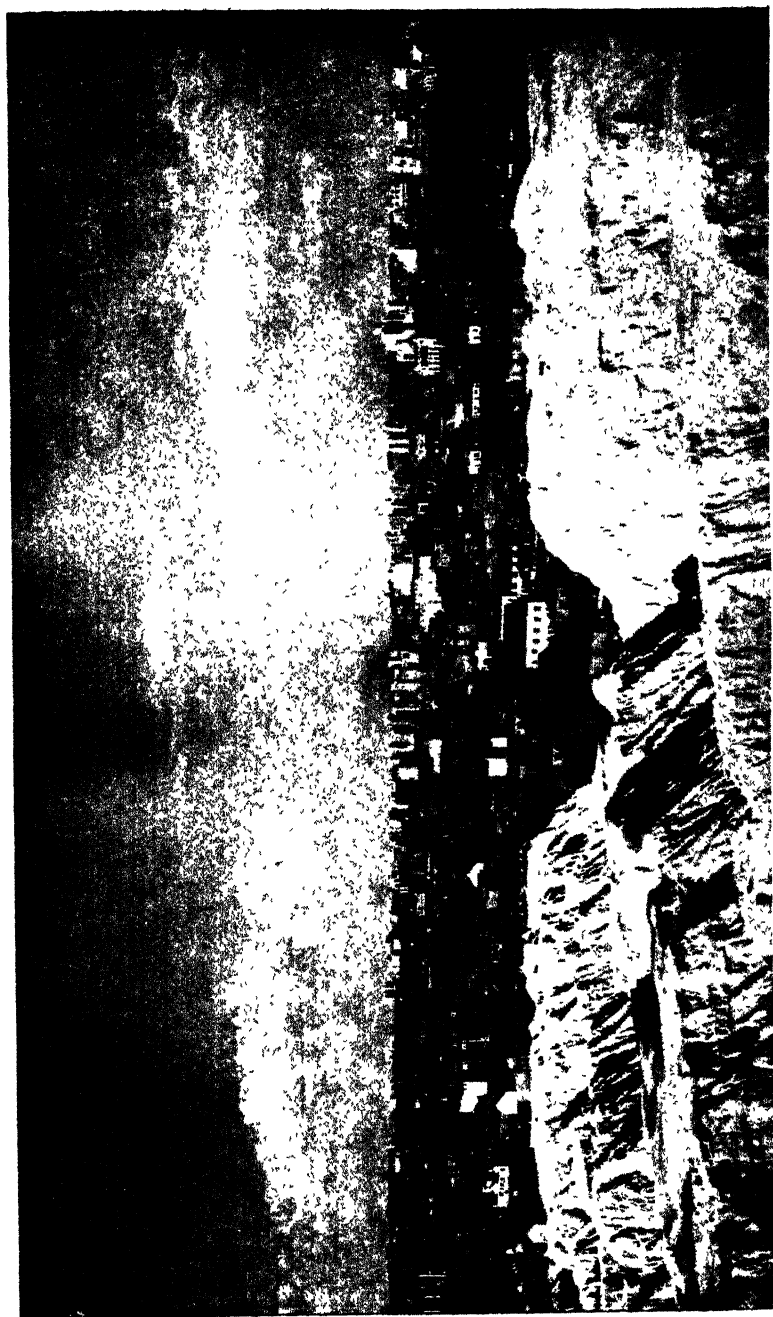
The conventional portrait of South Africa is different from the one thus far presented. This is because the conventional portrait usually stresses the activities of the White Man. His activities are most important, of course; but it is the Natives who make up both the foreground and background of South Africa.

In the Cape countryside there are gabled houses with white walls and thatched roofs, with wooden shutters, and even with slave quarters to remind us of a comfortable, leisurely yesterday when the Mynheers of the Honourable Dutch East India Company began the tradition of South Africa's white aristocracy. That tradition dies hard. It is still largely true to say that South Africa's population consists of a white aristocracy and a black proletariat. From the cool verandahs of Natal homesteads the white lords of the sugar-cane plantations look out over the bending backs of the Indian toilers. In the Orange Free State and the Transvaal there are Dutch and British maize-kings, cattle-barons and gold-magnates, who owe their strength and wealth to their Native dependents.

These darlings of fortune, however, have their opposite numbers in the Native territories, where chiefs and headmen sit contentedly among their several wives looking out over the communal crops ripening in the sun or reckoning up their herds of cattle grazing in the tribal veld. A black aristocracy thus balances the white, while underneath, a white proletariat begins to rub shoulders with the black proletariat, where the workers of the African world toil on farm and in factory, in mine and in workshop.

As if to measure the distance from these old Dutch homesteads for whose Mynheers the slaves moiled in the vineyards, there is today's Johannesburg, American in its architecture and metropolitan intensity, where there are white slums as well as black slums. Since it was founded in the 'eighties, on the harsh outcroppings and koppies of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg has suffered constantly from growing pains. Some who still live in this lusty, turbulent city have watched its skyline change from tents to tin shanties, from hovels to mansions, from a few two-storied offices to a panorama of ten-storied offices whose monotony is broken here and there by a verandahed cottage of corrugated iron—relic of the days of Robinson, Beit, Rhodes and the rest of the "early birds"—or by an outside in Rand skyscrapers: a concrete edifice rising up and up to perhaps fifteen or twenty stories.

It is a fascinating skyline, rendered possible by the honeycombed foundations on

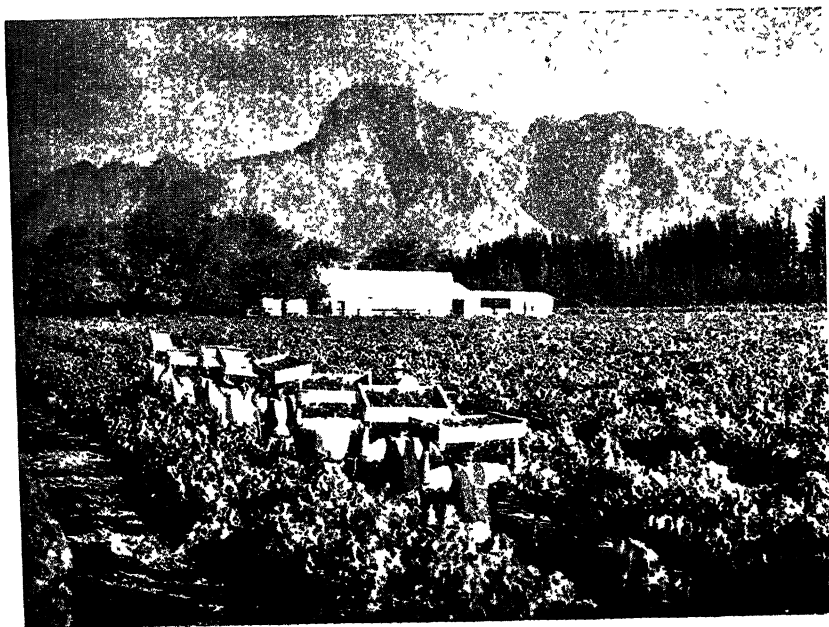


83. JOHANNESBURG, CAPITAL OF THE TRANSVAAL

SOUTH AFRICA



84. THE TWELVE APOSTLES, CLIFTON CAMPS BAY



85. GRAPE FARM AT DRAKESTEIN, NEAR CAPE TOWN

SOUTH AFRICA

which it is perched—foundations of gold-shot rock which have been burrowed by miners to a depth of over a mile and a half, right through the Transvaal plateau to below sea-level and for over a hundred miles in length. The city is hemmed in by koppies and mine dumps; and so the tendency is to build upwards for business and outwards for residence. It is a city of stark, naked outlines that obtrude upon the midday sky, the crude concrete showing in all its pitiless severity in the blinding sunshine. In the early morning it is obscured by smoke and mist, which lie heavily upon the city, like a blanket. In the evening dusk it is revealed mysteriously in the western light that glistens against its windows and gives to the high walls of brick, cement and concrete a rose-coloured warmth.

The spreading of the suburbs, over hill and vale, where formerly Johannesburgers enjoyed their picnics, is as fascinating in its horizontal way as the perpendicular metamorphosis of the shopping, business and industrial areas. The highveld bush and the plantations of bluegum are being wiped out, to be replaced by Tudor cottages, Dutch colonial mansions and the angular, sun-trap houses of the modern architect.

IX

Critics sometimes refuse to be impressed by the metropolitan intensity of Johannesburg, dismissing the city as a glorified mining camp, harsh and without any culture or taste (83). If you contest this they often enlarge their charge to embrace Cape Town (88–90), Durban and all South Africa. But South Africa's small white population is well educated and has produced talented writers and artists. In both transplanted European art and indigenous art South Africa can boast a line of talented poets, authors and painters. Thomas Pringle was South Africa's first notable poet, in the early part of the nineteenth century. He sang of the Hottentot, the Bushman and the Kafir; and in his famous *Afar in the Desert* he rejoiced in the lonely places of the wilds. Today there is Roy Campbell, with his *Flaming Terrapin* and other brilliant poems, whose metaphors are often as vivid and violent as Africa herself. High among Afrikaner poets are Jan Francois Elias Celliers, whose *Die Vlakte* (The Plain) and *Die Ossewa* (The Ox-Wagon) breathe the spirit of the veld and the folk who people it, and Jacob Daniel du Toit (generally known as Totius), whose father first gave form to the Afrikaans language in his journal *Die Patriot*. Like many Afrikaner poets, Totius draws his inspiration from the roaming and suffering of the Boer people; and this is especially apparent in *Verse van Potgieter's Trek*, *By die Monument*, and *Lied van die Ossewa*—Verses on Potgieter's Trek, At the Monument, and Song of the Ox-Wagon.

The bigger portion of South African literature is its books of travel, hunting and exploration. In imaginative prose the two outstanding writers are Olive Schreiner, whose *Story of an African Farm* is the first and final picture of life in the Karoo during the latter half of the nineteenth century, and Percy Fitzpatrick, whose *Jock of the Bushveld* tells of the adventurous later period of the transport-riders whose ox-wagons carried supplies from the coast to the goldfields of the Transvaal. Today we have Sarah Gertrude Millin, whose *God's Step-Children* and other novels show

us the Natives and the Coloured People as if through a microscope; Pauline Smith, whose *Little Karoo* brings us into intimate touch with the Afrikaners; William Plomer, whose *I Speak of Africa* makes use of a bold literary technique; Deney's Reitz, whose *Commando* sums up the Boer War from the viewpoint of the individual burgher; and "Sangiro" (a member of the Pienaar family), whose *Uit Oerwoud en Vlakie* (From Jungle and Plain) and *Op Safari* (On Safari) gives us sympathetic studies of lions and rhinos and other animals of the wild.

South African art extends from the flowing rock-paintings of the primitive Bushmen to the large and lively school of European artists, especially in the Cape and Natal, who have filled their canvases with the sunshine and breath-taking colours of the South African landscape, with the fascinating types of the Bantu tribes, and with the elephants and antelopes of unspoilt Africa. The pioneer of this school is Thomas Baines, who left an amazingly full record with both pen and paintbrush of his fearless expeditions with such famous explorers as Livingstone and Chapman. In our own day, Volschenk, with photographic accuracy, has painted veld and koppie while the blinding light of the African sun beats on them; and J. H. Pierneef, employing a sort of woodcut style, has captured and put on both canvas and wall not only the light-filled scenes of the bushveld but also the strange beauty of the Witwatersrand mine-dumps. Gwelo Goodman, a popular impressionist, painted a wide variety of Cape and Natal landscapes and studies of South African flowers. Then there is Irma Stern, whose expressionistic studies of Native folk possess undoubted merit. Two other South African artists are Edward Wolfe and Enslin du Plessis, expatriates whose work with the London Group is known in England.

Outstanding among South African sculptors is Anton van Wouw, whose studies of Paul Kruger, Boer types, and Native tribesmen have won him wide recognition among his countrymen. Several younger men are finding inspiration not only in Bantu tribal models but also in primitive African sculpture.

In architecture, South Africa is proud and fond of its early Dutch Colonial style of house, with its graceful gables and wooden shutters; and Sir Herbert Baker and others have adapted it to present-day needs. Groote Schuur, the Prime Minister's Cape Town residence on the slopes of Devil's Peak, was the Great Barn on a farm until Cecil Rhodes asked Sir Herbert Baker to transform it into a house "big and simple, barbaric if you like". The other definitely South African style of architecture is a development of the Native hut—not the beehive-shaped grass hut of the Zulus but the slightly more elaborate hut of the Bechuana and other tribes: a hut with a circular wall of clay-plastered branches, roofed over with thatch. By increasing the size of these round huts, building the walls of plastered brick, improving the quality of the thatch and connecting them with passages and rectangular rooms, a fascinating house of *rondavels* is evolved.

X

Until 1939 pioneers and enterprising industrialists had to plod slowly in developing the country's manufactures. But the second Great War ended this.

Utter necessity transformed South Africa into a country of busy factories. This was the end of all arguments against the production of goods in competition with those of Britain and other countries. This may depress Britain's manufacturers and exporters: they see the South African market vanishing—a market which they once shared after patient study and commercial perseverance. But this is only a superficial fear at a moment of great change: the ultimate truth lies deep and secure in the advantages of give-and-take trade. South Africa's industrial vitality is bringing a prosperity that must, now the war is over, feed itself with a larger volume of imports than ever before.

The foundation of South Africa's secondary industries began between the two Great Wars with the establishment, in the face of bitter opposition, of the great iron and steel works at Pretoria, the administrative capital, which is so close to Johannesburg as to be virtually part of it. The opposition was sincere and was reinforced from enlightened and progressive quarters. For what they were worth, statistics proved that this venture would fail. South African would not equal English steel in quality. Much play was made with the mysteries of Britain's inherited craft. Others argued that there would be only a limited market for the industry and that it would therefore founder financially.

In spite of these gloomy prophets, the South African Iron and Steel Corporation has been a blessing and strength far beyond the dreams of the pioneers who worked while the Jeremiahs stood by and croaked. Another and equally important change in South Africa's industrial framework came with the establishment of the Electricity Commission, which supplies energy to much of the railway system, muscles to mines and factories, and light to towns, homes and farms scattered over an area of twenty thousand square miles. These two major undertakings are called, for short, Iscor and Escom—and the names may well become those of legendary giants who seized the unshaped mass of national endeavour and sculptured it into twentieth-century form. Iscor and Escom were born in the briarbrush of party politics, but they survive and thrive. Their strong arms are forging the industrialism which is being superimposed on the old pastoral landscape. These two key industries, fed from the country's own coal and iron ore, have proved that South Africa can make it. All this bears seriously on the future of South Africans, who, however, are not likely to forget that it was to supply ships with the fruits of the earth that Johan van Riebeeck first planted a garden at Table Bay.

XI

In their roaming period of little wars with the Native tribes, the Voortrekkers sought only a patriarchal, pastoral sort of paradise. But they soon found that they needed more than the corn they grew and the cattle they raised, so trade from the more settled coastal belt followed them into the bush country. The trader's wagon followed the trail of the trekkers, bringing sugar, salt and coffee, blankets, knives and ploughs to their dispersal caravans. For the women they brought the small luxuries and trinkets of the civilisation they had left behind.

There was a demand for these things, but little money to pay for them. Thus

began the rough-and-ready barter from which has grown the elaborate commercial system that now makes possible the quick and easy flow of goods and money. The more adventurous traders took cheap muskets and bright cloths into Bechuanaland and Basutoland. The Natives were delighted to receive them in exchange for hides and ivory. In this way there developed a thriving business in manufactured goods imported from England.

This leisurely trading over far distances, at ox-pace, was interrupted by the discovery of diamonds at Kimberley. Vast wealth was to be won by delving into the deep pipe of the blue-ground—and the slow, lumbering ox-wagon was no longer good enough. So the railway was built northwards and ever northwards. The town of Kimberley bustled with life and dealt in millions. Luxury became possible and the diamond miners soon demanded the foods and comforts that England could provide. Then came the second wonder. While the diamond boom was still at its zenith, gold was found in the Transvaal.

Johannesburg burst into being, first to match and then to out-glitter Kimberley. The railway was pushed on, in the tracks of the transport-riders' wagons. South Africa was made. The Boers (if they had not sold their farms at handsome prices because of the diamonds or gold that lay beneath them) had a generous market for all that they could grow and breed. Now both Boers and miners called for more goods from the merchants of Cape Town and Durban.

As a hand-out of fortune, the discovery of diamonds at Kimberley could not have been more timely. It was in 1867, two years before the opening of the Suez Canal. This short cut for ships plying between Europe and the Orient would have brought stagnation to their old half-way house at the Cape had it not been for Kimberley. The stream of prosperity became a flood when Johannesburg also became rich and demanded machinery, building materials, household articles, clothes, food and champagne.

Beyond the dust and smoke of the new diamond and gold mines, the richest ever known in the world, lay the farmlands of the Boers. They had been in the foreground of the South African scene a few years before; now they seemed back-staged. But for the Boers who were not drawn into the get-rich-quick business of digging for diamonds and gold there still remained the leisurely life among the maize-fields, the orchards and herds of cattle. And this life remained profitable. The new-rich bought from them at good prices, and even the Natives got some share in the general enrichment of their country, whose overlordship was now divided by Boer and Briton. They were given money, food and shelter for their manual labour in the mines; and when the call of the kraal became insistent, they filled an imported tin trunk with imported store treasures and travelled home with enough golden sovereigns to pay their hut-tax for many harvests.

Such was the general picture of South Africa up to the turn of the century. Since then it has broadened and deepened. Base metals have been exploited; and such special branches of agriculture as the growing of sugar-cane and tobacco have prospered so that overseas markets may be supplied after local needs have been satisfied. There was also a gay period when ostrich-running became an important industry, for the women of Europe fancied the lovely plumes for fans and hats. The



86. KAIIR KRAALS, MOCHUDI, BICHUANALAND



87. TRIGELA GORGE, DRAKENSBURG, NATAL

SOUTHERN AFRICA



88. GROOT CONSTANTIA, CAPE TOWN



89. FLOWER SELLERS, ADDERLEY STREET, CAPE TOWN

SOUTH AFRICA

day of the ostrich feather looks like returning; but, in any event, South Africans meanwhile console themselves that sheep-rearing will remain necessary and profitable so long as men wear woollen clothes. Other agricultural and pastoral products of the country are mohair, meat, hides, skins, wheat, eggs, butter, cheese, wattle bark, citrus and deciduous fruits, and wine. Many of these are being exported in increasing volume.

The political welding of the Cape, Orange Free State, Transvaal and Natal, by the Act of Union in 1910, created an all-embracing economy in the rich field of base minerals. Coal, tin, asbestos, chrome and iron have now to be reckoned with; also manganese, corundum, fluorspar, graphite, magnesite, mica, soda, barytes, ochre and talc. Their importance grows, and during a period of drought and locusts which followed the first Great War, some people believed that agriculture would lose its importance: that it would take third place to the mineral industries and to local factories consuming raw materials.

The first Great War gave a fillip to South Africa's puling secondary industries. But, naturally, the new factories could not function with the smooth efficiency of old establishments overseas: factories evolved through generations of experience in production and marketing. It was not surprising when consumers, brought up to believe in the even, high quality of imported goods, were reluctant to buy South African goods: especially as their quality varied so much in those early days of trial and error. Imported goods bearing famous English trade-marks still had little to fear from local competition. For some time there was a prejudice against goods of South African manufacture and a sentimental attachment to goods from the "Home Country".

Paternal encouragement by the Union Government kept South African manufacturers on the job, and as ideas were brought from overseas the quality of goods improved. Both Europeans and Natives bought them. And it must be remembered that Natives understand craftsmanship and appreciate quality even if they cannot always afford to pay for it. In time, everything favoured the South African manufacturers, and when, after first cutting off its nose to spite its face, the country discarded the gold standard and winged its way into the upper air of buoyant currency, they found themselves in the midst of a boom: a boom comparable with the earlier prosperity that flowed from Kimberley and the gold reefs of the Rand. The lightened pound-note made it possible to finance and develop vast lodes of low-grade ore, and the Rand goldfields were consequently doubled in extent and value.

South Africa did not spend her new riches by increasing her purchase of manufactured goods from England. But the import figures remained fairly steady, at a time when the Union factories were blessed and helped by the South African Government. Most of the extra imports for the new prosperity came from other countries: chiefly from the United States among foreign countries and from Canada among the British Commonwealth nations. The United States scored with her motor-cars, large and powerful and simply geared, for they suited the long, rough roads of South Africa. English cars lost because they were modelled to the cramping engineering requirements of the horse-power tax. Special English models

were gaining favour when the second Great War knocked this highly competitive overseas trade into a cocked hat.

We may expect that, as far as possible, South Africa will gladly revert to the full trade with Britain which was an advantage to both of them between the two Great Wars. South Africa's gold production is now worth about £100,000,000 a year—a figure which is likely to be increased with the opening up of the new gold-fields of the Orange Free State. Most of the bullion is sold to England, and this explains why Britain and South Africa have been each other's best customer for so long. South African farmers have found a good and growing market in Britain for their citrus and deciduous fruits, their wines and tobacco, their sugar and wool. In spite of the effect of the war on her European markets, South Africa's export trade (apart from gold), is still worth over £30,000,000—a figure not to be sneezed at. Her imports are valued at about £100,000,000.

There are signs that the Natives will attain higher social and economic status in the years that lie ahead. At present only a limited number of Natives work for the Europeans, and then only for a few years. After completing their contracts as mine labourers or when they grow tired of working in factories and kitchens, they return to the tribal life of their forebears. In the kraal their wants are few. Their highly cultivated fields and herds of cattle provide most of their needs. Their savings from the White Man's pay keep them supplied for years in such store goods as they may covet. When the savings are gone, they fall back on the ancient barter system by giving maize and milk, fowls and eggs, hides and cattle in exchange for knives and salt, blankets and beads, pots and cloth. It is easy to imagine what a difference it would make to the country's wealth and buying capacity if South Africa's eight million Natives were allowed more pay and a higher standard of living in return for the work of their mighty muscles.

XII

White South Africa is impressive, with its elaborate network of roads, railways and air-lines; its afforestation and irrigation schemes; its vineyards, orchards, tobacco plantations and maize fields; its sheep and cattle ranches; its highly developed harbours and well-planned inland towns. But, impressive as all this is, with the addition of mines and factories, White South Africa is no more than a superstructure on the granite foundation of Black Africa.

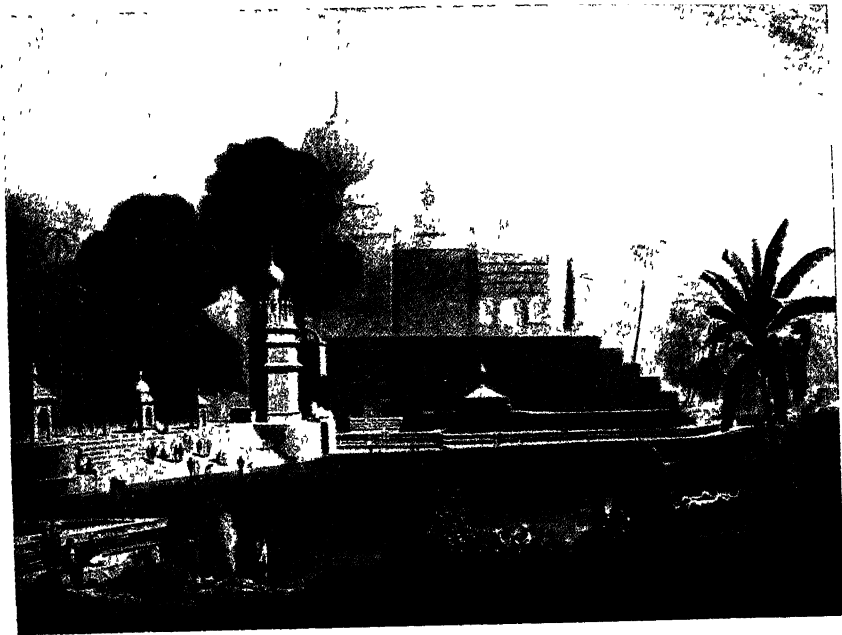
It was only recently, between the two Great Wars, that the European population of South Africa passed the figure of 2,000,000. The development of White South Africa therefore seems to be a miracle of creation. But the wonder lies in the strong hands of the Natives and in the unearthing of more and more diamonds and more and more gold. The diamonds of the Kimberley and Namaqualand, the gold of the Transvaal and the ready supply of cheap Native labour have provided and will provide untold millions of easy money for the White Man.

It is because of these fabulous pickings that several lively question-marks snake-dance across the old trails of the Voortrekkers and down the modern streets of Johannesburg. Is White South Africa a sound structure? Is its population as



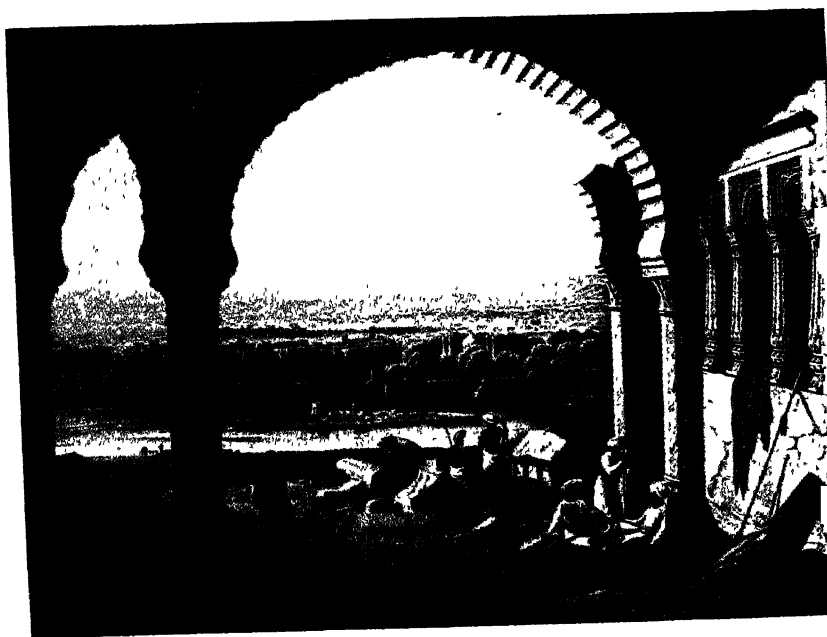
90. THE TABLE MOUNTAIN, CAPE TOWN

SOUTH AFRICA



91. SASSOOR IN THE DECCAN

By Capt R M Grindlay, 1813



92. AURUNGABAD, FROM THE RUINS OF AURUNGZEBE'S PALACE

By Capt. R M Grindlay, 18

INDIA

large as it should be? Can it survive for long, side by side with a Black South Africa, rising in the social scale, whose labour is giving its sons actual possession of the country and fitting them to inherit its future?

These are the questions that trouble both Afrikaners and Britons in the Union. They realize that White South Africa's greatest need is White Men. In spite of this, the Britons of the Union and the adjacent colonies are finicky about admitting European foreigners to their feast, and the Afrikaners do not wish to see their language, culture and politics swamped by an influx of settlers from Britain.

The important business of immigration has therefore languished in the stale air of party politics. There is even a legend that South Africa cannot absorb large numbers of farmers because of its poor prospects in agriculture, nor labourers and semi-skilled workers because of the abundance of cheap Native labour. The first contention crashes when the question is put, "But would not the Japanese, given the chance, make all these lands blossom like the rose?" The second contention crashes because industrialisation requires a growing home market. The new economists are saying that this market must be created by paying the natives higher wages and thus raising their standard of living.

Unless a large-scale immigration of Europeans accompanies this raising of the Natives to a higher status, the chances of advance or even survival for White South Africa seem very slender. Between the Great Wars the immigration policy of Downing Street and Pretoria went no further than guiding the little man to the little job. This practice is too piffling to build up a nation from colonial beginnings. The wholesale settlement of communities is the surest way to people the Union, Rhodesia and the East African territories. This is how the Voortrekkers established themselves in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, and this is how Rhodes's pioneers occupied Mashonaland and Matabeleland. Only schemes as great as these are worthy of the heroic adventure of peopling White South Africa. Two Great Wars may have depleted the manhood of Europe so that it will be unable to provide large numbers of immigrants for South Africa. But this is another question. The point made here is that without such migration, painful though it may be in the process, White South Africa must remain little more than a name, the dream of Kruger's Promised Land.

XIII

The White Man's discovery of the "fairest Cape", his journeys into the wilds, his encounters with fierce beasts, his wars with the Kafirs, his stumbling upon the world's greatest stores of diamonds and gold and his building of new cities for a new nation were all events which made South Africa's stirring history. There were Bantu giants in this land—Tshaka, Dingaan, Mziligazi, Moshesh, Lobengula and Khama; and from the ranks of the Dutch and British stepped out giants of equal stature: Piet Retief, Andries Pretorius, Sir Harry Smith, Paul Kruger, Robert Moffat, David Livingstone, Cecil Rhodes, Starr Jameson, Louis Botha and Jan Smuts, the very last of that race of giants. But in spite of the White Man's long saga of exploration and conquest, the Black Man still possesses his country.

Again we must take our eyes from the general panorama and enjoy a close-up of South Africa. We must peer into one of the vibrating valleys and listen to the dawn-songs of the Zulus: dawn-songs and dancing that remind us of more than a bloody past; they prompt us to ponder the doubtful future. But the dancers are not worried by any doubts as they come streaming up the hill in long lines, their ox-tail mantles dazzlingly white in the early sunshine. It is a thrilling moment when these descendants of Tshaka's warriors, in all their elaborate and savage finery, leap forward from the long grass and swarm upon the dancing ground. With their shields flung high and brandishing their fighting sticks and battle-axes, they rend the air with an ear-piercing yell. This is the beginning of a series of dances: war dances, dances of joy and dances celebrating Zulu customs and perpetuating Zulu beliefs: all barbaric in vigour, form and fury. Delightfully beaded and decked out in a hundred monkey-tails, their chiefs are resplendent in headgears of scarlet and black feathers which shake violently to the rhythms of the prancing feet. Most dramatic of all is the mock revolt of an impi against its leader, who is charged down until he at last re-asserts his authority and forces back his warriors, foot by foot. Then, as the Zulu women (79) dance forward, it becomes a cabaret of Darkest Africa. A few beads and loin strings are enough for the maidens, while the wives wear the marriage belt, which they keep on throughout their lives, as a European wife keeps on her wedding ring. Led by a matron waving a wooden spoon, emblem of the home and kitchen, they step out the measure that is the basis of all such music-hall dances as the can-can and the cake-walk, and their splendidly proportioned bodies sway and sweat in the scorching sun.

Here and there in such a great crowd of dancers are usually a few Zulu men dressed in girdled robes. In one hand they carry a long, cross-tipped staff. They are the strange Christians of Ekupakameni, and Shembe, though now dead, is still their prophet. The huts and houses of Ekupakameni—literally "the High Place" and symbolically "the Place of Spiritual Uplift"—pack cosily on a hilltop at Inanda, not far from Durban, and straggle down its slopes towards broad sugarcane fields, undulating to far-off horizons. The village of worshippers receives the sun's first swords of light and is touched by the dusk's after-glow, when all its surrounding valleys are in such deep shadow that the windows of their scattered houses shine with artificial light; and as the moon rides the night sky, its streets and roofs and walls are all washed with silver. Yet neither the sun nor the moon ever finds Ekupakameni lifeless; white-robed Zulus seem always to be moving this way and that.

Life in Ekupakameni has little relation to the twentieth century; it is the life of Bible times. Uninfluenced by formal education or by the theology of missionaries, Shembe, after having psychological experiences very similar to those of Paul, Joan of Arc, or Mormon Smith, came to see himself as the prophet who was to wean the Zulus from the breast of Darkest Africa and feed them on the strong meat of Christianity. He is just one of the hundreds of Bantu religious teachers who are interpreting the Bible, according to their own light, for the multiplying sects.

A regiment of girls sways rhythmically along an Ekupakameni roadway. Their



93. SOUTH AFRICAN VINLYARD

By A. J. Enson

hands move in special gestures and their legs carry their swinging bodies forward in a series of graceful movements. They are practising a form of eurythmics that Shembe fashioned from the wild dances of savage Zululand. One of them beats a gigantic tambourine to give the time as, led by a clear soprano, they harmonise a song whose words and music were composed by the prophet of "the High Place":

See the Zulus dancing for God.
Be smart and dance for God!
We know by the Word coming from the Clouds,
By the Command coming from the Heavens,
We know by the Word coming from the Clouds
That the Trumpet of the Lord is sounding.
The Earth that we tramp will shake
At the Vision and Voice of the Heavens.

Each day brings new followers to Ekupakameni. They come to learn and they return to their kraals all over Zululand to teach.

Responsible Europeans—among them ministers of orthodox Christianity—are inclined to the view that Shembe's form of Christianity is proving of great value to the Zulu nation. The movement inspired by Shembe is gathering such strength that it cannot be ignored. His prophets teach, as he did, by parables borrowed from the workaday world of the Zulus; and they think and live as the prophets thought and lived in Biblical times. Thus it is that Jehovah still broods and thunders and smiles in the heavens about Ekupakameni.

XIV

Meanwhile White South Africa is there for our pleasure and profit. Indeed, one may live there all one's life and see little of Black Africa. When winter and the dark days come to England, the cranes and swallows fly south to enjoy the long, lazy summer of the sub-continent. So do a few men and women from England—in aeroplanes. But the great majority of sun-seekers do not follow the route and method of the birds so closely as that: instead, they remain faithful to the ocean liners, saying that a bird's-eye view of Livingstone's desert and jungle is apt to become monotonous. The flight from Southampton to Durban, just before Hitler's war, took four and a half days; but now it is done in two days. For business-men or sportsmen impatient to be at their big-game hunting, this will be a marvellously swift transition from cold to warm latitudes.

Those who journey by ship, if they are enterprising, go down one side of Africa and come up the other, thus doubling their ports of call. In the Atlantic they encounter such charming islands as Madeira, Teneriffe and St. Helena; in the Indian Ocean they are on the fringe of the East in such Arab-influenced places as Zanzibar and Dar-es-Salaam, whose very names are poetry. There are in normal times ships a-plenty on the South African beat, both British and foreign. Some keep to either one ocean or the other; others use both, to circle Africa.

The newcomer is at home in the sub-continent, where a transplanted Europe

provides comfort and company cheek by jowl with the primitive Bantu tribes and the herds of big game that still roam the veld. Between that transplanted Europe and the Africa of David Livingstone the newcomer must make some kind of choice. He does not have to make a drastic decision either one way or the other, for the two worlds intermingle rather conveniently for his delight; but he does have to decide whether his life will be dedicated to the big towns, which we may call transplanted Europe, or to the cattle and farming areas, the game country and the Native areas, which we may call the real Africa.

Rudyard Kipling in his *Something of Myself* calls the Cape of Good Hope a "glorious land", to which he gladly gave much of his "life and love". For many years he wintered there with his wife and children. The outward journey was always a "great joy" to him, and on the forest-clad mountain slope where they lived as neighbours of Cecil Rhodes, "the children thrive" and the "colour, light and half-oriental manners of the land bound chains round our hearts for years to come".

But the Cape is only a corner of the sub-continent, and there are others who give their heart as readily to sub-tropical Natal, which sometimes seems a bright slice of India and sometimes Darkest Africa itself; or to the multi-coloured hills of Basutoland, where the blanketed tribesmen roam on ponies, for there is only one mile of railway in their domain; or to Swaziland, which is a Switzerland without snows; or to the Karoo, where Olive Schreiner's *African Farm* still oscillates in a boiling mirage that lifts the distant koppies into the sky, giving unexpected reality to the Psalmist's skipping hills; or to the Northern Transvaal, with its baobabs and fever-trees, its mysterious white rain-goddess (like the girl of Chief Chigango's sacred grove), whom Rider Haggard turned into *She*, and with its "grey-green greasy Limpopo River" of the *Just So Stories*.

There is much to love in this curiously patterned land. It may be a landscape in the Kruger National Park, a landscape enlivened with giraffe, elephant, buffalo, kudu and waterbuck, a landscape gay with the gold of marula plums and mimosa blossoms; it may be the plant-smothered hot-house of the Zambezi, where the Victoria Falls crash in a white miracle to the sunken river-bed, only to shoot above themselves again as sunlit or moon-touched spray and rainbows; or it may be the great towers and walls that suddenly startle one in the Rhodesian bush—the Zimbabwe Ruins, ghost-filled beneath the dazzle of the stars.

Yes, there is likely to be great joy for the newcomer in these scenes and peoples. He will share them beneath the sun with the swallows and cranes that have also come out of the grey northern countries. If he is a fisherman, he will find excellent sport both in the rivers and in the seas; if he is a swimmer, he will be thrilled with the transparent combers that break and cream upon such endless beaches as those of Muizenberg and Durban and all the south coast of Natal; if he is a mountaineer, he will tackle climbs worthy of his skill up the Drakensberg peaks (87) that pierce the rain-clouds at Mount-aux-Sources; if he is a botanist or an artist, there is the rich profusion of wild flowers around Caledon and Hermanus; if he is a golfer or a tennis player, there are courses and courts for him everywhere. As for the traveller who travels "for to admire and for to see", there is all the variety of

scene from dry desert to the damp hot forests of the low-lying sub-tropics, and the beehive-shaped huts of the Zulu and Swazi kraals where Africa still dances to the drums and wild chants of Tshaka's people (86).

To those who know South Africa's political and racial background, her contribution to the British effort in both Great Wars seems miraculous. In 1914 the late General Botha, then Prime Minister, and General Smuts, then Minister of Defence, first quelled a Boer rebellion in which General de Wet, the guerilla leader whom Kitchener and Roberts found so elusive in the South African War, reappeared on the battlefields of the Orange Free State at the head of a commando of burghers. Then they occupied the German colonies of South-West Africa and East Africa. They also sent forces to Egypt and France.

On the outbreak of the second Great War, General Hertzog was Prime Minister, with supporters about him who still dreamed of that Promised Land, utterly and completely free—especially of Great Britain. Yet the majority of the population would not allow Hertzog to keep the Union neutral, despite the fact that there are six Afrikaners to every four British South Africans. They (which means Afrikaners as well as the British) threw Hertzog out of office and made General Smuts their Prime Minister. With only a small population of divided loyalties—a population distributed thinly over vast stretches of ranching, agricultural and mining areas—South Africa created an army and an air force and, most surprising of all, a navy. Her army played a major part in the re-occupation of British Somaliland (which the Italians had taken) and in the conquest of Abyssinia; then it went on to fight in the Libyan campaign. South Africa's military forces also went to Madagascar, and they had to garrison all points of the Union coast. Her air force operated brilliantly in Libya and Italy. And out of nothing she organised naval forces comprising several scores of little ships to operate not only round the shores of the Cape and Natal, but up the East Coast and along the Mediterranean.

All this far-spread effort was reinforced by the loyalty and willingness of South Africa's non-Europeans—that is to say, Cape Coloureds, Natives of diverse Bantu tribes, Malays and Indians. The non-European forces performed herculean labours in support of South Africa's White army. They built roads, constructed camps, dug defences, drove transport and did all manner of pioneer work. With the Mediterranean route closed, the Cape route to the Middle East became of paramount importance; and so South Africa enlarged her shipping facilities at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London and Durban, thus enabling British forces and war materials to flow to North Africa, Madagascar, India and Australia. And Simonstown, near Capetown, remained a base of the Royal Navy. South Africa thus became a great Allied base, complete with elaborate hospitals for the sick and wounded from the Middle East; and she supplied not only food but munitions and vehicles to the Mediterranean fronts, and essential raw materials to Britain and the United States.

And the future? An effort to trace its outline has been made in these pages. The Union is likely to embrace a larger geographical area; to have its European population reinforced from overseas; to develop methods of agriculture that will not impoverish the soil but enrich it; to cherish its grazing so that it will sustain

more cattle; to encourage its thriving secondary industries; to retain its cultural, sentimental, commercial and political relations with Europe, particularly with Great Britain and Holland, but at the same time to link its activities more closely with Australia on the east and with the Americas on the west; and, finally, to play a leading part both politically and commercially in the development of the whole of backward Africa.

INDIA

by

W. J. GRANT

I

It is almost impossible to forget the glowing paleness that is India. There are glamour and pathos in her history; there is stark tragedy in the way her modern outlook has split into Gandhi's pastoralism and British commercialism. The sweep of the monsoon is like the darkness of death to millions of her people every year; the awful heat of April, May and June glares mercilessly on sweating bodies and dumb, driven minds. And yet over all there is this strange pale glow that is half-elfish, half-spiritual, but as deeply real as her Eastern Ghats or the sunlit surge around Cape Comorin.

India is a land of mosques and temples (102). The mosques are Mahomedan; the temples Hindu. That is one of the tragedies of India. Nothing should be said against either religion, for each is commendable in its own way. But the tragedy lies not in two religions being brought into juxtaposition, but in two religions of such severed interpretations of reality having to find spiritual pasturage in the same country. Mahomedanism is a system of commandments; Hinduism an aspiration after spiritual ecstasy. The one lays all problems of ethics and philosophy on the lap of Allah; the other works painfully to render ethics and philosophy unnecessary. To ask them to live together is like asking a poet to consort comfortably with his ironmonger. In Old Delhi we find an almost Mosaic trust in covenants; in Benares all covenants are but a shadowy wrinkle on the face of Karma. And so India, the strongest refuge of religion in the world today, has her ecstasy breached at more than one important point. Her politics, like her religion, are a riven cloud through which there bursts, however, the radiance of a Brahmanistic peace.

Brahmanism, or Hinduism as it is equally correctly termed, is one of the greatest monuments to religious thought man has ever produced. Contrary to popular belief, it has no *deus ex machina* to tide it over logical difficulties. Every step it takes is surveyed and scrutinised in the most scientific manner. India, indeed, abhors science in secular life, but supports it uncompromisingly in the religious sphere. Brahmanism started from the assumption that the worldly outlook is an evil outlook. The man who places earthly circumstance before heavenly aspiration is to be condemned. Therefore, the true Brahman sheds his interest in earthly things, and just in so far as he succeeds is he worthy of a purer reincarnation. There is no grim judge laying down unbending commandments. Man is his own judge. Brahmanism has its laws, but they are as universal as the laws of beauty or the sanctions of mathematics. They are not superimpositions on the soul's experience, but a fulfilment of it. No man who is true to himself enjoys the pained emptiness

of life; its uncertainty disturbs him; its brief joys leave him sorrowed and impoverished. Therefore, the opposite of life is his constant aim. But (and here is the rock on which Western thought continuously stumbles) the opposite of life is not death. It is merely the negation of all that life stands for, *i.e.* pain, sorrow, struggle, defeat and things that beguile only to embitter. Nonsense to say that Brahmanism predicates an eternal grave for its devotees. All it does is to exclude what we call life from its idea of reality. Life, and all it connotes, is a dark phantasy; the sooner we get rid of it the quicker can man enter the inheritance of the wise. Man's real destiny is wide, splendid and painless. It is, indeed, a death that is a fuller life.

The Hindu has a multitude of gods; he prays to them for things that are not always consistent with Brahmanistic reality. But no religion is consistent with itself. Christianity professes to love its neighbours as itself and yet thrusts a rapier deep into the hearts of those who assail the Athanasian Creed or boggle at the third-day resurrection of Christ, forgetting that faithfulness to a creed or belief in a resurrection have as much to do with Christ's teaching as the snarl of a mad dog has to do with the cadences of an Ovid.

According to Brahmanism men come back to life (reincarnation) so long as they have not succeeded in completely detaching themselves from earthly interests. But the lower the interest the higher the reincarnation, *i.e.* a good man is reincarnated as a better man, and *vice versa*. At last, after repeatedly progressive reincarnations, he is reincarnated no more. He is in bliss, the bliss of a painless, guiltless "unanswering stillness".

Such are the centrals of Brahmanism. All else is false and extraneous. We hear a great deal about Vishnu, Siva, Anapurna, Ganesa, and so on. They are mere encroachments on Brahmanistic purity.

Mahommedanism is the religion of the Mahommedans in India. Its commandments are pure and exalted. But, unlike Brahmanism, it has little or no philosophy. It does not probe the roots of motive; neither does it assess the ethical weight of thought and deed. But it trusts and obeys. Its trust and obedience are its supreme splendours. Allah is God and Mahommet is God's prophet. God it is Who commands; Mahommet it is who interprets or expresses those commands. Like Moses, Mahommet has been on a mountain with God; seen into God's mind and translated heavenly ideas into earthly language. Thus, while the Hindu must know as well as refrain, the Mahommedan knows nothing but what is the will of God and refrains from nothing but what is contained in the "Thou shalt not". A Mahommedan obeys the law; a Hindu obeys his elucidated conscience. The Mahommedan is solid and concrete; the Hindu imaginative and mystical. Psychologists might say that the Mahommedan (in a religious sense) was an extrovert, while the Hindu was an introvert, and that is a generality that would apply to the two races in nearly all respects. The Mahommedan does not dream dreams; he is not a seer; no magic fabrics woven from the unseen are his prerogative. He never saw Agni flaming on the Himalayan peaks; neither has he crooned wistful melodies deep in a Brahmaputra forest. He likes life to be finite and bounded. What happens when he leaves it is the affair of Allah. He trusts Allah with his death as well

as with his life. Measure and the limitations thereof are his comforts. The indefinite annoys him almost as deeply as the infinite. And yet he has to live politically and socially with those who walk all their religious miles where there are neither measure nor bounds to measure. Is it to be wondered at that he sometimes feels like a Bombay riot or a Madras *lathi* charge?

II

Now what about India's politics? Nearly everybody has heard of Gandhism, the Indian States, British Safeguards, the Federal Ideal, and so forth. To most such terms are mere jargon. At their best they are highly misleading; and so it is proposed here to outline in the broadest and clearest terms the main currents in the Indian political stream as they affect 400,000,000 people, giving some idea of their ultimate achievements, and so leave the reader to fix in his mind's eye the river of politics into India's ornate social landscape.

First Gandhism. To understand Gandhism one has to understand the caste system. The caste system has achieved Indian unity to an extent unrivalled in history. The idea behind it is political, but its framework is religious. Society under caste is quiet, sedative and unrevolving. It accepts superiors and inferiors as a tree accepts daylight and darkness, not as a demonstration of its own inferiority or superiority but as a sanction of Divine Providence. And so there are, under caste, no stupid social strivings. The village cobbler has no visions of his son in a Primate's robes; the family of royal blood can never be grieved by a daughter marrying a romantic pedlar, and so on. Brahma has set the bounds of occupation and marriage. The priests and scholars are the highest caste, as behoves a country so devoted to the things of the spirit; the next are the Kshattriyas, or governing class; then the Vaisyas (farmers or traders), and finally the Sudras (labourers and manual workers). As can well be imagined, such a stratification of society could only be fitted into a rural organisation. The stress and turmoil of city life as we know it would make the observance of caste rules impossible. And so does modern factory life, the mobilisation of travel difficulties and so on. India's response to Western influences has done much to pollute caste; but the greatest harm has been done by time. Like all human institutions, the caste system slowly drifted from its original ideal, which was the sanctification of all classes and all occupations. The Sudras are now classed as "untouchables". There were no untouchables in the original classification, but it has always been axiomatic in Hindu society that the body should be washed at stated periods and that food can be partaken of only with clean hands. Some of the Sudras, tired after their hard manual work, neglected to wash, hence a general condemnation followed a particular offence. Now, the Sudras are shunned as vile and contaminative. That is an example of how the wind sculpture of years disfigures the original beauty of human designs. Gandhi's teaching is for an India redesigned on the original model. That is why he is against untouchability; that is why he is also against industrialism and Western influences generally. He wants the quiet, simple, rural India prior to the industrial revolution. He looks on a higher standard of living as evil and vulgar. Railways and



94 THE FORTRESS OF BOWRIE, RAJPUTANA

INDIA

By Capt Charles Johnson, c. 1850

steamships are abominations to him. Like Tolstoy, he deplores force, and so holds up hands of holy horror at fleets and armies. The only conquering media germane to decent human existence are the sinews of a moral loveliness. That idea lay at the root of his "passive resistance" enactments and his even earlier phrase "soul force". His hatred of Britain, therefore, was philosophic rather than political. Britain garnered Indian factory workers, regardless of tradition, gave them high wages and robbed them of simplicity. These workers forgot that life was a thing to be cast off as an unclean garment as soon as the laws of nature permitted. Gandhi's heart bled to see his beloved country being overwhelmed by a shameless secularism and the clean static design of her religious system weathering to a featureless mass under the stress of years. Upon that sorrow did he build his political creed. Read what you will about Gandhism, every act, every declaration, every clash with authority perpetrated in its name has this attitude for its source and inspiration. Gandhi's views are, no doubt, devoid of a subtle comprehension of world events and their permanent correction, but as a sincere patriot and a considerable philosopher he will never be forgotten. His rebellion against what is termed orthodox Hinduism is merely a desire that Hinduism should be more orthodox, *i.e.* consistent with the purity of its original intent. He wanted no British influence, politically or otherwise, in India, not because British influence was essentially evil but because it was undermining what he held to be the ideal structure of Indian society. Village life and village government were the ideals he strove for. A child listening to the stories of the Indian saints under a grove of needle palms was a sweeter educational ideal than a sophisticated jumble of college Greek and film-fan logic. The fewer the needs the fuller the heart's ecstasies; riches and the glamour of power bled life of her tenderness; resignation not conquest was Gandhism's central article of faith. That faith is represented by the Congress Party today. Time has dwarfed its purity perhaps and there is a contradiction in the fact that Congress has raised a Western sword to achieve an Eastern ideal, but underneath all that the Congress Party strives for is the vision of a salvaged simplicity for the Indian people.

A large Liberal Party exists in India, but it is so rigidly medial that one has difficulty in claiming for it anything positive, except that it would be content with a dominion status and a shadowy progress in the wake of Congress. It supports moderate reforms and a slow march from British Imperialism to Indian commercialism. Traders and those with big commitments give it their support, more as a steadying influence on Gandhi's Congress than as an elaborated political faith.

There are left the "Diehards". They are chiefly found in Britain and nearly all are capitalists or burning opponents of all reform, social or otherwise. They look on liberal government as a tiger looks on epicritic refinement. Sometimes they appear in India and roar scorn at a Hindu-Moslem riot or point a fat finger at the "ignorance" of the Indian masses, but they are not likely to prove more than a considerable drag on the wheels that are slowly but surely grinding out the future. These political currents mingle on some measures and sharply divide on others; but all are played on by the huge body of opinion (largely ignorant of India's real outlook, unfortunately) at home and abroad.

Mahommedans make voting friends with the Hindus when their interests are not involved, but generally speaking they favour a defensive co-operation with Britain rather than complete identification with the other parties. They are afraid that their inferiority in numbers will subject them to the religious persecution which history has taught them to fear. Hence their present demand for "Pakistan" (a part of India for themselves). The Sikhs also keep their religious interests close to their political hearts.

III

Vast baking plains and white, lancing peaks that stab at the stars, these combined with mile upon mile of primitive jungle are the main features of Indian scenery. Compared with India, England is but a West Kensington rose-garden. England is green, tidy and frugal; India glowing-white, rambling and sublimely wasteful. With all her largesse of space, delight is rich within her; she interests and amuses simply because she has no intention of doing either.

In the north there is the vast barrier of the Himalayas (95), whose peaks boast an average height of 18,000 feet. Mount Everest is, of course, their king, with 29,002 feet. Then comes Kinchinjunga (28,156 feet) (95, 97), Dhawalagiri (26,826 feet), Nanda Devi (25,700 feet) and Chumalhari (23,929 feet). From a little village away on the Himalayan foothills (Darjeeling) (97) these princely heights can be watched in all weathers. Ploughing the fury of the monsoon storm they are awesome indeed, and when slumbering half-buried in long rags of mist they have gigantic bulk and majesty; but to see them at their happiest one has to be up with the early sun. Deep in their unfathomable valleys sleep great seas of mist from late evening to early morning. With clockwork regularity these mists begin to rise as soon as the rising sun dresses Mount Everest in quivering pink. Slowly they climb to above forest level, then up, up the great metamorphic steeps until the snow-line is reached; here they slow down and finally come to rest halfway between the base of the snows and the top of the peaks. They have their own loveliness these mists, particularly as they bloom in blue and violet beneath the spreading sunlight, but they mar the majesty of the great hills which they try to clothe. Only in the early morning can one be sure of an uninterrupted view of such a height as Kinchinjunga, for instance. But she is only one of a great company. All around her rise the rugged, unhewn masses, glistening and winking in the white, boundless stillness so characteristic of India.

From Darjeeling, Mount Everest is the least imposing of the lot. She looks so thin and far away. And yet one can see that she comes nearer the stars than any of the others.

South of the Himalayas lies the province of the Punjab. The name is Hindustani for "five rivers". And five rivers she has. Their names are the Jhelam, the Chenab, the Ravi, the Beas and the Sutlej. And yet the province is dry. Her chief need is an ample rainfall. But she has a history of great memories. Her rainfall is only 30 inches a year (Bengal gets more than double that), and industry refuses to brighten at her name, although wheat, barley, maize and sugar grow there; still she produces a hardy, courageous people. Through her marched the



95. HIMALAYAS LOOKING TO MOUNT KINCHINJUNGA

INDIA



96 MUSSOORIE, FROM THE GUN HILL



97. THE KINCHINJUNGA RANGE FROM DARJEELING

INDIA

armies that conquered India in the name of the early Mahomedans. She has had to wrest a living from grudging conditions. Thus are the Punjabis one of the finest fighting races in the world. Her plains are hot and scrubby. Sand is everywhere. When her winds blow the poor Punjabi farmer has to salvage his tiny maize fields from blighting mounds of sand.

But when one comes still farther south the real richness of Indian history begins to show. At Agra and Old Delhi we see the evidences of Mogul rule in impressive architecture and lovely old mosques whose every cupola and minaret breathe the sacred name of Allah. Here the sun continues to smite and the sand to smother. But to see those old ruminating cities glow in old gold on the bosom of their wide, white, weary plains is an experience never to be forgotten. Fragments of hills struggle above the sand; clumps of bamboo and palm make tiny pools of shade here and there; villages, designed and fashioned in clay, stare hopelessly at the mastering sand, their flat roofs bushy with brush wood; and long dusty roads wind painfully from sandy township to sandy township.

But watch when the rains come! Grass springs up in a night, trees brighten, villages burst into song, the wilderness blossoms as the rose. And that is characteristic of much that is Indian. Darkness comes almost as suddenly as a clap of thunder; the monsoon smites like an angry Fate; while floods roll as devouring armies.

Following the great Gangetic plain we come on seemingly limitless stretches of paddy (rice) land which in the monsoon season (June to September) gleam in steely-blue patches of water, and in the hot weather (February to June) lie naked and athirst in dead, pale-brick waste. But the Ganges ceases not to nourish and to bless. She is a motherly presence in one of the richest agricultural districts of India.

Across the greater part of Central India run the Central Provinces and the Vindhya Mountains. North of them the country is, generally speaking, alluvial and devoted to the growing of paddy. There are, of course, industrial districts such as those around Calcutta (99), at Asansol and inside the great commercial city of Bombay (98); but India north of the Vindhyas is strikingly devoted to the hard, serious business of salvaging its soul and earning a living. Not so south of the Vindhyas. There the outlook is as different as the scenery. A rampart of hills runs down the east and west coast lines (the Eastern and Western Ghats), and inside this triangle lies the Indian state of Hyderabad, with Mysore towards the south-western corner. The South Indian is Dravidian in spirit. You learn this from his temples and from the ready smile that leaps upon his open, unafraid face. The Bengali is more refined, more scholarly, more steeped in the lore of an ancient and revered religion. The South Indian has no polish, little scholarship and less of religious lore. He is almost boisterous in his gaiety. But a gaiety with a hard, brittle core. He is hardy rather than wistful, interested in the visible rather than in the invisible.

And a similar difference is in his scenic surroundings. In South India the hills are sharper and the fields less soft in contour. Things appear to be newer and more sinewy. They do not waste languorous hours dreaming of past glories, like Old Delhi, or steep themselves in ecstatic strivings, like Bengal. There is no holy Ganges in South India; neither is there a star-aspiring Himalayan peak; but there

is a stark, hearty, commonsense loveliness all the same. The Eastern and Western Ghats are beautiful to behold. They rise up green and bronze and shaggy. Deep in their ravines bloom coloured grass and flaming flowers. High on their wind-swept plateaux live a strange wild people who are neither Hindu nor Dravidian. Some say they are India's original population. They are the Santhals, Khassias and Gonds, and they have no caste (only a primitive tribal law), no religion (unless animism), no industry, no intellectual aspiration. They fish and grow handfuls of rice. But that is all. Remote in their mountain ridges they know neither East nor West. For them the British Commonwealth is but a name blown on winds that whisper queer enchantments under the stars.

In South India are the famous Nilgiri Hills. They are the only dreamers in all the land south of the Vindhya. But their dreams are of love and beauty, not of boundless Brahmanistic ecstasies. They are not high, but they roll and undulate in soft, light-green contours like the very dreams we dream.

IV

India is shaped like a pear. On the north are the Himalayas, on the east the Bay of Bengal and on the west the Arabian Sea. Near the apex of the pear is Ceylon (161-5). The distance from the Himalayas in the north to Cape Comorin in the south is as far as from the North Cape in Norway to the city of Lisbon in Portugal. The main rivers are the Indus, the Ganges and the Brahmaputra. All are majestic waterways, but the most revered and most characteristic is the Ganges, although India derives her name from the Indus, on whose banks her early Aryan pioneers danced in triumph over their foes. From north of the Central Provinces down to near Cape Comorin the country is a framework of mountains triangularly shaped, and to a limited degree fertile. Inside this triangle lie the Nilgiri Mountains, so loved by Europeans in India, who consider them as reminiscent of the South Downs in England.

Within this vast geographical area there are great differences of outlook, but the overarching unity of Brahmanism keeps all faithful to one general tradition. Village life in India has certain affinities with village life in every other country of the British Commonwealth. The women gossip and the men discuss the universe at the temple gates; boys thieve for the mere romance of thieving; girls plait their hair and wonder who their husbands will be; the festival day brings out men in fine spirits and women in fine garments. But there the similarity ends.

The average Indian villager lives on a trifle over an anna (one penny) a day. His family cannot grow many airs and graces on that. But it would be wrong to say that the Indian villager is necessarily poor. The explanation lies in the fewness of the Indian's needs. He wears no clothes excepting a loin cloth, and only the sophisticated city-dweller consents to wear shoes. A handful of rice and a spoonful of *dhal* make him a royal meal. His hut costs him nothing but the light labour of building it; and large numbers sleep happily out in the open except when the monsoon is at its heaviest. The Indian villager is thus absolved from the problem of house rent, there is no heavy grocer's bill to meet and the tailor troubles not his



98. MODERN BOMBAY



99. VICTORIAN CALCUTTA



100. BENGALI GIRLS' SCHOOL, THE VICTORIA INSTITUTION, CALCUTTA



101. COUNTRY MISSION SCHOOL, SARAISHA, BENGAL

INDIA

midday dreams. As for furniture, he just never uses it. On the ground he squats, on the ground he sleeps and from the ground he eats his frugal fare. Only one worry besets him, *i.e.* his land. Land, for all its plenitude, is a problem in India. It comes about in this way. According to immemorial custom a father divides his land among his sons when he dies; the sons do the same when their earthly course is run; and so on until the fields become so small that to cultivate them economically is impossible. Debt is incurred and worry and misery follow. But that is not all. Another immemorial custom in India is the marriage dowry. When a villager has many daughters he weeps. And he has good reason. A husband has to be found for each daughter, and husbands in India are bought, not won. A pretty face and a winning smile will bring few village lassies to the altar or, rather, to the temple door in the land of Hindustan. It needs a fat dowry and a bargaining father to do that. Eligible young men know it; fathers know it; and so the two have many crafty dealings. If the father is proud he will seek a husband of prepossessing qualities; but prepossessing husbands can claim heavy dowries; in fact, the more prepossessing a prospective husband is the heavier the dowry. And so the poor village father has either to sell his land or borrow money on its security. Thus unnecessary misery is propagated. The Government have made some efforts to mitigate such artificial burdens on village life, but the only hope seems to be a wiser and more enlightened view of inheritance and a less mercenary interest in matrimony.

The temple is the soul of the Indian village. In it men pray for good crops and women for sturdy sons. The villager knows nothing but what the priest tells him of world affairs, and as the priest is a simple soul trusting in Brahma for all the needs of life, that is not much. There are hardly any schools worthy of the name; roads are few and far from modern; trains, unless in a few favoured districts, are miles away. No factory smoke curls over the green belly of the jungle; cows are tame enough to sleep by the hut door, dogs curl up between *Pater familias* and the wife of his bosom, and all snore in a glorious serenity while Brahma watches over them with eyes of mercy.

V

Although India is essentially an agricultural country, she has several magnificent cities, such as Calcutta, Bombay, Old Delhi and Benares.

Calcutta is, to many, the finest modern city in India. Her commerce alone entitles her to a leading place, but her planning and architecture are even more notable (99). One of her streets (Chowringee) is the finest in the East. It runs along the margin of her great public park, a broad, clean, bright avenue of large shops and good buildings. At one end of the park stands the All-India Victoria Memorial, which, next to the Taj Mahal in Agra, is the greatest monument in India. As one might expect, it is Renaissance in design and Victorian in spirit. The solidity of the age it commemorates is gracefully but effectively suggested. Its splendid dome and heavy largesse of ornament are eloquent of solemn comfort.

The Jain Temple is, no doubt, the best of the purely Indian buildings. To modern taste, with its quiet adherence to unostentation, the Jain Temple may seem

more than a little barbaric owing to its glittering walls and jubilant ornament; but an Indian's ecstasy has no sobriety.

As a statement in Classic adaptation to Eastern conditions Government House is a triumph. Its main entrance is reached by a flight of broad steps, and a wealth of Grecian columns give it an Athenian aspect.

The business centre of Calcutta is her busy Clive Street. Here can still be seen the site of the "Black Hole" so stubbornly immortal in European memory. Dalhousie Square is nearby and so is the imposing Post Office and the rather dour Scots Kirk. But Clive Street worships commerce. And jute is the central god. There is a jute trade exchange where hundreds of shares and their attendant repercussions are tossed from name to name every day. Here the Scot is in his glory. For some reason the Scot considers jute as his special domain in India. This is perhaps because of the large demand for this commodity in Dundee. But it is to be feared that the Scot's capacity for shrewd business was too short-sighted in at least one respect in regard to jute. He was quick to grasp the significance of cheap Indian labour, and sent men from Dundee to Bengal to build mills where the jute could be spun into fabrics cheaper than at home. Now, the mills at Dundee wish there was less to spin in India and more in Dundee!

When one first goes out to Calcutta one is told quite frankly that one must stay south of Park Street. Perhaps such a dictum does not now stand with regard to "recruits" from home, but it used to be a very stern one. Its implication was that the dignity of the European expressed itself in his standard of living, and that the district south of Park Street was sufficiently exclusive to render a high standard of living inevitable.

Great deeds have been done in Calcutta by the Development Trust, a semi-Government body whose mighty arm struck blow after blow at slumdom, and finally ennobled the city with thoroughfares of which any designer could be proud. Calcutta aches for a sea beach or a river frontage uncontaminated by the untidy habits of shipping. These she has so far been denied; but her public park on Chowringhee makes up for a lot. Here Calcutta can play golf, try her hand at cricket, chase a football, or surge in awful excitement at a horse race. There is no formality about this park; it is an Eastern brother of Clapham Common or Glasgow Green. In it you can preach a sermon, ride a donkey, propose marriage or sit under a banyan tree and read *Gulliver's Travels*. There are no "Keep off the Grass" placards, and plenty of space to scan the heavens for the Southern Cross. And the nationalities you see there are as the stars for multitude. There are Chinese, Burmans, Bengalis, Punjabis, Sikhs, Madrassies, Sudanese, tailors from London and butchers from Aberdeen.

But perhaps Calcutta can be beaten in cosmopolitanism by Bombay (98). Here the vast shipping trade colours the population with an amazing variety. It may not be surprising, therefore, to hear that Bombay's pride is her harbour. So proud of it is she that she has erected a great arch to mark the favourite berthing-place of ships and named it "The Gateway of India". In this she may be thought a trifle presumptuous. However, it is true that the most direct shipping route to India is to Bombay; it is also true that Bombay is one of the great ports of the

world, and that from her sail the largest and finest vessels engaged in the Indian trade. Around her roars the sea. Seldom, indeed, does the sea roar as it does at Bombay; there is a white-lipped fierceness about it that almost terrifies at first—until one gets to love it.

The acme of social correctness is Malabar Hill. Here all those who aspire to be great in the land go and dwell. No wonder rents are high and cocktail parties merry.

In Bombay the Parsee is in his seventh heaven. In no other city of India is he seen so prosperously or so multitudinously. In the piece-goods trade he is supreme, and Bombay is the great clearing house for piece-goods as far as India is concerned.

There is nearly always a breeze in Bombay. I suppose it is the turbulence of her sea and the "open" nature of her situation. Here and there on her harbour low, dark hills can be seen, uncannily like gargantuan whales come up to breathe. There is a plenitude of good bathing beaches and extensive facilities for yachting, boating, etc. Clubs abound, and both the European and Indians spend much of their leisure in clubland. Bombay seems happier than Calcutta; but this is perhaps because there is a greater ebb and flow of her population. You are always sure of seeing a new face in your hotel lounge. You can stay weeks at the Taj Mahal Hotel and never see the same face twice unless it be that of your table boy.

In Old Delhi one feels as far from trade as from the island of St. Kilda. The place frowns; but it is an old, sagacious frown, the frown of one who has seen too much of human splendour and human degradation to be able to laugh any more. She sits amid the burning sands of the north like a sphinx whose day and generation are gone. Why? Because in Old Delhi grew up the vast triumphs of the Moslem emperors—the triumphs as rich in bravery and grandeur as any the world has ever seen—only to sink first to weakness, then to folly and finally to defeat and extinction. But in her heyday Old Delhi was one of the jewel cities of the earth. She glittered with royal splendours. Within her ancient Fort can be seen evidences of a royalty so sure of its pre-eminence that it bathed in waters reputed to come from Paradise for that express purpose. There is a Peacock throne in one of the audience chambers that must have contained thousands of the earth's choicest gems. And not far away stands the Pearl Mosque, one of the loveliest buildings ever set apart for devotion. You can saunter through Old Delhi on a glum monsoon day, on a morning when the gold mohur tree is a flame of red beneath a sky of blue, when the crisp crystalline stars of the cold weather dance around a Christmas moon—but your mood will always be the same: the autumnal pensiveness of a day that is dead. Old Delhi's day is dead. But what a glorious day it was! Emperors rode down her flag-enchanted streets, the centre of a pageantry unrivalled in history; to her came emissaries from every king in the East, paying tribute to the greatness and power of the Mogul conquest; armies battered at her gates, and from her men marched out to conquer and to die; through her welcoming gates rode mighty leaders wearing the flaming robes of triumph. Now she is merely something to be gazed at by tourists. Hence her solemn introspection,

her senile withdrawal from a world which catches fire at the same old enthusiasms which moved her youthful heart and which falls into the same snares that brought ruin to generations of her kings.

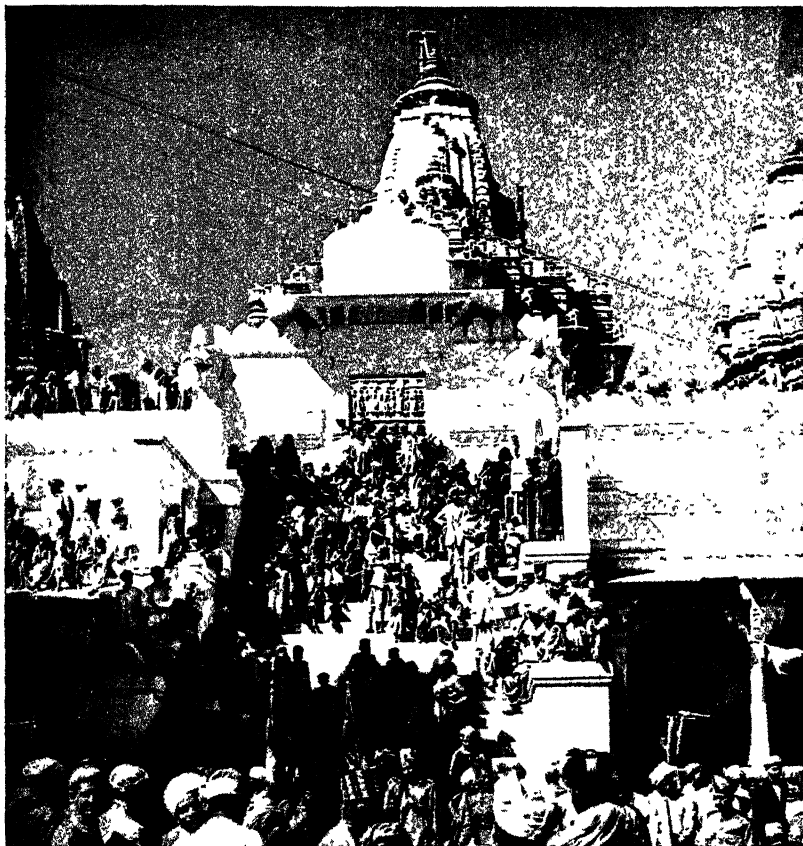
The greatest thing in Old Delhi outside the Fort is the Jumma Musjid. This is the most important mosque in India. It is worthy of such an honour, being a perfect specimen of Mogul architecture. To see the Jumma Musjid in its proper setting one must visit it while hundreds of the faithful are bowing their heads in worship on the vast platform which runs along its main façade. At prayer the Mahommedan dresses in many colours. Imagine, then, rows and rows of loose-robed human beings, displaying great splashes of colour to the burning Eastern sun, moving rapturously in complete unison: now their heads are held knee-high in front of arched backs; then with foreheads resting on Allah's holy ground; again are they held erect above hands clasped in fervent prayer. The scene has a splendour whose solemnity adds to its unforgettable quality.

Around Old Delhi are numerous ruins. They stand up in crumbling mounds half stifled with sand and wild grasses. They are the ruins of former Delhis. Indeed, there have been no less than seven Delhis, including the present one. Now, we have an eighth. But it is an artificial creature, born of political expediency, only a few miles from the Old Delhi. It is the Government of India's attempt to solve the problem of the capital. Calcutta used to be the seat of the Government, but this caused much heart-burning in Bombay (who thought she had a claim to such an honour) and even in Old Delhi, where an ancient pride burst forth at the first dawn of political freedom. And so the Government pleased nobody by building, at enormous expense, a town fit only for officials to stay in. It is splendid, spacious and as symmetrical as a die stamp. But that is about all one can say for it, excepting that its designer was Sir Edwin Lutyens, who demonstrated to the world that he could build a noble city, but could not give it a soul.

Old Delhi, like Agra, abounds in elaborate tombs, and one would like to elaborate on their architectural beauties, but space forbids.

Madras has a fine museum, a good observatory and a cathedral influenced in its Gothic bearing by Italian ideas. But Madras's main charm is the Dravidian temples. These temples are different from those of the north in that they rear high, saddle-backed roofs or towers, most of which are profusely decorated. The Dravidians were in India before the Aryans, and appear to be much less imaginative but more virile in their art. Perhaps it may be permissible to suggest that the Dravidians are in art to the Aryans what the Romans were to the Greeks. That explains much that is different in Madras. Many Europeans do not like Madras. They complain that it is dusty and monotonous. But those who have been obliged to stay there declare that the city "grows" on one. It is one of those places which do not flatter and therefore do not deceive. The good things in Madras make themselves manifest only after one has spent some months within its rather elastic boundaries, and then one begins to love this fine centre of Dravidian culture.

Benares is the holy city of India, and in many ways her most typical architectural expression. Situated on the banks of the holy Ganges, Benares bristles with



102. JAGDISH TEMPLE, UDAIPUR

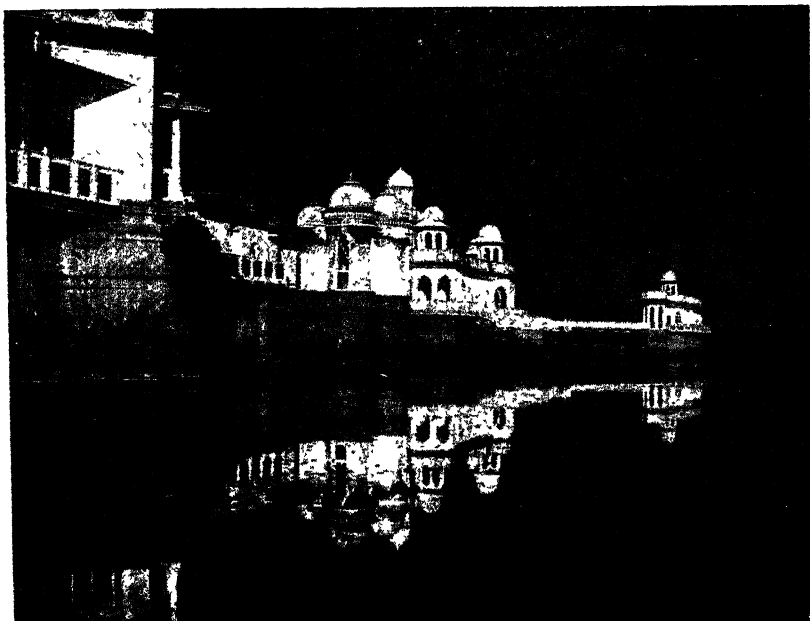
INDIA



103. AN INDIAN BUGLER



104. SRINAGAR, KASHMIR



105. THE MAHARAJA OF TIPPERA'S PALACE, AGATALA

INDIA

temples. In them prayers are made to every known Hindu god and goddess. Priests are everywhere. At certain seasons the many bathing places (ghats) are crowded with naked bodies, all eager for the holy waters to heal and bless (106). Old men hardly able to walk wade tremblingly into the river, faithful to a tradition as old as the *Upanishads* themselves; boys just able to whisper their prayers cling to parental limbs as the muddy waters swirl over them; and young maidens with plaited hair crouch until only their heads are seen. Nearly all the Benares streets are narrow and dirty: narrow because the nearer the dwellings are to the Ganges the better, and dirty because Brahma abhors everything that pertains to bodily welfare. Here the Dravidian spirit of Madras is dead. In its place is the wistful other-worldliness which is characteristically Hindu. Benares has no robust alliance with practical affairs, like Madras; she dreams continually of a union with Reality, and, long after the moon has transformed her holy river to a silvery presence, she croons the yearnings of her sad heart.

Agra was once a royal city. Here tombs and palaces bespeak a greatness eclipsed only by Old Delhi. But by far her richest treasure is the Taj Mahal, a monument built by the Mogul emperor Jehan to his beautiful queen. This monument in the Mogul style is a fine expression of feminine dignity and grace. Standing on the banks of the Jumna river, it is one of the world's poems in stone. A sorrowed tenderness emanates from its every minaret and cupola; there is nothing in all India to equal it in refinement and beauty.

VI

What of India's future? There are those who believe that she will develop into a kind of unwieldy pre-war China and be subjected to the indignity of a permanent fissure between her Mogul culture in the north and her Dravidian culture in the south, with Bengal and Bombay forming an independent barrier between. Others prognosticate a rearing Gandhism whose pinnacles will flame hatred at everything that does not bear the mark of genuine Hinduism; still others declare a future for India compounded of John Knox in religion and William Gladstone in politics, with British democracy marching in front like a very stiff and very correct sergeant-major.

Perhaps it is best to agree with none of these, but to believe that India will rally her people to take a high place in a new and more enlightened age. That place will be on the side of world fellowship, granting and receiving complete freedom to develop individual conceptions of national weal, but obeying implicitly laws for the general good. That India will go back to the stark simplicity of Gandhi cannot be contemplated; that she will become a series of village-pump democracies each with its own tiny square yard of logic is equally unacceptable; but one must feel that India is to swing her light far into the future of world civilisation. And in so doing she will bring into relief much that is weak and unworthy in what the West is pleased to term its "cultural attainments". She will show the world that there is more than a doctrinal formula between God and His wishes upon earth; that the seeds of sincerity cannot flourish where Goodness keeps one eye on "the

promises" and another on who arrives at a neighbour's for tea. India has been a weeder-out of deceit from her religious ideas ever since the *Upanishads* taught her that soul could mingle with soul only if both were free of anti-soul. Such a teaching she will bring to the future of our world. She will insist not on English democracy; neither will she pray for the heart and soul of those who turn the State into a factory in order that work may be smaller and wages larger. India will want every country to do as it likes as regards internal politics so long as its national soul is faithful to a general ideal of universal gentleness and goodwill.

Trade she will develop, but it will be a trade based on co-operation rather than on competition. She will learn to grow rice more abundantly, and her government will partake largely of the sweet old graces of village councils. Caste as we know it in India will go; and yet not completely. It will rebuild itself into a clearer and fresher demarcation of the classes, with over it all the blue-sky of a restated Hinduism. We shall have the justifications for caste elucidated and an enlightened consent taking the place of blind taboos.

Marriage will be limited in its social range, but only where there is clear wisdom as the champion of such a restriction.

There will be a central governing body, and it will have the people's sanction as its mandate. The machinery of election, however, will be simplified, and there will be impressive inroads on taxation and expenditure. Education will be countenanced; yet not the harsh half-Greek, half-Christian education which has spread confusion in the West. India will not be afraid to teach religion in case somebody mistakes it for parochial priestcraft. Neither will she abandon her ancient values as regards the relation of man to his surroundings. The India of the future will, in short, be a restatement of the old India, plus a larger conception of her international responsibilities and minus the accretions which racial strife and national stagnation had thrown up around what is still lovely and of good report in her heritage.

Reverence has always been a graceful characteristic of the Indian. He has been through much in recent years to coarsen and sophisticate. He has seen a world at war and science red with a fury that consorts ill with the idea that earthly knowledge gives the heavenly vision. Therefore much cannot be expected from India in the way of a mere imitation of the West. The good earth has long been her friend, and with the passing of the years her cities will not grow at the expense of the country. There will always be a Benares to which devout souls will migrate at stated periods; while the great temples and mosques must draw pilgrims from the remotest village. Nevertheless, India can never attain the status of a workshop. She has a different impetus. We may look for great things from her in the artistic and literary spheres, however. Despite the great Tagore and a few others, her real soul has never been given poetic wing. Her modern art is more of a patchwork of East and West than a true harmony of the soul. But some day India will bear her Virgil or her Shakespeare, her Reynolds or her Claude; and no country will offer more abundant material for the pen or the brush of genius. The beauty and melancholy residing in the Taj Mahal at Agra have already made men sing aloud for joy. But look at the quiet, trustful, engentling simplicity of her village life; the noble



106 CEREMONY AT BENARES



107. PAGEANTRY AT KASHMIR

INDIA



108. VICEREGAL SENTRY



109. INDIAN GROCER

DELHI

INDIA

dreams that inspired her Buddhistic reformers; and the great white loveliness of her star-lit nights.

Love and gentleness—these are India's golden virtues. That they will be one day as victorious in art and literature as they have been beautiful and courageous in the lives of thousands cannot be doubted.

VII

The climate of India is trying to those accustomed to moderate temperatures, but Europeans who live there for extended periods grow so fond of it that they are loth to leave. This is true of professional as well as of commercial classes. In such places as Simla and on the Nilgiris you find men who have decided to end their days in India, many of them civil servants, some of them journalists, doctors and bank managers. They find the variableness of England or Scotland too much for them after the stable climate of the East. This invariableness is the chief merit of the climate of India. You can predict almost to a day when the rains will come or when to expect blazing skies. Local variations have to be considered, but roughly speaking, India's seasons are: February to June, a gradually intensifying hot weather; June to September, monsoon rains, although certain limited areas are excluded; September to February, deliciously warm days and cool, starry evenings. This is known as the "cold weather", but if you are living anywhere on the plains it is just like a rainless English summer.

During the cold weather tourists from all over the world visit India, and they usually go away charmed by the climate; but much depends on where one goes. Round about Karachi, for instance, the soil is nearly always thirsty, while along the deltaic reaches of the Ganges many districts are never dry. Here snipe shooting is a favourite sport. Indians are very adroit in fishing the innumerable small creeks that interlace the area. Big game may be found up in the hills around Darjeeling or in certain parts of Assam. The Bengal tiger has dwindled both in numbers and in magnificence since our boyhood days, but it is still there, as many villagers know from experience when a calf or a goat or even a human-being disappears mysteriously from their midst.

Most consider the monsoon a nauseating season, but as it arrives just when human endurance has reached the snapping-point at the end of the hot weather, it is generally welcomed. When one has seen nothing but cloudless skies trembling round a merciless sun for months on end, one is ready to welcome anything and to hail the curious greenish hue of the approaching monsoon with feelings of relief. But there are sighs for the sun's comforting warmth before a fortnight has passed.

In the plains around Calcutta the rains come down in cataracts. So heavily do the showers fall that it is impossible to see more than a yard ahead, and no mackintosh in the world can stand against them. Quite fifteen inches of rain can fall in an afternoon—almost half of England's rainfall for a whole year. Flooding is therefore general. In the so-called cold weather India is at her best. She blooms in riotous profusion from the Himalayas to Madras. Then come the main sporting

and social events. Everybody is out of doors, and even the *pariah* dogs yelp for joy.

VIII

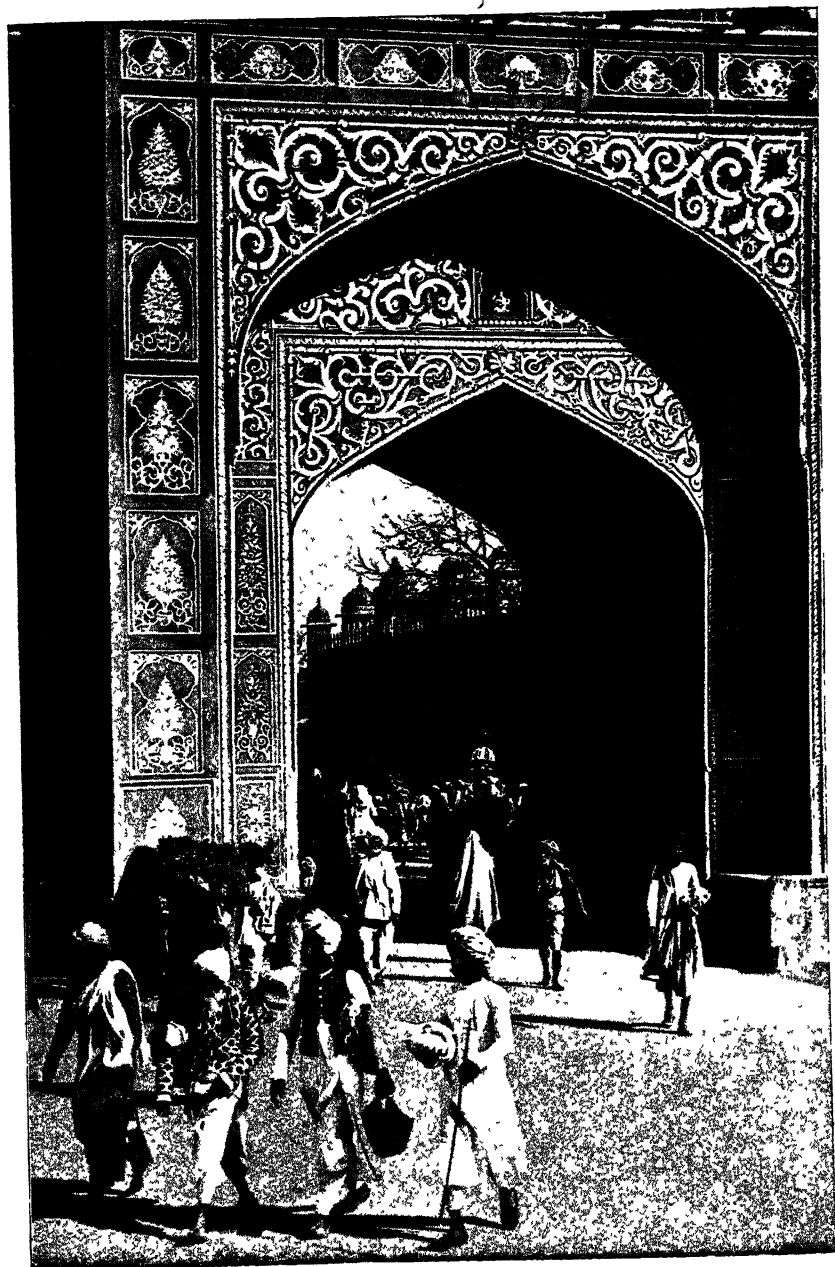
India's races are diverse, but the chief are Hindus, Mahommedans, Sikhs and Parsees. The Hindus are most numerous, with the Mahommedans coming next. The Parsees are found mostly in Bombay, while the Sikhs are numerous in the north. The Sikhs are distinguished for their long hair and beards, and to the tourist they are for all the world like huge amazons in flowing robes. They seem to love driving taxi-cabs, and are to be found in large numbers in Calcutta, where they make picturesque figures at the wheel. The Parsees are merchants. They have made a speciality of piece goods and many are fabulously wealthy. They are good neighbours and excellent business men.

Scattered throughout India are the Angle-Indians (Eurasians). They are somewhat similar in origin to the Cape Coloured race in South Africa, being the offspring of Indo-European marriages. In some respects they are unfortunate, as they are shunned by Europeans and Indians alike. They generally make useful and law-abiding citizens in spite of this, although now and again they show their bitterness. They wear European clothes and do useful work in commercial offices and on the railways.

IX

The vastness of India as well as the widely separated nature of her large cities cry out for the benefits of civil aviation. Some progress has already been made to conquer the transport problem in India with aircraft, and most of us know that Karachi is a well-equipped and important air-mail centre. But much remains to be done. There are difficulties, of course, not alone from lack of enterprise among the Indians themselves, but also because of India's climate. Karachi is on the edge of a desert; she has dry soil and a dry climate. But what is to be done to secure suitable landing-grounds in Bengal, where one may find in the monsoon season as much as a hundred square miles under water? No doubt the problem can and will be solved. British capital invested in India has been estimated at £600,000,000; that sum, large as it is, has been reduced owing to political and other influences; but it would expand beneficially under an able and clear-headed lead as regards civil aviation. If only the governing powers in India would turn from their preoccupation with what is now merely a nominal interference by Britain in the political field and apply themselves to developing this fast and reliable means of transport in their own country, they would be contributing something really valuable to their day and generation. Perhaps the ideal policy would be to secure purely Indian capital. But here, again, there are difficulties. Purely Indian capital is in the hands of a few, and it has been reared on a totally different tradition from that of British capital. Its interest is in the soil, not in the air. And yet huge centres of population, such as Bombay, Madras, Calcutta and Delhi, have to grind out their transport needs on the ground under a boiling sun and against immense natural difficulties.

Some might claim that the climate of India is against a really dependable air



110. GATE OF JEYPORE

INDIA



III. NATIVE SCENE, MALABAR



II2. WESTERN INFLUENCES, CHRIST CHURCH, SIMLA

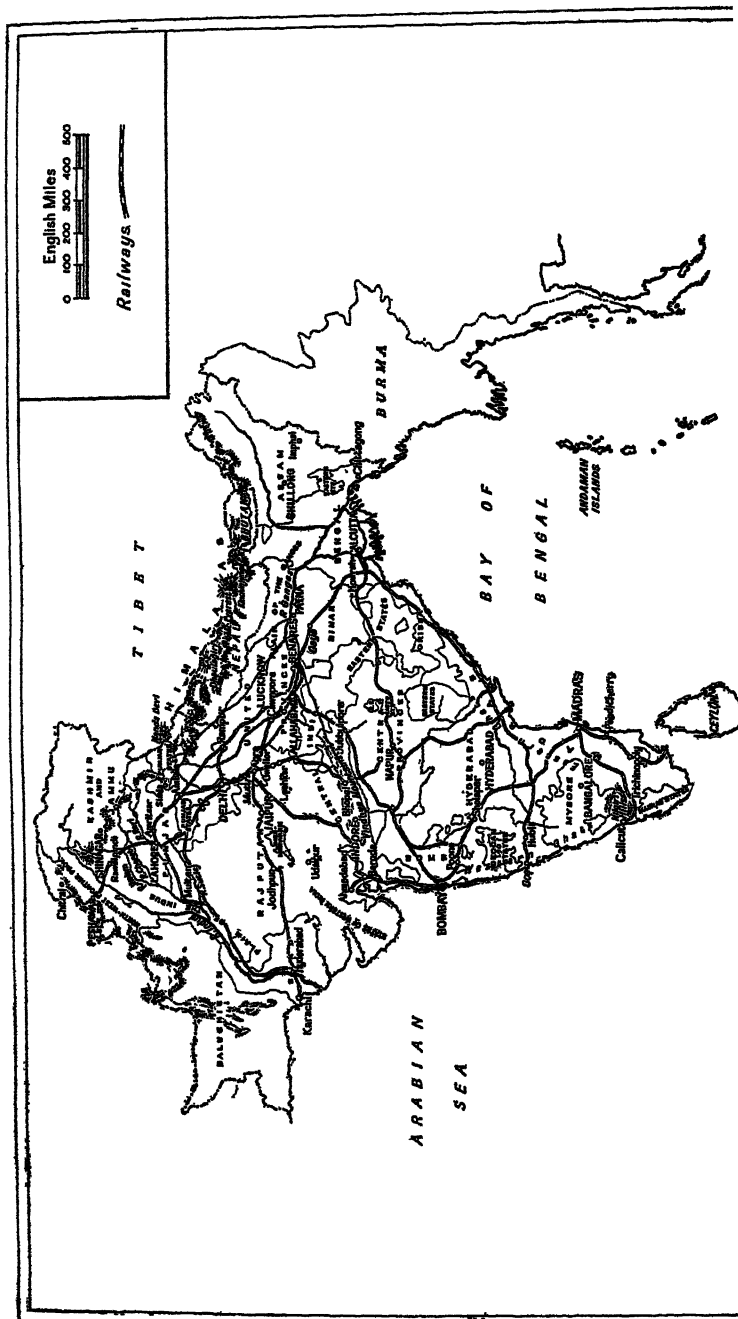
INDIA

transport service. Certainly a monsoon storm is a terrible ordeal for any pilot to face. Yet even in the early days of civil aviation such pioneers as Sir Alan Cobham, Kingsford Smith and Amy Johnson did much to show that skill and technical equipment can be equal to almost anything that the Indian climate can do. India lies on the most favoured route between Britain and such countries as Australia and New Zealand; she was also flown over by Dutch planes on their way to the Dutch East Indies before the war; while France used her as a stopping-place on the air route to French Indo-China. Geographically, therefore, she holds a key position in world civil aviation. And it cannot be feared that she will throw aside her opportunities for making her country happier, easier and more armed against its own ills by using aviation with all the means she can command. Her difficulties can and will be surmounted, and it is easy to visualise an India whose wide, baking plains and far-stretching jungles have been shorn of their terrors for commerce and industry alike.

X

India's trade and industry have had to bear the superimpositions of two gigantic wars, but it is possible to give some indication both as to their magnitude and direction. Britain and the United States as well as Japan have long been the main participants in Indian trade. In a normal year (before the second World War) Britain supplied almost 30 per cent. of India's imports and bought over 33 per cent. of her exports. The United States sent her 7.4 per cent. of her imports and bought 10 per cent. of her exports. Since the 1930-33 boycott of British goods (organised by the civil disobedience agitators) British trade with India has suffered a marked decline, although it recovered at least 50 per cent. of what it lost during the height of the boycott. It should be borne in mind, however, that the decline in Britain's trade with India was not a reflection either on the quality of British goods or the methods of their suppliers: it was due partly to the inflammation of Indian opinion in the political sphere and also partly to the strengthening of competition from Japan. Cotton mills in India have multiplied enormously since the early years of the present century; they could command cheaper labour and they had Indian-grown cotton at their very doors. No wonder Lancashire suffered as a consequence. Then there was Japan. Japan could supply India with piece goods at a price with which Britain could not compete. The quality was not there, of course, but the average Indian consumer has a puny purse and a doubtful appreciation of quality.

Just before the last war (1937-38) Indian exports reached the gigantic figure of £136,000,000, while her imports were no less than £131,000,000. These figures showed healthy increases on previous years' trading, i.e. in the case of exports an increase of £3,000,000 and in the case of imports a rise of over £24,000,000. India's chief industry is, of course, agriculture, rice being the main product, although maize, sugar cane, tobacco, tea and, last but not least, cotton are grown in districts suitable for their cultivation. Britain has done much to stimulate other industries, particularly in Bombay, where cotton mills abound, and in Calcutta,



where jute is spun in increasing quantities. Coal-mining has been brought into industrial prominence recently, and sugar refining has grown in accordance with world demands. But India has not yet acquired the industrial mind. There are nearly 800,000 villages in India; her cities with a population of over 100,000 number only thirty-nine. The vast majority of Indians, therefore, derive their income from the land and not from the factory. Government service of one kind or another absorbs about 17,000,000 of her people, chiefly as petty officials, clerks, legal practitioners and so on, but the great mass of Indian workers, some 300,000,000 of them, are agricultural. It is true that many Indians who work on the land also migrate to the factories at seasons when their crops do not require their attention, and this makes an exact classification difficult. The number who own land in India may be stated as not more than 2,000,000; half this number are very small owners (about 30 or 40 acres) and are called *ryots* (farmers). Two hundred and ninety-seven million are mere agricultural labourers who, for reasons explained elsewhere, have lost their land but still continue to cultivate it on behalf of others. The census of 1931 classified India's working population as follows: employed in agriculture, 66 per cent.; trade and industry (including transport), 18 per cent.; domestic service, 7 per cent.; public administration, art, etc., 3 per cent.; other occupations, 6 per cent. India's trading and industrial condition could be vastly improved if she could be disentangled from her own traditions, most of which discourage any deep interest in material enterprises but encourage an ornate recognition of such events as marriages, burials, etc. When it is remembered that the average factory worker in India is paid an Indian equivalent of less than £2 a month and that the most skilled tea-garden coolie or land worker seldom gets more than ninepence a day, it will be seen that the purchasing power of India's masses is very low. Several attempts have been made to raise this poor standard of living, but it is the affair of an international rather than a national power. World conditions must be such as to guarantee an ample share of world trade to India, while a disinterested body such as U.N.O. should undertake the freeing of India's masses from customs that have no sanction other than their antiquity. An India so freed would prove a boon to trade in general and an active participant in the great and honourable future which her friends ardently hope for her.

BURMA

by

W. J. GRANT

I

Although for administrative purposes Burma was made for some years an uncomfortable province of India, she had few similarities with the land of the Hindu. Her language was different, her religion was different, her spirit was different. And, above all, her people were different, being Mongolians, while the Indians are Aryans.

Small wonder that Burma cried aloud against this unnatural alliance. For a long time officialdom turned a deaf ear to Burma's protests. And, to make matters worse, India regarded Burma as an interloper: her interests were neglected; she became known as the "Cinderella Province". Only after the Simon Commission had ardently entreated for her separation from India was officialdom whipped into action, and in 1937 Burma was granted a separate constitution based on that given to India.

But her association with India had done her no good. Her political thinking lost much of its individuality; she became tarnished with the ideology of Congress. Thus, from the time of her separation from India to the onset of the World War of 1939-45 she contented herself with being the pale shadow of an anti-British Hinduism. Stalwarts for moderation she had, of course: such men as U Ba Pe were always reasonable in their demands for reform; but the Indian virus never left her veins, and since a militant extremism is always more alluring than a quiet constructivism, the work of her legislative council was largely an echo of the clamours of New Delhi.

The war, however, made a deep impression on Burma. It showed her the value of a strong imperialistic bulwark. Had she been an isolated independence she might have lost all she possessed for an indefinite period. Besides, Japanese rule when contrasted with British rule left much to be desired. Any merit which Burma's Far Eastern conquerors could claim was in direct imitation of Britain. Certainly English law was a cumbersome chariot long before the war, and on many occasions the leaders of Burmese thought had ridiculed its employment of a Thor's hammer to kill a Pegu mosquito. English justice, however, was an angel beside its Japanese equivalent. Japan had the form without the spirit of justice. She was like an uprooted greengrocer saddled with delicate judgments on art.

But perhaps what impressed Burma more deeply than anything else was the thoroughness and magnificence of Britain's military victory. It vindicated with impressive completeness the worth and sinew of Western civilisation, whose decay had been so stridently proclaimed by Tokio.



113. THE WATERFRONT AT RANGOON



114. JUNGLE HOMESTEADS

BURMA



115. SHAN VILLAGER ON THE WAY TO MARKET



116. A PALAUNG GIRL



117. TEAK LOGGING

Now, with a fresh new chapter opening up for her, Burma may be confidently expected to carve out a political destiny in keeping with her virile and distinctive traditions. Behind her lies a variegated but characteristic history. Her struggle for independence was often clouded and weakened by civil strife; but she has the vigour of all healthy nationhoods, and never failed to produce a deliverer in seasons of calamity. Along the banks of the Irrawaddy lie impressive relics of a passionate but exalted past, and not even India is more alluring in religious antiquity or picturesque. Scattered over the land and high on many hilltops are her black-and-white pagodas, whose characteristic architecture is so expressive of the Burmese genius. As these sacred structures catch the pinkish gold of sunrise they give an undecipherable charm. Tourists have already sensed Burma's uniqueness, and it is reasonable to surmise that she will soon rival India in attraction for those who are sensitive to the Orient's gentle appeal.

The great waterway of Burma is the Irrawaddy river, which is navigable for miles from the estuary. Roughly, it flows south from its source in the Kachin States and still carries the bulk of the country's commercial traffic. The Irrawaddy, indeed, is Burma's great "beast of burden", and the area through which it flows is the richest agriculturally in the whole country. North of Mandalay the scenery becomes wild and arresting, and there are few river voyages richer in grand and imposing vistas than a journey on board one of the comfortable steamers which ply from Rangoon to Bhamo, *via* Mandalay. Besides its commercial fame the Irrawaddy is renowned for its three defiles. The first is a few miles north of Mandalay, and the second near Shwegu, while the third is fully 50 miles south of Moulmein. There is royalty in the Irrawaddy. On her banks are the ruins of great cities as Amarapura, Ava and Sagaing. These ruins still breathe the pensive atmosphere of fallen kingdoms, for in them kings ruled in splendour at successive epochs of Burma's glittering and turgid history.

But possibly the river that reflects most accurately the ancient heart of Burma is the Sittoung. She is not a commercial river; she is too sleepy for that. But she has a quiet Buddhist heart. Native craft with nut-brown sails creak dreamily on her waters, and the real rural Burma lies trustingly on her banks. Those who want to know Burma's ancient grandeur must sail the Irrawaddy; but the calm religious grace of the Burmese race is typified by the Sittoung. She flows on a course roughly parallel to that of the Irrawaddy, but is not so long; neither does she carry the same volume of water. Rising east of the Yamethin district, she enters the gulf of Martaban between Rangoon and Moulmein.

Burma's third important river is the wild Salween. She is a tigress among rivers. Over crags and down deep chasms she races in tempestuous haste, and not till she reaches Moulmein does she consent to be saddled by anything resembling commerce. For some distance she forms the boundary between Burma and Siam, and flows through part of the Shan States and the country of the Red Karens.

Burma, like India, is an agricultural country. Fully 85 per cent. of her population are engaged in tillage and its allied occupations, and from Burma comes more than half the world's exportable surplus of rice. Paddy, which is unharvested rice,

occupies no less than 12,000,000 of Burma's acres, but the future is likely to see a big expansion of her rice trade, and she has still something like 50,000,000 acres on which this crop could be profitably grown. Endeavours to raise the quality of Burma's rice have not so far yielded substantial results, but an intensified world demand is doing much and will do more to stimulate the production of improved varieties. The most suitable areas for paddy-growing are along the banks of the Irrawaddy and Sittang rivers, particularly in their lower reaches, where monsoon rains are abundant. In the northern parts of the country, where it is drier and hotter, such crops as cotton, groundnuts, sesamum, millets and some varieties of beans are grown. Tillage methods are still primitive, the patient bullock being the Burmese farmer's only means of "power", but there are signs that, with a higher standard of living, cultivation and manuring methods are ready to make considerable advances. Teak is another Burmese industry, while Mogok rubies are widely known. Up in the Shan States the Burma Corporation's silver-ore mines are a source of much wealth, while in the region south of Moulmein tin is mined in some areas and dredged in others. Wolfram and other ores are also sought after with some success. In the Sittang valley and farther south rubber planting is a profitable pursuit. At Yenangyaung and Chaulk, on the banks of the Irrawaddy, are the Burmah Oil Company's wells, which are known wherever petrol is in demand. Gold and jade are found in the upper reaches of Burma's rivers, and the luscious mango-tree fruit is much in demand, if attempts at securing for it a world-wide popularity are still in their infancy.

Burma, which is bordered on the south-east by Siam and (beyond the Shan States) China, possesses three important hill ranges. On the west, running along the coast of the Bay of Bengal, are the Arakan Yomas (highest peak, 10,000 feet); in the centre the Pegu Yomas (highest peak, 5,000 feet); and on the east the Yunnan Plateau, with an average elevation of 3,000 feet. On the north she has a hilly district shutting her off from Assam, while on her western and southern boundaries washes the Bay of Bengal, with the Gulf of Martaban running up to meet the Sittang and Salween rivers on the eastern side. A long spit of Burmese territory stretches down towards Singapore, west of the Terrasserim Yomas ending in Victoria Point. Burma measures 262,732 square miles, and her total length is 1,200 miles. To the north and east, however, are territories which should be included in a geographical view of the country. These are the Chin Hills, the Kachin Hill tracts and the Shan States. The Shan States are ruled partly by their *Sawbwas* (chiefs) and partly by British authority based on Burma, while the Chin Hills and Kachin Hill tracts are administered areas. Burma's largest lake is the hill-girt Inle Lake, which lies within the Shan country. This fine sheet of water is destined to attract many tourists despite its remote and mountainous location. The Indawgyi Lake, near Mogaung, is almost 100 square miles in area. Big-game hunting is practised in the Shan forests and on the Chin and Kachin Hills.

Burma's chief cities are Rangoon (the capital) (113), Mandalay (an ancient capital) and Moulmein. Situated on the left banks of the Rangoon river (a satellite of the Irrawaddy), Rangoon is perhaps the best planned city east of Suez. Her streets are straight, wide and well-paved; artistic attention has been paid to her

many pagoda sites, these having been woven into an urban design of elegance and beauty. Rangoon is a new city. But that does not mean that she is bereft of religious or historic interest. Her Shwe Dagon Pagoda (122), which crowns a green mound on the outskirts of the city, is the finest and most famous of its kind in the East. This golden-coloured pile can be seen for miles around, as the country both to the north and to the south is flat and deltaic in character. About it cluster devout Buddhists from every part of the country, and not infrequently pilgrims from Ceylon, Siam and Indo-China come to visit its many splendid shrines. Architecturally, the Shwe Dagon Pagoda is typical of Burmese religious emotion. It knows no classic restraint; and yet there is an exuberant loveliness in it which captivates the imagination. Broad-based and round, it has a bulbous formation which tapers upward into an ornate pinnacle of singular grace. Seen against the clear, sunlit blue of an Eastern sky the pagoda's outline is highly pleasing.

Rangoon has also a series of beautiful tree-embowered lakes which the civic authority has wisely marked for aesthetic enjoyment. To their banks jaded citizens come of an evening, glad of the cool, sylvan beauty to be found there. Across a creek from Rangoon lies Syriam, a village of some fame in Burmese history. Here are found the refineries of the Burmah Oil Company, which give employment to many hundreds. Rangoon's town hall is her main architectural feature. It is situated on Fytche Square, and embodies, with remarkable harmony, Burmese features in a sedately classic design. Rangoon is proud of her university and of the fact that nearly 90 per cent. of the country's exports go through her well-equipped wharves. She has a mixed population of almost 400,000; and is some 90 miles from the sea.

Mandalay is hotter and drier and dustier than Rangoon. Rich in historical associations though she be, she lacks the beauty and spaciousness of the capital. But one feels that here in Mandalay is the real Burma. Situated on the Irrawaddy in the northern part of the country, Mandalay has managed to preserve unspoiled the country's natural characteristics. Of her 148,000 inhabitants fully 76 per cent. are Burmese Buddhists, and monasteries and their attendant pagodas form the chief architectural interest. Here yellow-robed priests are numerous on every street and pilgrims swarm at sacred shrines from January to December. The Royal Palace may be a disappointment for those who associate kingship with architectural splendours, but it has great distinction and much beauty, being constructed almost entirely of wood. In it the last Burmese King (Thebaw) surrendered to the British in 1885. Since then Mandalay has never been the same. That calamity broke her heart. Through her long sunlit days run the ancient chants of Buddhism and in her many monasteries the Way of Life is proclaimed to ardent novices; but an irremovable sorrow remains. Mandalay still hears the shrill despair of Thebaw's last call on the valour of his countrymen, and sees the final tremble in that monarch's signature of the surrender terms. If she had any other interest than that of religion and history she might forget; but industry is denied her. As a riverine port she is important; but her greatness resides in what has been. Perhaps it is better thus. Somehow a pensive regret suits her, and in the future she will be precious as the living centre of a dead past. Certainly for the tourist she has a strong fascination.

Moulmein is mainly interested in competing with Rangoon as a seaport. Her great exportable commodity is teak. But she builds boats as well, and does a considerable trade in rubber, with tin claiming an increasing share of her interest. As a link in the sea-trading route between Rangoon and Singapore she has some importance, but her spirit is not wholly Burmese. Down in the narrow neck of land stretching from the Gulf of Martaban to Victoria Point and on which Moulmein is situated there is the hint of a strong Siamese interest. The great paddy fields of the real Burma are far away on the banks of the Irrawaddy and the Sittang; around Moulmein grow the country's forest lands, and in her clubs are found men who talk the wood trade off its feet, with an occasional allusion to rubber-planting and tin-dredging. Unlike Mandalay, Moulmein has the zest of an ambitious commercialism, and if her historical interest is meagre, she pays great heed to her port facilities, which are undeniably good.

The most fertile regions of Burma are found on the wide plain stretching from the west coast beneath Bassein to the southern half of the Yunnan Plateau, a distance of some 580 miles. This fertile area follows the banks of the Irrawaddy and Sittang rivers northwards for over 300 miles. Here rainfall is ample (about 100 inches), and from the end of May until October the land is a vast green stretch of luscious growth. The monsoon rains arrive about the middle of May and last until the second week of September. Large areas become sheeted in water, but paddy loves an abundant moisture and thrives accordingly. Transport during this rainy season is difficult, as some of the best-built roadways and even part of the railways succumb to flooding; but the numerous creeks and, of course, the rivers themselves do much to solve an age-old problem. The Burmese, however, are excellent boatmen, and seem to adapt themselves to such conditions with skill and a philosophical calm. The village in Burma is a frail affair, consisting of little else than a cluster of wattle-walled huts held to the ground by bamboo poles. When monsoons are excessively liberal the great rivers overflow and carry off whole villages with as much ease as if they were so many birds'-nests. The resultant loss of life is sometimes great, while crops and other possessions are often completely ruined.

But the Burman is an unconscious Stoic. He accepts the most devastating calamities without a murmur. Possibly this is because Buddhism (the religion of Burma) is such a strongly immaterial agency. Out on his rain-sodden fields the Burmese cultivator works from sunrise to sunset without covering on feet or legs, coming home to rest in the evening on a single mat laid on his hut floor until the morning sun (or drenching downpour) calls him to his labours again. His is a hard, grinding, monotonous existence, and were he not a stout believer in Nirvana he could never endure it.

Up in the region around Mandalay, where semi-desert conditions supervene, the rainfall seldom goes beyond 40 inches, and so cultivation there assumes a different character. The scenery too undergoes a marked change. Instead of the wide, flat green landscape we have hard sunbaked hills and great areas of arid waste land which even in the rains support only small patches of fertility.

Thus there are two Burmas: the rich, fertile, paddy-growing Burma of the river deltas and the hard, dry, scrubby Burma of the northern hills (114). The Pegu

Yomas do something to relieve the flat monotony of lower Burma, while the Irrawaddy and her great tributary the Chindwin add a touch of fertile greenness to Upper Burma. But the Upper Burma spirit is not the Lower Burma spirit. Their difference is symbolised by the dissimilarity of Mandalay and Rangoon. Mandalay is old and conservative. Her heart is in the gentle precepts of Buddha. Rangoon is new, progressive and materialistic. Mandalay broods; Rangoon smiles and rubs her hands in glee when paddy prices jump a couple of annas a bushel.

Throughout Burma are the marks of her past. At one time the land was a dozen or more petty kingdoms. Therefore royal cities (or their ruins) abound from Martaban to Bhamo. Pegu was once the centre of a petty ruler, and even yet breathes an air of faded importance. Its pagoda is famous. With origins deep in Burmese history, it was almost totally destroyed in an earthquake some years ago. In its place has been built a new one, but priestly blessing has been so lavish on the new pagoda that it is generally believed to carry all the charm and potency of the old one.

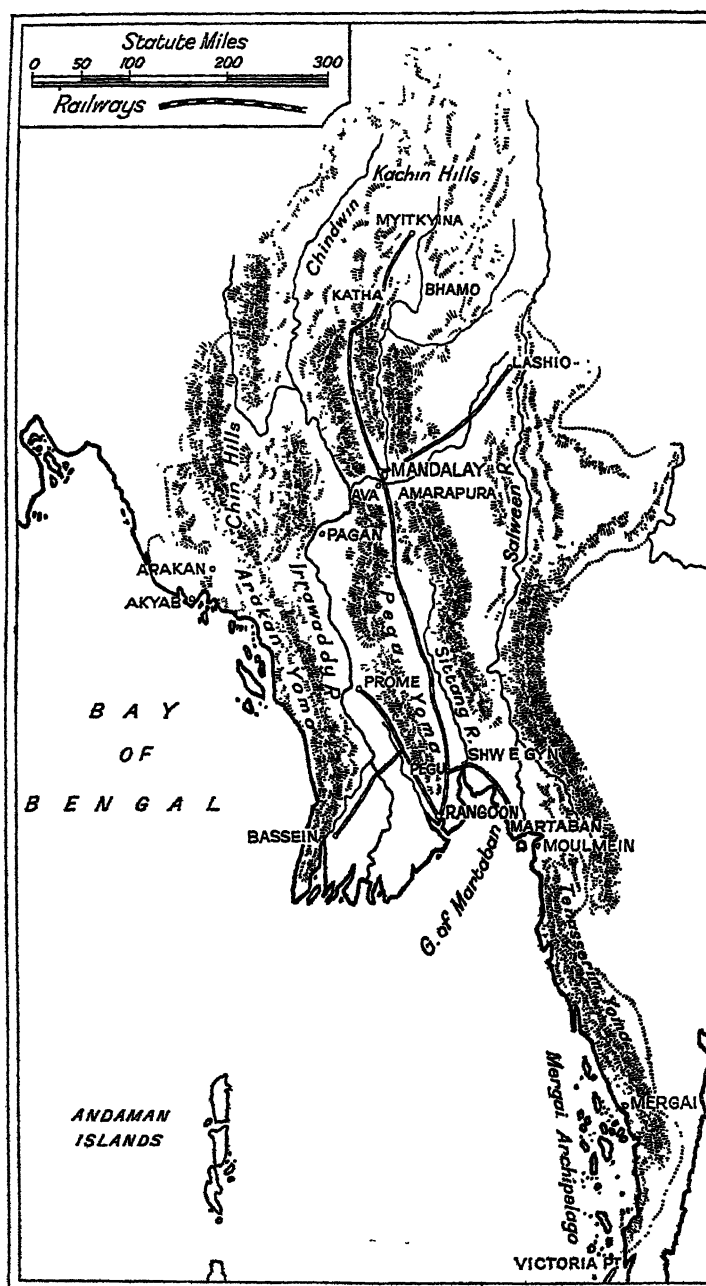
Farther south is another ancient capital now an overgrown ruin. This is Thaton, whose fame rests on the fact that it was once the holy city of Burma. Here it was that Buddhism was first espoused by a Burmese king, and about it memories cling in thick and tragic profusion.

Pagan, on the banks of the Irrawaddy, is another desolate but royal city. She is famous for her charming and celebrated Ananda Pagoda. This pagoda is of a different design from that of the other Burmese pagodas, being influenced by the art of Ceylon. But it has great beauty and an irresistible grace. Ava and Amarapura are other "ghost" cities with a royal pedigree situated in the Irrawaddy region.

From November to February the climate of Burma is a real delight. No rain falls within this period (unless on very rare occasions), and while the days are a trifle hot (not unpleasantly so), the evenings are delicious with a crystalline freshness so characteristic of sub-tropical regions. The white sun bathes the land in radiance, giving place to russet moons and all the enchantment of large clear stars. This is known as the "cold weather", during which life in such cities as Rangoon, Mandalay and Moulmein is rich in enjoyment. Social functions are numerous and the days pass on glittering feet.

But between February and May the thermometer soars and the spirit of man sinks. Days are oven-like and nights are breathless; lift a little finger and your brow perspires and your heart palpitates. It is then that all who can seek the cool air of the hills. The Government packs its bags and goes to Maymyo; the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker do ditto, but go to Kalaw. This difference in the choice of hill stations symbolises the caste system so embedded in Eastern social life. The Civil Service is a world apart. Trade is a long way down the table of precedence, with the professions ranking a little lower than the angels but considerably higher than mere "office-wallahs".

Buddhism is the religion of Burma. In its pure form it is an exalted faith, declaring for a clean break with the spirit of worldliness and a complete devotion to an unselfish lack of all material interest. To those who are faithful to its teaching it



promises Nirvana—which is not, as some people seem to think, a kind of euphemistic death, but rather a lack of all desire for a reincarnate existence. Modern Buddhism, however, has almost lost itself in a welter of ceremonies and creeds. Priesthood is a dispenser of ritual rather than an example of spiritual sublimity, and around the many pagodas have grown up practices which are wholly foreign to the quiet, simple ethics of its founder. But one cannot say that, in this regard, Buddhism has suffered more than Hinduism or even Christianity herself.

The Burman is different temperamentally from the Indian. He is practical, stolid, unimaginative and rich in common sense; a trifle lazy, of course, and inclined to lie in the sun when the paddy-fields are dry and barren during the hot season; but in possession of a sense of humour as simple and as candid as it is charming and wholesome. The merest trifle will amuse him, and resentment never visits his heart unless he scents an insult or detects a sneer. Then his anger leaps. His *daw* (dagger) often flashes with the speed of lightning; hence the high crime records of his country. But contact with the West has made him more capable of self-control, even if it has robbed him of some of his charm and unsophistication. He is not at home with a "cultured" joke; the obvious in humour is what his heart desires. That is why *pwes* are such a favourite form of amusement in Burma. A *pwe* is an open-air drama or variety show based on the simplicity of the original Shakespeare presentations. A rude platform, cluttered with actors and actresses, who squat on it until their "turn" comes, is usually innocent of scenery and consents to the music of a single musical instrument. Before it on the grass lounge the spectators, who are never bored even if they have heard the same jokes hundreds of times before, and so keen is their appreciation that they have been known to call for more until the rising sun sent them home to work—or slumbers.

The Burman likes life to be easy, lax and a little slovenly. He hates the Western rush and nervy tidiness. He allows things to happen naturally and seldom attempts to "organise" events, even when his daughter is being given in marriage or when twins are born to augment a family of ten.

Slowly the modern world is changing him, however; and some may foresee the day when he will buy shares in a pagoda-building trust or "float" orange groves on the outraged Pegu Yomas. We prefer him as he is, *pives* and laziness and all.

A NOTE ON THE BRITISH COLONIAL EMPIRE

by

D. E. MCKENZIE

Today there is a greater interest in Britain's Colonial Empire than at any other time during the past three centuries. The second World War brought many thousands of British men and women directly in contact with colonial problems and made them sharply aware of the responsibilities which the government of dependent territories entails. Further, the extension of new political principles to Colonial affairs has focused the attention of many thousands of people on Britain's colonial administration.

Britain has today a Colonial Empire of fifty-four dependencies, with an area of slightly less than 2,250,000 square miles and a population of 63,000,000. One-fifth of the area is administered under League of Nations Mandate and the rest consists of Colonies, Protectorates and Protected States. The territories vary enormously in climate, size and development. The contrasts are remarkable. Nigeria has a population of twenty-two millions and an area of 372,674 square miles, while Gibraltar has 18,000 inhabitants and covers a modest two-and-a-quarter square miles. The West Indies have an ideal climate, while the Falkland Island Dependencies are shrouded in mists and fog and swept by fierce storms. The people of Cyprus have a civilisation which goes back for 4,000 years, while the people of Sarawak and North Borneo used the recent conflict with Japan not only to demonstrate their pro-British enthusiasms but to extend their traditional practice of head-hunting.

Yet despite the great diversity among the peoples of the Empire, a unity is produced by the form of British rule, which is characterised by the application of two main principles—Dual Mandate and Indirect Rule.

Both of these principles were first conceived and put into practice by Lord Lugard, one of Britain's greatest colonial administrators. Dual Mandate is, as Lord Lugard himself described it, "first, to promote the moral and material welfare of the African peoples, and secondly, to develop the natural resources of Africa, not only for its peoples, but for all mankind". Britain has, he claimed, "her task, as trustee, on the one hand for the advancement of the subject races and on the other hand for the development of material resources for the benefit of mankind".

The second of Lugard's conceptions, Indirect Rule, is closely linked with the first, and means the government of "the people committed to his (the British administrator's) charge not directly, but through the medium of their own tribal or local authorities".

These principles have been applied generally throughout the Empire. More and more the idea of trusteeship was developed, and today it dominates the policy applied by Britain, but in the passing years it has suffered a change and has become known as "partnership". In this new interpretation the conception of relationships has been designed to give more self-respect to the Colonies and to indicate the end of one-sided responsibility.

In a political age it is not unnatural that Britain's handling of her Colonies should be judged by the political progress of those territories. Throughout the Empire there is a steady movement towards self-government. In the West Indies there has been a number of constitutional changes, resulting in the increased representation of the peoples on the Legislative Councils by members chosen in free elections. Ceylon has a special place in the Empire, having reached the stage of "near-Dominion" status.

But it is in Africa where the most remarkable political advances have been taking place. It is just over a hundred years since the Gold Coast was made a Colony by Great Britain. In 1946, with considerable ceremony, Sir Alan Burns, Governor of the Colony, opened the first Legislative Council ever to have an African "non-official" majority. The inaugural proceedings, which took place in the George V Hall, Accra, were witnessed by the Asantahene of Ashanti, King Prempeh II, descendant of the warrior chieftains whose raids on the peaceful Ga people had occasioned the first expedition into the Gold Coast hinterland. The Asantahene was accompanied by an enormous retinue composed of lesser chiefs and followers, and during this visit to Accra had meetings with the Ga chieftains, which were symbolic of the creation of eternal peace between the two peoples who had been age-long enemies before Pax Britannica had come to their land.

In March, 1947, Nigeria, a much larger country and with a much more intricate political structure, followed the Gold Coast example, and the new constitution, first introduced by Sir Arthur Richards, was inaugurated, giving to the people a "non-official" majority of their own representatives in the Legislative Council.

Despite this steady progress in Africa and elsewhere, it must be recorded that there is a strongly held opinion among certain groups in Britain and in the Colonies that these advances are not enough and that the Colonies should have self-government now. In West Africa, where these constitutional advances have been pressed on with what would appear to be all reasonable speed, there is an extremely vocal group which demands that the government should be in their hands; and in Nigeria there is a group of newspapers which attacks both the Government of the country and of Great Britain ceaselessly, and with great venom.

One of the two principles of Dual Mandate demands that the trust power will contribute to the well-being of the people of the dependent territories. In 1940, therefore, Britain took a step which has never before been equalled in the administration of her Colonial Empire. In the Houses of Parliament, in a Chamber which was later destroyed by incendiary-bombs, the Government made law the Colonial Welfare and Development Act, which is the greatest act ever framed for the assistance of the Colonial peoples. None can fail to appreciate the drama or to applaud the courage and vision which the passing of this act represented at such a

time. Britain stood alone; the more pessimistic observers of world events were telling off the days before her fall; London was assailed day and night by German bombers: at that moment the Government passed this Act authorising the expenditure of up to £5,000,000 per annum on approved schemes presented by the Colonial governments. By 1946 this Act had been enlarged and extended in its scope until no less than £120,000,000 has been earmarked for these plans during the next ten years.

The range of these grants is remarkable and touches almost every aspect of life in the Colonies. Territories have produced schemes for the use of the money granted to them by the Act, but they also benefit from allocations of grants made under a general heading and administered on a non-territorial basis. The extent of the help that this Act will give is illustrated by random selections taken from the schemes so far approved. Tanganyika territory: sleeping sickness, clearing and settlement scheme, £2,100; grant to explore the prospects of establishing a coal-mining industry in the territory, £10,000. Uganda, £50,000 grant to inaugurate steps which will be largely experimental at first to fill the gap caused by the gradual disintegration of tribal life. Western Pacific, Fiji: malarial control £13,000. Nigeria: urban water supplies, £401,000; and again, leprosy control £170,875. Under the general heading there are even more interesting schemes, social science courses in the United Kingdom; a small grant to pay for "Enquiry" into the role of gold in the art and culture of the Gold Coast; Mauritius, £30,000 for purchase, refitting and running of a fishery research vessel. These are only a small selection from the grants, but sufficient to give some indication of the purposes for which they have been made.

The Colonial Welfare and Development Act represents the direct assistance of the Colonial peoples. Yet it is clear that while the assistance of this Act is important and the steady movement of Colonies towards self-government represents a real advance, they do not form a fundamental base from which the Colonial peoples can advance "in their progress to a higher plane". There must be a steady development of the economic resources of the territories before any lasting improvement in the standards of living of the inhabitants can be made and, more important, maintained. Britain's policy has concentrated more and more, in recent years, on this particular kind of development.

The happiest example of such planning is illustrated by the introduction and development of cocoa-growing in the Gold Coast—happiest because its introduction and development fitted easily into the pattern of the lives of the peasant farmer, and it was a crop easily grown, reasonably profitable, and giving an opportunity of making money to the greatest number of inhabitants of that colony. To a lesser degree there has been a similar development in certain areas of Nigeria. Fifty years ago, when cocoa was introduced into West Africa, the African farmer practised a subsistence system of agriculture, operating a wasteful method whereby his family cleared a section of forest, cultivated it until the soil was exhausted and then moved on and developed another section of forest. Under this system there was no individual tenure of land, but rather was it regarded as belonging to the community. The growing of cocoa caused no great change in his communal way of



118 A VIEW IN MAURITIUS LOOKING TOWARDS THE "CORPS DE GARDE" AND "TROIS MAMILLI'S" MOUNTAINS

By H. T. Kibbey c 1870

life, and the cultivation of cocoa was taken up by many thousands of small farmers but it did make one great difference: it changed the African farmer from a subsistence cultivator to a grower who calculated on a cash crop sold in an international market.

Before the second World War there was a considerable fluctuation of prices caused by the operation of the world market. When the war broke out and merchants were confronted by considerable difficulties arising out of the effect of the war on markets, the British Government took over the purchase of the total crop produced and was responsible for the marketing. The Government in Great Britain and the Governments of the Gold Coast and Nigeria were aware of the effect of fluctuation of world market prices on the small farmer. In a good year he would make good money, but if there was a marked drop in the price of cocoa, then he was quite often forced into the hands of the money-lender. It was noticed that during the war, with the control of the total crop by the Government, there was a great reduction in this market fluctuation, which had a good effect among the cultivators; and it was felt that a return to the old methods after the war was impossible.

In an attempt to solve this problem the most exhaustive enquiries were carried out, seeking to find a way of adapting the war-time methods to meet post-war demands while preserving the stability which existed during the war period. As a result of these endeavours it was decided that Gold Coast and Nigeria should have cocoa-marketing organisations and that funds from the previous surpluses on cocoa sales would be used to set up these organisations, whose main function would be to fix the seasonal prices for the producers, to determine purchase arrangements, to issue licences to the buyers and to set up and maintain the necessary executive machinery for purchasing, shipping and selling all cocoa purchased. This is a typical example of how the higher administrative skill and experience of Britain can assist the Colonies, and where the endeavours of the administrator both at home and in the colony can produce such a happy effect on the lives of the many thousands of Africans directly or indirectly connected with the growing of this valuable crop.

The creation of the Cameroon Development Corporation is a step further in this form of planning. In 1947 the Government of Nigeria announced that £1,750,000 was to be expended on the purchase of the estates of ex-enemy nationals and other nationals in the mandated territories of the Cameroons and developed exclusively for the benefit of the people of these territories. The proposal excited great interest both in Britain and in the Colonies. The Corporation, which is composed of six members, will be responsible for the development of the estates, and their operation, using the most modern methods. The principal crop will be bananas. Profits will be used for the development and the improvement of the estates and for the payment of bonuses to those workers who remain in the employment of the Corporation for continuous periods of service. Further, the profits will be used for the benefit of families of the employees, for education and the improvement of social conditions, and when profits remain they will be used for the general benefit of the people of the territories. The money which has

been loaned by the Nigerian Government will be repaid over a period of thirty-five years. The proposal before being put into operation was widely discussed among the chiefs and the people not only of the Cameroons but also of Nigeria, for the authorisation of the loan had to be made through Nigeria's Legislative Council. It received general approval. The working of the corporation will be watched with great interest by the authorities in the Colonies and at the Colonial Office, for it is regarded as an experiment which if successful will serve as a pattern for schemes in other colonies.

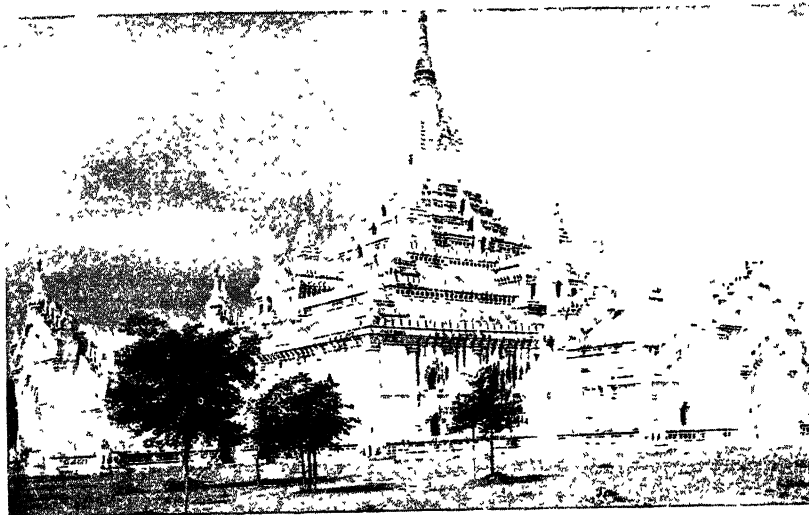
One of the most important details of the Cameroon Development Corporation is that it has been clearly stated that it is intended that, at some future date, the corporation will be completely operated by the inhabitants of the territories themselves.

This proposal conforms with the stated intention of giving the Colonial peoples more and more executive power in specialised positions until they are capable of administering not only the complex machinery of government but also the commercial and industrial affairs upon which the economy of their countries rest.

The schemes we have considered above have been the logical development of a policy. But under the impact of a world shortage of fats there has emerged a scheme which may revolutionise production methods in tropical Africa and open up a new era for the African. I refer to the scheme for the mechanised growing of groundnuts in East Africa. In 1946 it was suggested that a survey should be made of certain areas in East Africa to consider the possibility of groundnut cultivation using mechanised production methods to produce large crops. A mission duly visited East Africa and reported back to the British Government that such a scheme could be operated. Early in 1947 the Ministry of Food announced that it had been decided by the Government to set such a project in motion and that £25,000,000 would be spent during the next seven years on it.

This plan, which has been described as "the most important single act of government ever undertaken in tropical Africa", certainly has immense possibilities. In all, three and a quarter million acres will be cleared and the ground worked in units of 30,000 acres. It is expected to take the first crop in 1948. By 1950, when the cultivation will be at a peak, 57,000 Africans will be employed and a permanent force of 32,000 Africans will be maintained on the work.

Special attention will be given to welfare problems and the African employees will be accommodated in "model" settlements. It must not be imagined that there will be any loss of land by the inhabitants of these territories in which the farming areas are being laid out. This ground at the moment is waterless, tsetse-ridden and bush covered. Nor will this mass production growing damage the position of the peasant farmer who cultivates groundnuts, for the Government will buy all the groundnuts available and the small farmer is encouraged to grow as much of this crop as he can. The wider importance of this scheme is that, under the dire need of vegetable oils, the Government has agreed to make this imaginative attempt to cultivate in tropical Africa on a very large scale, employing modern technical methods. Success in this venture means that greater experiments could be made in the future and contains the possibility that tropical Africa could become the produc-

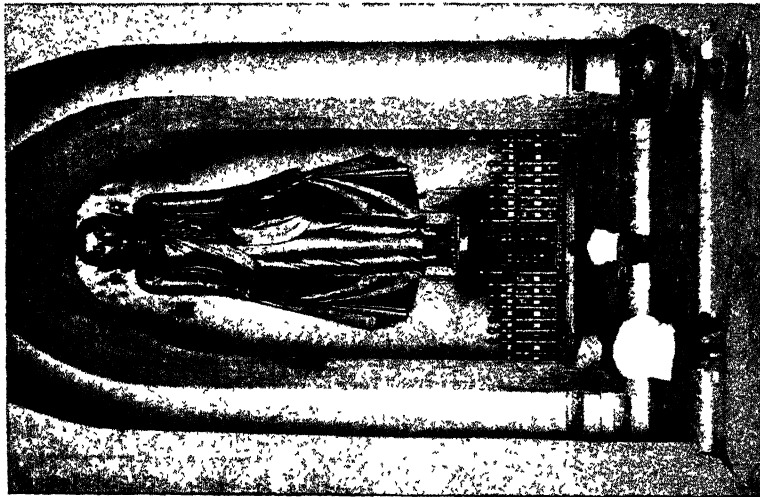


119. THE ANANDA TEMPLE, PAGAN

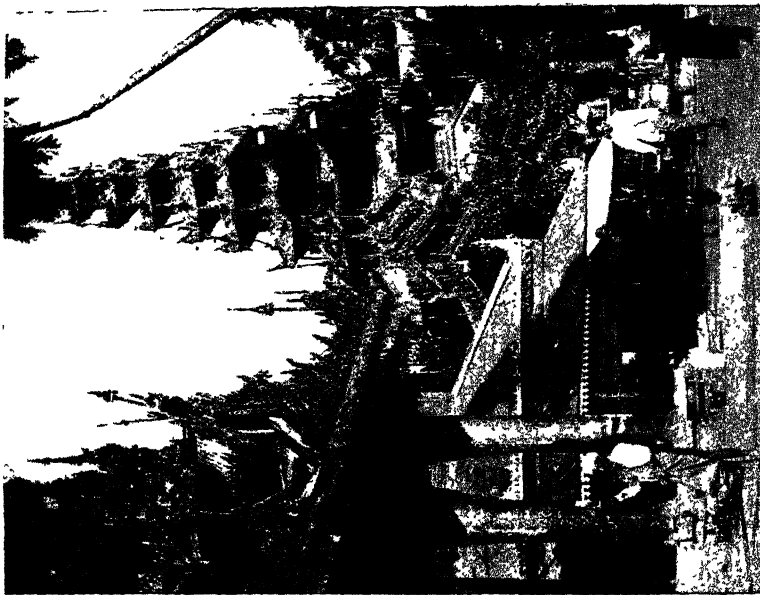


120. BUDDHIST TEMPLE, UMKENGNOI (SHAN STATES)

BURMA



121. SHRINE OF GAUDAMA, ANANDA TEMPLE,
PAGAN



122. CHAPELS AT THE BASE OF THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA,
RANGOON

BURMA

tion centre of certain supplies for the whole world. That remains in the future; the immediate advantages are great. The territories in which this farming is to be carried out, Northern Rhodesia, Kenya and Tanganyika Territory, will benefit considerably both directly and indirectly from the revenue obtained from the groundnuts, and the African inhabitants will be offered steady employment on farms where accommodation and working conditions will establish new and better standards.

The developments outlined above represent very considerable advances in the Colonies, but the standards of living of the peoples can only be raised to the highest levels if all the resources of the territories can be fully exploited so that the resultant revenue can support the extension of social services. This particularly applies to the mineral resources. In the past it was the prospecting of individuals which revealed the most important mineral deposits. But Government-sponsored geological surveying resulted in the discovery of diamonds, bauxite and manganese in the Gold Coast, iron ore in Sierra Leone, coal and gold in Nigeria. Plans have been made for the extension of such work, and the Colonial Geological Survey Service has been formed to plan this work, viewing the Colonial Empire as an entity.

Furthermore, the question of mineral rights raises the problem of ownership, and it is obvious that the wealth which arises from the development of these rights should accrue to the people who have the greatest interest in the lands affected. Many, but not all, Colonial governments, have made provision for such contingencies, and those who have not been asked by the Colonial Secretary to consider the making of such provisions.

Again, the problem arises of the employment of the local inhabitants in gold and diamond mines, a form of labour very much different from that to which they have been accustomed, and the Government has urged that all development of mineral resources should always be considered in the light of the effect it will have on the people: not only in their employment and protection while they are working under what will be for them unusual conditions, but in their advancement and instruction so that they may in time be fully qualified to hold the highest administrative and technical appointments in the industries.

This great central endeavour is being made, and the consequence is, as Professor Vincent Harlow has written, that "the industrial revolution in the Colonies is being handled with far greater care and success than was the case when Britain herself went through a similar transformation". The care being taken now will produce an industrial pattern in the Colonies which will be without the obvious ills, physical and material, which survive so stubbornly in Britain to this day.

Mention must be made of the plans which have been formulated for the creation of university colleges in the West Indies, Malaya and West Africa, for it can be realized that proposals to make available the highest executive posts to men and women of the territories can only be successful if they are as completely equipped for the task as is possible. For that purpose, therefore, a grant of £4,500,000 has been made under the Welfare and Development Act. This fact is acknowledged in the post-war plans for the Colonial Service. Sir Ralph Furse, Director for

Recruitment to the Colonial Office, writing on these plans states: "The educated Native is bound to a great extent to become the future mouthpiece and leader of his people. He will play this role both inside and outside the Colonial Service of the future, and the new policy of partnership cannot work without him." The creation of these university colleges are a vital part of the larger plan which aims at successful self-government in the future.

An attempt has been made in this chapter to outline briefly the constructive plans which have been made and put into operation for the development of the Colonial territories. Much has been done, but much more remains. The pattern of the future has been outlined, but the fullest development of that pattern calls for enormous effort not only from the people of Britain but from the peoples of the territories themselves.

Britain has emerged from the second World War strained and momentarily exhausted, but to the people of the Colonies that war has been a stimulus and has accelerated the westernisation of the peoples, broadening their ideas and bringing to them new needs and different standards.

The challenge of the Colonies to the British people is greater than ever before. They call for imaginative leadership and a fulfilment of the conception of partnership. Above all, they ask for assistance in the development of their resources to allow them to produce balanced economies capable of supporting independently the well organised governments, the increased social services, the extended educational plans that in the end will lead to the achievement of self-government, which is the paramount aspiration of all Colonial peoples.

NEWFOUNDLAND

by

LUDOVIC KENNEDY

I

Sir Alan Herbert, M.P., who visited Newfoundland in the summer of 1943, called it "the most complicated conundrum in the British Empire". He said, "It has something of the religious, political and indeed industrial problems of Ireland and India. It is almost as big as England, with the title of a Dominion, the population of Bradford, the history and habits of dominion government, and the social services of a neglected crown colony."

Newfoundland is Britain's oldest colony and the tenth largest island in the world. It lies to the east of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, its south-western coastline sixty miles from Cape Breton, Nova Scotia; to the north, it is separated by the narrow Belle Isle Strait from Labrador, which is its chief dependency. The capital of St. Johns (123-5), with a population of 60,000 lies on the east coast of the Avalon peninsula, facing the Atlantic.

The greater part of Newfoundland is wild, desolate country, canopied by forests of fir, spruce, and birch; by the "barrens", vast areas of broken, rocky land inhabited only by the moose and caribou; and by thousands of "ponds", varying in size from small tarns to lakes forty miles long. The climate, chilled by the Arctic current and warmed by the Gulf Stream, does not reach the extremes of Canada and America: in winter the temperature rarely falls below zero and in summer seldom exceeds 80 degrees. About a quarter of the population of 300,000 reside in St. Johns and the two paper-mill towns of Grand Falls and Corner Brook; the remainder inhabit the numerous fishing "outports" scattered along the rocky coastline. Because Newfoundlanders have traditionally followed the fishing industry, there are only a handful of communities situated inland.

Newfoundland was first discovered in 1497 by John Cabot, who reported to Henry VII that off the shores of "the new found land" he had met with many varieties of fish. During the sixteenth century, British, French, Spanish and Portuguese fishermen visited the island each summer, returning home with their catches in the autumn. From these pioneer fishermen are derived some of the quaint present-day place-names—English Harbour, Spaniard's Bay, Port aux Basques, Portugal Cove.

In 1583 Queen Elizabeth furnished Sir Humphrey Gilbert with letters patent claiming the island as the first colonial possession of the Crown. Colonisation on any scale, however, did not take place for another two hundred years. In 1650, a century and a half after its discovery, the country was supporting only 350 families. The Bristol merchants liked to regard Newfoundland as "the great ship

moored near the fishing banks", and, afraid of losing their monopoly of the fishing rights, persuaded the government to discourage colonisation for many years.

This short-sighted policy had disastrous results. The French were already setting the foundation-stones of their great North American empire, and by 1660 they had entrenched themselves so firmly in Newfoundland that they founded their own capital at Placentia, and challenged British sovereignty by raiding St. Johns and other fishing centres. Bitter struggles for the fishing rights continued during the next two hundred years, and were not finally resolved until 1904, when the French surrendered all territorial rights, retaining only the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon off the south coast.

Although Newfoundland is a part of the North American continent its people are more related to the English than to their Canadian or American neighbours. They speak a brogue of their own, a compound of the tongues of Devon and Somerset, Ireland, Scotland and the Channel Islands, whence their forefathers came. They are a tough, hardy race, who have become accustomed to an enduring conflict against the elements in order to maintain their existence. The sea tradition sparkles in their blood, and as small-boat seafarers they have no equals. The majority of the 8,000 who enlisted in the forces for the war served with the Royal Navy. They are intensely religious. The principal denominations are Church of England, Roman Catholic and United Church of Canada, to which the people belong in roughly equal numbers. The system of education is denominational, so that in some of the smaller outports there are as many as three schools. This system has been abnegated as impracticable and uneconomical, but it should be remembered that the practical results of the Newfoundlander's religious beliefs have largely contributed to the absence of crime.

The framework of Newfoundland's trade rests on her three great natural resources of the sea, the forests and the mines.

Cod fishing has been the predominant industry for centuries. Shoals of squid and caplin, on which the cod feed, are brought down by the Arctic current each summer, and make the waters off Newfoundland the most prolific cod fishing grounds in the world. In many bays the cod lie so thickly that they can be caught by throwing overboard a weighted hook and jabbing it sharply upwards.

Most of the fishermen work in the waters off the outports where they live, using small boats or dories, and catch the cod by trawl-lines, nets or jiggers. Later in the season, when the cod are running, cod-traps are set—big square-shaped nets, which are laid on shoals off headlands and are capable of netting several ton of cod at a haul. A familiar sight in every outport are the wooden fishing stages, where the cod, having been split and salted, are laid out to dry.

Deep-sea fishing is carried out by the famous bank schooners; and a smaller fleet of schooners spends the season off Labrador. Other fish caught for export are salmon, herring and lobster. Whaling and sealing are still prosecuted, but on a much smaller scale than before the war.

The products of the forests have traditionally been linked with those of the sea in providing the Newfoundlander with a means to his livelihood. They have furnished him with planks for his home, strakes for his boat, props for his stages, and



123. THE HARBOUR, ST. JOHN'S

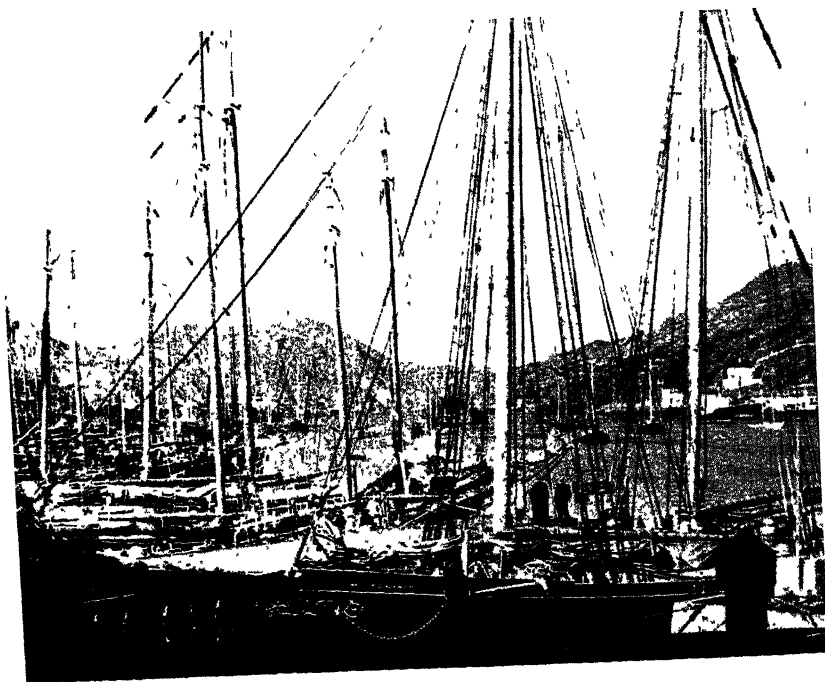
NEWFOUNDLAND

From an old print



124. INTERIOR OF MESS ROOM, TELEGRAPH HOUSE, TRINITY BAY, 1858

From an old print



125. SHIPPING IN ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR

NEWFOUNDLAND

logs for his fuel. Wood was first marketed for export at the beginning of the present century, when Lord Northcliffe established a paper mill at Grand Falls. A second mill was built on the Humber Arm at Corner Brook in 1925, and now the export value of pulp and paper is second only to that of the fisheries.

Like the forests, the mines have not played an important part in the country's economic life until comparatively recently. The two biggest mines are the Bell Island mine in Conception Bay and the Buchans mine on the shores of Red Indian Lake. The Bell Island mine yields nearly a million tons of ore annually, most of which is exported to Nova Scotia for smelting. The Buchans mine, which has only been in operation for twenty years, produces lead and zinc; copper and a little gold and silver are exported as by-products.

II

Responsible government was first granted to Newfoundland in 1855, thus bringing to an end over a hundred years' rule by Governors with absolute powers. A House of Assembly and a Legislative Council were formed, which, with the Governor, constituted the legislature of the country. This system remained in force until 1934, a black year in Newfoundland's history.

When the economic depression of 1930 hit the world, Newfoundland was in no position to weather it. As much as 75 per cent. of her produce was being exported, and almost 100 per cent. of these exports were invested in fish, wood and minerals—commodities whose values had fallen heavily. Nearly all her domestic requirements had (and still have) to be imported. The Government endeavoured to meet the situation by borrowing, but was not altogether successful owing to the low credit in which the country stood abroad. Defaulting on the national debt would have caused grave impoverishment, and exchange devaluation was not possible because Newfoundland currency is the Canadian dollar.

By 1933 the Government was unable to borrow any more funds and turned to the mother country for help. A Royal Commission, under the leadership of Lord Amulree, was sent to the island to find a way out of the crisis. On completion of its investigations it recommended that responsible government be suspended, and that Britain should assume responsibility for Newfoundland by appointing a Commission of Government "to hold office until such time as the country is again able to support itself".

These proposals were accepted by both Houses. Early in 1934 the new Government, consisting of three Newfoundlanders and three Britishers, with the Governor as chairman, took office.

Government by Commission has been in force for twelve years. Its achievements have commanded respect, but its position is now regarded by many as anomalous. Newfoundlanders point out that the budget has been balanced since 1941, and in accordance with the "self-supporting" clause of the Amulree report, there should be no delay in returning to responsible rule. But the problem must be examined more closely, especially in relation to trade.

The entry of America into the war placed Newfoundland in a position of great

strategic importance. The island was an obvious stepping-stone in any invasion of the western hemisphere, and as the nearest part of the American continent to the British Isles it became a major striking base for ships and aircraft fighting the Battle of the Atlantic.

The Canadian land, sea and air garrisons increased their strength. The American Navy took over the harbour of Argentia on a ninety-nine year lease and converted it into a powerful naval base. The American Army established a post headquarters, the size of a small town, outside St. Johns, and stationed smaller units at airfields and batteries throughout the country.

Work at the defence bases offered employment at high wages to all who cared to take it. Export values soared, and the fishermen, loggers and miners were paid better wages than they had had in their lives. Trade was further stimulated by the presence of thousands of American, Canadian and British troops. The revenue returns increased in proportion to the spending-power, and in 1940-41 the budget was balanced for the first time in twenty years.

The shortages of food and household goods experienced by most countries during the war were hardly felt in Newfoundland. Her demands in the world's markets were modest, and she was able to obtain her requirements without difficulty. Rationing was not introduced until 1943, and then on a scale that caused no hardship. Certain commodities, such as petrol, remained unrationed throughout the war.

It stands to reason that when the Amulree Commission inserted the "self-supporting" clause they were not bargaining for the abnormal conditions that precipitated the trade boom. Another section of their report has had to be borne in mind, that in which they attributed the aggravation of the economic crisis to inefficient politics and unsound finance. If Newfoundland is ready to return to autonomous rule, is she confident that her politicians are competent to execute their duties? Do the people understand the responsibilities of self-government? There has been no guarantee that Britain will take care of the national debt.

The British Government have declared that they will give advice on these questions, but that it is the responsibility of Newfoundlanders to answer them. At the time of writing, a Convention, elected by popular suffrage, is meeting in St. Johns to decide on the future form of government.

Most Newfoundlanders agree that a time has come when they must have some say in the handling of their affairs. Some (probably the majority) will vote for an immediate return to self-government. Others, remembering the depression years, may prefer a form of representative government whereby the cord with the mother country is not entirely severed. But representation without responsibility is not likely to be palatable to the country as a whole, nor to the British Government. A small clique favour union with Canada as a means to social security. But the majority of the people are too loyal to their traditions and too proud of their independence to consider the project seriously.

III

The departure of the armed forces from the island has robbed the Exchequer of one of its most lucrative springs of revenue. Whether this deficit can be made good from other sources or not is a question that cannot be answered until Newfoundland's house has been put in working order.

The problem of public health has been acute for many years. The death-rate, mainly from infant mortality and tuberculosis, is very high, and lack of proper vitamins has been a cause of the high sickness rate. In many parts of the island people are unable to obtain fresh milk, meat or vegetables, and subsist mainly on canned foodstuffs imported from abroad. The Commission of Government has greatly improved the health services, but many outports are still without adequate medical facilities, and in winter they are often isolated for several days.

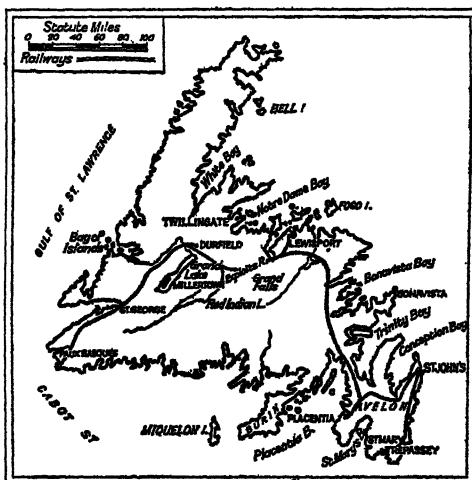
Agricultural development has been sorely neglected. The amount of land under cultivation, most of which is in garden plots, is only 110,000 acres, or less than a third of an acre per person. It is true that there is little natural pasture and that much of the soil is stony; but wherever land has been cleared for farming it has proved a success.

No great improvement either in public health or agriculture can be expected until roads are built to open up the country. The construction of roads is one of Newfoundland's most pressing needs of the moment.

There is no trans-island road and no road connecting St. Johns, Grand Falls and Corner Brook. The outports on the south and north coasts are accessible only by sea.

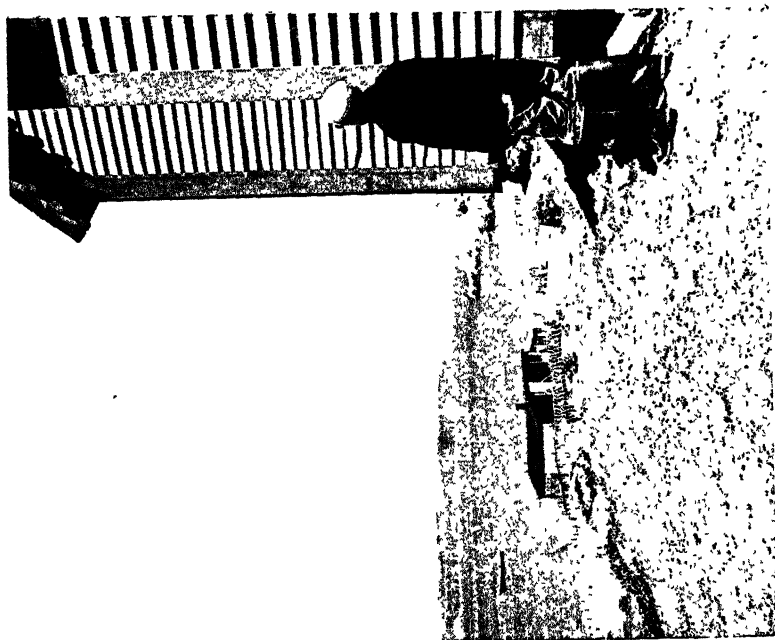
A well planned network of roads would forward the development of agriculture and guarantee distribution of supplies. It would provide the peoples of the outports with the means to a more balanced diet and bring medical facilities within the reach of all.

Once roads have been laid down and there is a new and brighter standard of living, Newfoundlanders may see the fulfilment of their long-cherished dream of a tourist trade. The island possesses some of the finest salmon fishing in the world, and many of the rivers, set amid wild and lovely scenery, have never been fished. The sheltered bays of the east coast are ideal for sailing, bathing and cod-fishing. The climate in summer is temperate, and snakes and hay-fever are mercifully unknown.



There remains one other source of wealth by which the island may profit—Labrador. This vast country, three times the size of Newfoundland yet supporting only one-sixtieth of her population, lies on the threshold of commercial development. Geological surveys have revealed several large mineral deposits, and there is an abundance of wood within reach of the coast. The Grand Falls on the Hamilton River, 150 miles inland, are higher than Niagara and have a potential hydro-electric power of over a million horse-power. During the war the Canadian Government built a big airport on the plateau above Goose Bay in the Hamilton Inlet: there are deep-water quays and a sheltered anchorage nearby, and the area is ideally suited as a base for commercial development of the neighbourhood.

Newfoundland has always been poor. Is she condemned to remain so? She needs money—Capital. Sir Derrick Gunstan, another member of the Mission that visited the island in 1943, recommended to the House of Commons a £20,000,000 loan to set the country on its feet. With such a sum at her disposal Newfoundland could do much. She could modernise the fisheries, lay down roads, develop agriculture, improve the social services, attract the tourist traffic and exploit the resources of Labrador. She could go far towards exchanging the mantle of neglected orphanage for the robes of security and proud contentment.

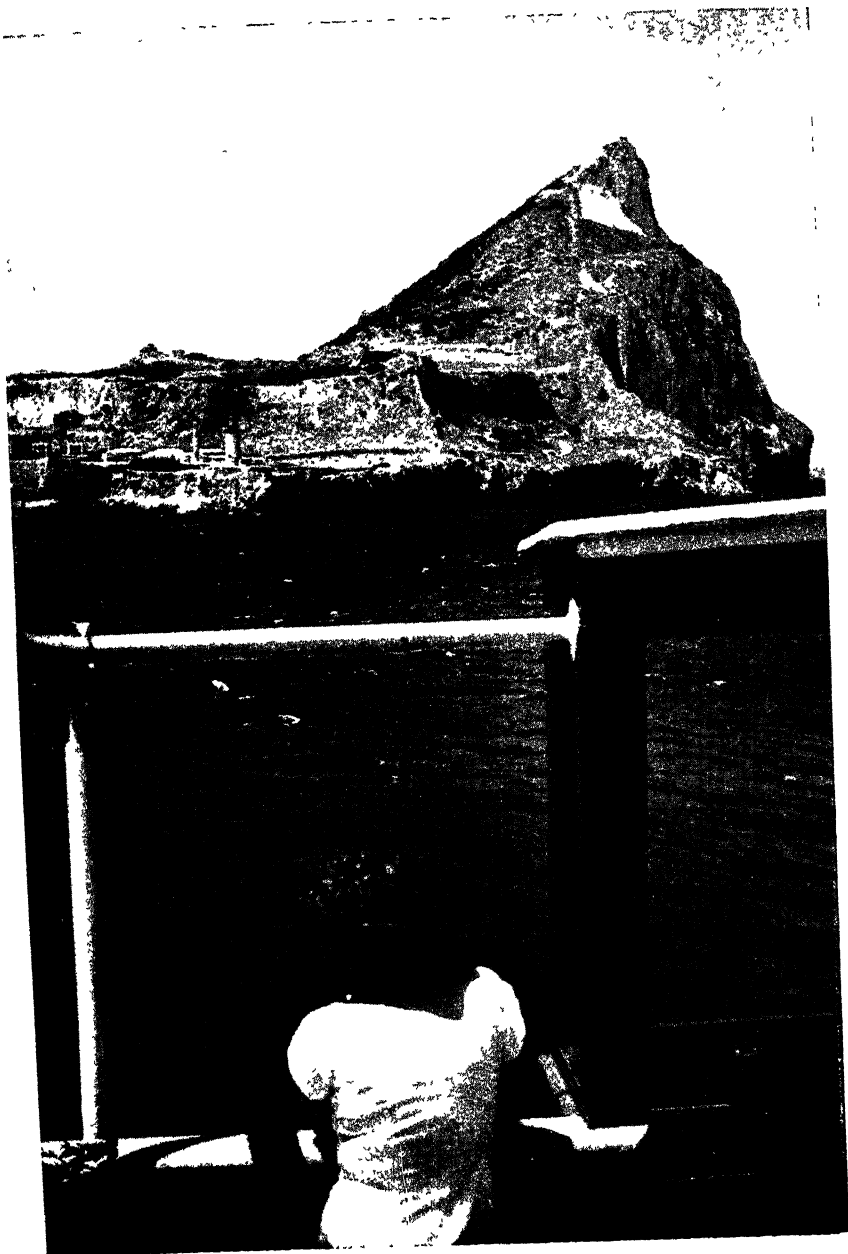


127. BELL ISLAND, CONCEPTION BAY

NEWFOUNDLAND



126. FARM LAND AND CHURCH



128. GIBRALTAR

THE MEDITERRANEAN COLONIES AND ADEN

by

SIR HARRY LUKE, K.C.M.G., D.LITT.

I

This chapter is concerned with the three British Mediterranean colonies and Aden: that is to say, with Malta, Cyprus and the two strong places that guard the entrance into the Mediterranean from the Atlantic and the entrance into the Red Sea from the Indian Ocean. The importance of these territories bears little relation to their size. The three Maltese islands, for example, are together not so large as the Isle of Wight; Gibraltar is the smallest of the Crown Colonies, smaller by a few acres than Pitcairn with its two square miles. But few countries in the world, let alone in the British Empire, have had so long and continuous a recorded history—cultural, artistic, political—as have Cyprus and Malta; and the strategic importance of the latter and of Gibraltar have made these the only British colonies whose Governor has generally also been the effective Commander-in-Chief.

In classical times Gibraltar was Calpe, the northern of the two Pillars of Hercules which seamen of the ancient Mediterranean regarded as the bar to more westerly ventures until the Phoenicians broke the spell and passed boldly through them on their great journeys to the north and south. Gibraltar owes its present name as well as the beginning of its military importance to the Berber Tariq ibn Zaid, general of the Khalif's Governor in North Africa, who landed there in 711 at the invitation of the local faction opposed to Roderick, the last Visigothic king of Spain. Tariq ibn Zaid not only overthrew Roderick but his kingdom as well, thus going far beyond his terms of reference. He also fortified the Rock, which was consequently called Jebel Tariq—the mountain of Tariq—and has remained Gibraltar ever since. The keep of the fortifications begun by Tariq still survives as the "Moorish Castle".

Gibraltar is essentially a fortress, and its history is largely a succession of sieges (128). The British were first concerned with it in 1704, when it was captured by the allied British and Dutch forces during the War of the Spanish Succession. The British admiral, Sir George Rooke, on his own responsibility took possession of the place in the name of Queen Anne, an act formally ratified by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. But Spain, although she has held Gibraltar for a total of not more than 86 years since she first took it from the Moors in 1309, was not reconciled to the loss, yet had to await the War of American Independence for an opportunity to recover it. Then, during the four years from 1779 to 1783, she invested the Rock in one of the great sieges of history, made memorable by the courage and resource of

its Governor and defender, General Sir George Eliott (afterwards Lord Heathfield), and by the chivalrous relations between him and his opponent, the Duc de Crillon, commanding the Spanish and French besiegers. After Eliott had held out for more than three and a half years preliminaries of peace were signed, and the Treaty of Utrecht was renewed in 1783 by the Treaty of Versailles.

A Crown Colony that is also a fortress and a naval base of great strategic importance and has an area of only $1\frac{1}{2}$ square miles must necessarily differ from the more normal type of colony, the more so as only a very small part of its territory is level ground and the Rock itself cannot be used for the expansion of the town. Gibraltarians who work in the colony by day have therefore to live outside it, in the Spanish town of La Linea. Even so, with its 20,000 civilian inhabitants (1939), it has the largest population to the square mile of any separate political unit in the world. The town is relatively modern, most of the older buildings having been destroyed in the siege of 1779-83. Many of the original Spanish inhabitants retired into Spain after 1704, and the present Gibraltarians are partly of Genoese and other Italian descent. There is also a small Jewish community. During the second Great War considerable numbers of the local civil population were evacuated temporarily to the United Kingdom, to Jamaica and to Madeira, where the experience of life in other countries may have afforded some compensation for their physical disturbance.

II

Seventeen miles long and with a maximum width of nine miles, Malta (129, 130) is the principal island of one of the smallest archipelagos in the world—a survival from the remote days when the continents were differently shaped and the Mediterranean was a series of fresh-water lakes, divided by land bridges that connected Europe with Africa. Of one of those bridges the Maltese archipelago is today the sole existing pier, the one remaining fragment of a causeway along which prehistoric pachyderms and ruminants groped their puzzled way to the African warmth when driven from Europe by its increasing glaciation. Some of these mighty beasts lingered too long on the Maltese pier, and the cave of Ghar Dalam near Bir Zebbuga at the southern extremity of the island is full of their bones, converted in the course of ages into perfectly preserved fossils.

Together with the other inhabited islands of the group, Gozo (population 23,796) and Comino (population 41) and including the naval, military and Air Force elements, Malta had a population of 258,400 souls in 1931 a formidable figure for its size. It means that it has more than 2,000 people to the square mile and is one of the most densely peopled geographical units in the world. This quarter of a million is a high figure for the area of 122 square miles, but it is a small figure for a separate nation. For the Maltese are a nation unto themselves, with their own language and traditions, their own physical characteristics, and a history that is perhaps one of the longest to which any people can lay claim. For some unexplained reason it was in Malta and Gozo that the art of building in remote Stone Age days reached a development of skill and refinement unknown in other centres of the megalithic

world. Malta was already, therefore, an ancient centre of civilisation when the "tempestuous wind called Euroclydon" that still whistles across it during the winter months under its modern name of *gregale*, the "Greek wind", drove St. Paul on to its shores and brought it about that the Roman chief of the island, Publius, became its first bishop. It was a centre of civilisation as well of the religious life of the western Mediterranean even before this. Malta, in the words of the island's greatest scholar, the late Sir Thermistocles Zammit, "was the holy island of neolithic faith, the half-way house of the early mariners, who trusted themselves to their frail wooden craft full of hope in a protecting power".

When we emerge from pre-history we find the position reversed: instead of extending supernatural protection to peoples beyond its shores, Malta comes under the political protection of others. During the many centuries of their recorded history the Maltese have had many rulers: the Phoenicians and their offspring the Carthaginians, then Romans, Arabs, Normans, Aragonese and Castilians, then, for two and a half centuries, the international Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and finally, at their invitation after a brief French occupation, the British. Despite the impact of such cosmopolitan influences this people has clung tenaciously to its ancient Semitic tongue, which is recognised by the experts to be of Phoenician structure, and basically, if not in detail, the speech of Dido and Hannibal. The philologists consider that when the Arabs came to Malta in 870 they found the rank and file of the population speaking an old Semitic dialect, and on this stock grafted, during the 200 years of their occupation, a vocabulary of contemporary Arabic which did not completely oust words of the older and kindred stratum. This blend is the Maltese language of today. In the course of ages it has naturally borrowed words from other languages—from Italian, Sicilian, Aragonese, French and even English—but it has always fitted such words into its own Semitic framework, governing them according to the rules of its own Semitic grammar. Thus the Maltese who have emigrated to Syria and to the north coast of Africa have no difficulty in making themselves understood by their Arabic-speaking neighbours, who can make themselves readily understood in Malta.

Mussolini's propaganda, of which more will be said later, sought to make Italians believe that Maltese is, like Sicilian, an Italian dialect of Romance structure with a sprinkling of Arabic words. In point of fact it is the converse: it is a language of Semitic structure and vocabulary, which has borrowed a number of words from Italian as well as from the speech of the other countries with which Malta has been connected.

In a glass case in the Armoury of the Palace of Valetta is normally to be seen one of the primary original documents of European history. By this tattered piece of parchment, which is dated 1113 and written in the thin, elongated script of the period, Pope Paschal II grants to "his venerable son Gerard, founder and provost of the Hospital in Jerusalem", a deed of incorporation of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, confirming to the new but rapidly growing brotherhood its possessions in Asia and in Europe. In a glass case similar to that which contains the Bull of Paschal II lies the fateful rescript of Charles V, complete with its great wax seal and the bag of red velvet lined with crimson silk in which it was despatched to

the Grand Master Villiers de l'Isle Adam, expelled by the Turks from Rhodes on New Year's Day, 1523. Issued in the name of Charles and his mother, the mad Queen Joanna, in 1530, and bearing the haughty signature used by the rulers of Spain to the end of the monarchy in 1931, *Yo el Rey*—"I the King", it bestows on the Knights—"in order that they may perform in peace the duties of their Religion for the benefit of the Christian community and employ their forces and arms against the perfidious enemies of Holy Faith"—the islands of Malta, Gozo and Comino in return for the yearly presentation of a falcon to Charles's Viceroy of Sicily.

Not on the face of it an onerous condition, but the Emperor's motives were not wholly altruistic. Bound up with the gift of the Maltese islands was the left-handed gift of Tripoli; and the duty to hold that distant dependency as a Christian *enclave* in the Barbary states of North Africa transferred to the Order an obligation of which Charles was well pleased to be rid.

The Knights duly came to their new home in Malta in October, 1530, but they were not left in peace for long. In 1565 Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent, he who at the outset of his reign had expelled them from Rhodes, determined more than forty years later to expel them from Malta. It was the last great effort of the Ottoman Turks to break into the West through the Mediterranean, and the outcome of the harrowing four months of the first Great Siege of Malta was of universal concern. Special prayers were ordered in England by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Queen Elizabeth was voicing the anxiety of all Europe when she exclaimed: "If the Turks should prevail against the Isle of Malta, it is uncertain what farther peril might follow to the rest of Christendom." Hence it was not alone the besieged who rejoiced when Suleiman's fleet sailed away discomfited; the future of the Christian West had been hanging in the balance. During those great days, as again at the end of the eighteenth century, when they contributed valiantly to the expulsion of the French, and again during the second Great Siege in the second Great War, the Maltese civil population played their part nobly in the defence of their land.

Three hundred and seventy-one years after the Great Siege Turkish men-of-war were again seen in the Grand Harbour. The occasion was the first official visit of the fleet of the Turkish Republic to the British fleet in the Mediterranean, and the visitors were given a reception by the people of Malta very different from that accorded to their predecessors in 1565. It was a piquant sight to witness the populace applauding their traditional foe as the Turkish naval ratings, preceded by their band, marched off the Palace Square at the conclusion of the sounding of the Retreat on November 23rd, 1936. A special exhibit of the most interesting relics of the Turkish leaders in the Great Siege was arranged in the Palace at the Governor's reception to the Turkish officers, and the healing processes of time were well illustrated by the fact that photographs of these and of the Throne Room frescoes illustrating the Siege were offered to and received with satisfaction by the Atatürk.

The Order of St. John did not survive the French Revolution as Malta's territorial sovereign, but neither did the French, who supplanted it, survive there the Napoleonic wars. The Maltese people, having rid themselves with British help of the French occupation, became increasingly eager to place themselves permanently

under Great Britain; and when, in 1815, the Congress of Vienna set its seal upon the Treaty of Paris, the Maltese had already set theirs upon such part of it as concerned them. Below the Royal Arms on the Main Guard in the Palace Square are engraved the words:

MAGNAE ET INVICTAE BRITANNIAE
MELITENSIVM AMOR ET EUROPÆ VOX
HAS INSULAS CONFIRMAT A.D. 1814

And Malta is not the only part of the world to have entered the British Empire at its own request.

The Maltese are inured to sieges, but that of the second Great War was the most prolonged and drastic in even their experience. During these years of danger and privation two events stood out with special significance. The first: Malta's passionate joy at the capture of Tripoli by the Eighth Army in January, 1943; the second, the arrival of the surrendering Italian fleet in the Grand Harbour eight months later. It was the inability of the Knights of St. John to hold Tripoli in 1553 that had paved the way for the first Great Siege of Malta twelve years later; that the submission of Mussolini's fleet in 1943 should take place "under the guns of Malta", to use Admiral Cunningham's words, was one of those dramatic acts of historic justice which the world is rarely privileged to see. With the advent of Fascism to power in Italy, Mussolini's propaganda aimed at making his own people believe that the Maltese were "unredeemed" Italians forcibly kept by the British tyrant from rushing to the outstretched arms of their mother Italy, had aimed, too, at instilling the same ideas into the Maltese people. With every wile and misrepresentation of a technique both expert and unscrupulous, his regime had contrived for the eighteen years before 1940 to inject an element of malaise into Maltese political life. But the noise made by the infinitesimally few, though articulate, Maltese who absorbed this propaganda was silenced by the staunchness and loyalty to the Crown of the inarticulate many, not only through Malta's prolonged second Great Siege but during the dress-rehearsal provided by the Abyssinian crisis of 1935-36. That dress-rehearsal was in fact a godsend to Malta, for it enabled an A.R.P. organisation to be set up and shelters to be prepared against the subsequent ordeal that lay before the island.

Malta, George Cross, is the first community in history to be collectively honoured by the bestowal of a British decoration. The co-operation of the Maltese civil population with its armed defenders lends posthumous force to Napoleon's saying that he would rather have the British in the Faubourg Saint Antoine than in Malta.

III

The transit from Malta to Cyprus, the next Mediterranean colony to come under our notice, may appropriately be accomplished by way of the Ionian Islands, which the aforementioned Treaty of Paris placed under British protection in 1815, there to remain until they were handed to Greece in 1864 as a sort of political dowry for the newly elected King of the Hellenes, George I. For the Ionian Islands have

links with Malta and Cyprus alike. That forceful Governor of Malta, "King Tom" Maitland, became also the first British Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands (a post held later for a short time by Mr. Gladstone); and the official residence of the Lords High Commissioners in Corfu, now the Royal Palace, is actually built of Maltese stone. The link in the other direction is the fact that Corfu's patron saint, Spiridion, was by birth a Cypriote. St. Spiridion is of the highest importance in Corfu, both spiritually and as a material asset. His body is carried round the town four times a year in a procession which arouses in the people the most intense emotion and enthusiasm. And he attracts pilgrims to his opulent church from many other parts of the Orthodox world. It may be noted in passing that the fifty years of British Protectorate have bequeathed two enduring legacies to Corfu. The one is a fine road system; the other is the game of cricket, which here, alone among non-British countries, flourishes as a natural growth among the Greek population.

IV

When Cyprus first became of importance to the ancient world, the island was already rich in poetic myths and heroic legends, rich also in shrines of the gods of Phoenicia and remote Babylonia. In due time, leaving their uncouth eastern names behind them, these divinities traversed the intervening sea and blended in Cyprus with their counterparts from Achaia. Thus Astarte was born again as Aphrodite off the coast of Paphos; thus her beloved Tammuz reappeared in Cyprus as the spring-god Adonis. In Cyprus Aphrodite loved the lad and mourned his untimely death, and from his blood called forth the anemone, which still makes the Cypriote countryside red at the opening of the year. In the course of ages Cyprus became, not for the last time, the meeting-place of races as it had already become the meeting-place of faiths. In this island of 3,500 square miles there flourished side by side the cultures, the arts and the languages of lands of three continents: those of Egypt, of Phoenicia and of the ultimately prevailing Greece. That blend of east and west in classical Cyprus is exemplified by the career of one of its greatest sons, Zeno of Kition (the modern Larnaca), who, born at the centre of Phoenician influence in the island, yet founded his Stoic School of philosophy in Athens. Meanwhile the great temple of Paphian Aphrodite was growing in importance as one of the most celebrated and most densely thronged sanctuaries of the ancient world. Even the Roman Emperors, when they in turn came to rule over Cyprus, struck coins depicting this great shrine with its conical stone, the symbol of the goddess, and thus extended the fame of Cyprus through the Mediterranean world.

Cyprus is 260 miles distant from Port Said, 60 miles from the coast of Syria and 40 miles from the nearest point of Asia Minor. It is the third largest island in the Mediterranean: smaller than Sicily and Sardinia but larger than Corsica and Crete. Apart from its classical fame, it is distinguished by the surpassing beauty of its scenery; by a mediaeval history of unrivalled variety and picturesqueness; by its supremely lovely mediaeval remains; by the fact, of special interest from the British

point of view, that the first British monarch to hold sway over it was not King George V nor yet Queen Victoria, but King Richard I. Richard, on his way to the Third Crusade, was insulted by the Emperor of Cyprus, Isaac Comnenus, and interrupted his journey to take the island and send its unmannerly ruler into captivity in Syria, bound in silver chains. He took the opportunity, also, to marry his bride, Berengaria of Navarre, at the chapel of Limasol, so that Cyprus is the only British colony to have been the scene of the wedding of a reigning English king and queen. But Richard soon disposed of his new acquisition, which for the next three hundred years was a brilliant Frankish projection into the Near East under its gallant, cultivated French dynasty of Lusignan. Outstanding in this period were the ten years from 1359 to 1369, when the King of Cyprus was Peter I, the greatest knight-errant the world has seen. Filled with crusading ardour, Peter twice went the round of the courts of Europe to collect men and money for the recovery of the Holy Land, and under him the Lusignan kingdom attained the height of its reputation. Chaucer has commemorated his achievements; and Froissart, to whom we are primarily indebted for our detailed knowledge of Peter's wanderings, describes the King's visit to London, where he was well received by Edward III and Queen Philippa. Edward gave him a ship named the *Katharine*; Philippa offered him handsome presents; and, like royal visitors of a later age, he was dined by the Mayor of the City. This banquet is depicted in one of the historical paintings in the Royal Exchange.

The kingdom of Cyprus came to an end in 1489 with the enforced abdication of Queen Katharine Cornaro, and for the ensuing eighty-two years the island was a dependency of Venice, held—and ultimately lost—by the Serene Republic as a military outpost against the Turks. From 1571 to 1878 an integral part of the Ottoman Empire, it then came under British administration while remaining under the suzerainty of the Sultan. In November, 1914, it became a British colony in consequence of the entry of Turkey into the war on the side of the Central Powers. The estimated population of Cyprus in 1940 was 384,000, of whom about four-fifths are Greek-speaking members of the Church of Cyprus, an autocephalous branch of the Holy Orthodox Eastern Church. The other fifth is composed of Turks, Moslems by religion and Turkish-speaking. There are two mountain ranges: the Kyrenia mountains along the northern coast, and the southern range which culminates in Mount Troödos—one of the Mounts Olympus of antiquity—6,400 feet high and the summer station of the Government.

The capital of the island is Nicosia (131), a delightful town partly mediæval, partly Venetian, partly Turkish, situated in the middle of the central plain. On the eastern coast is the principal port of Cyprus, that famed city of Famagusta which was once the busiest *échelle* of the Levant, vying with Venice itself in importance, a cosmopolitan mart whose wealth and luxury in the fourteenth century astonished visitors to Cyprus and became for a while proverbial in Europe. Many of Famagusta's mediæval churches within the city's perfect Venetian walls still delight the visitor, and its great Gothic cathedral and the contemporary cathedral of Nicosia, both now used as mosques, are a pair of ecclesiastical monuments of beauty and importance not only in the Latin East but in the whole realm of Gothic architecture.

Famagusta was Shakespeare's "Seaport in Cyprus", but Othello was not in fact a Moor; it was merely better "theatre" to present him as a dark man to heighten the contrast between him and his lovely fair bride. He was Cristoforo Moro, a Venetian nobleman and one of the three members of his family to hold high office in Cyprus during the Venetian occupation. "Moro" means both Moor and mulberry, and three mulberries figure on the family's coat of arms.

The most beautiful part of the island is the Kyrenia range, where nature and art co-operate more happily than anywhere else known to the writer. To its steepest and loftiest crags there cling with astounding picturesqueness the fairy-like castles of the Lusignan kings of Cyprus, St. Hilarion, Buffavento and Kantara; below Hilarion lies the pretty seaport of Kyrenia, a place with comfortable hotels that is becoming increasingly popular with British travellers as a winter residence. In the massive castle of Kyrenia the daughter of the only Emperor of Cyprus sought refuge from Richard Coeur de Lion when that monarch conquered Cyprus in 1191; three miles to the east of it lies the Abbey of Bella Paise, one of the most important and unquestionably the most beautiful of the surviving monuments of the Latin East. And to the north it is no exaggeration to say that the view beggars description: on the one hand the fantastic curves and precipitous slopes of the Kyrenia mountains, capped with mediaeval castles, delightfully wooded, infinitely verdant, deeply indented by valleys red with oleander; below them a narrow strip of fertile land, well covered with olive and carob trees and dotted with prosperous villages glistening in the sunlight. Then forty miles of deep blue sea and, finally, the long line of the great Taurus range, rising snow-clad and majestic above the Karamanian coast of Asia Minor.

The three centuries of Turkish rule in Cyprus were a period of somnolence, strange sequel to the three centuries of feverish activity under the kings and queens of the House of Lusignan. From being a kingdom renowned through Christendom the island had become an obscure Ottoman province, until suddenly and unexpectedly it re-emerged into the limelight in July, 1878. The Congress of Berlin was then in session, convened to correct the ill-effects of the Treaty of San Stefano, signed four months previously at the close of the fourth Russo-Turkish war of the century. The eyes of the world were turned on Turkey's European frontiers; no one was giving a thought to Cyprus. Or hardly anyone—except the senior British plenipotentiary at the Congress. Years earlier the young Disraeli's imagination had been touched by the island's wonderful story. He had called Cyprus "the rosy realm of Venus, the romantic kingdom of the Crusaders". He now carried out a stroke at once romantic and bold. Before the Congress had ceased to sit, its members and the world at large were startled by the announcement that on the 14th June, that is to say, nine days before the Congress opened, a "Convention of defensive alliance" had been signed between Great Britain and Turkey, and that the Sultan, to enable the former to fulfil her engagement to assist him in the defence of his Asiatic dominions against Russian attacks, had assigned the island of Cyprus "to be occupied and administered by England" under his suzerainty as a *place d'armes* in the Near East.

Since the tie that bound the island of Aphrodite to its Ottoman overlord was

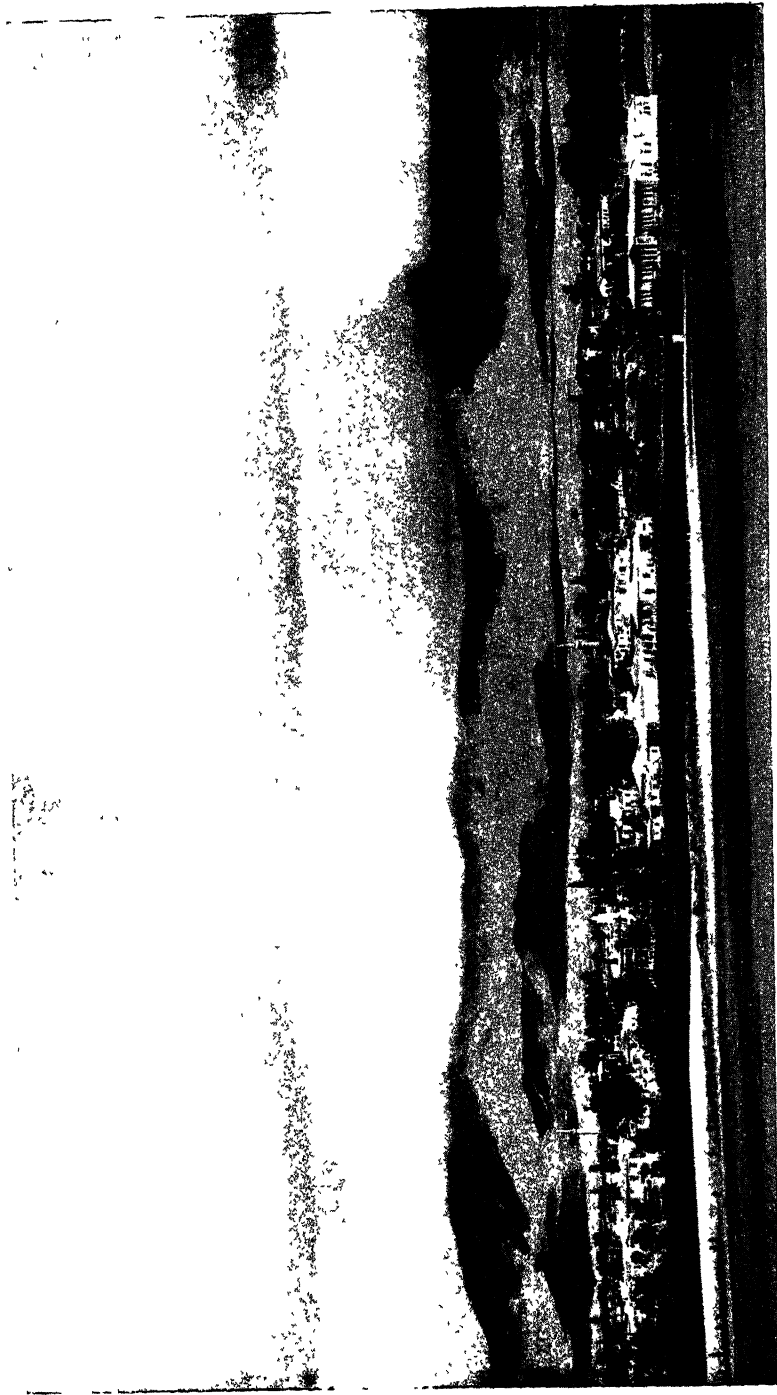


129. STREET IN VALETTA



130. THE HARBOUR

MALTA



131. NICOSIA AND THE MESAOREA PLAIN

CYPRUS

severed, Cyprus has become an integral part of the British Colonial Empire. Whatever may be its destiny under its new dispensation, can anyone doubt that on a brilliant past there may well follow a brilliant future, and that Cyprus may become again what it was in the days of Zeno and the Lusignans, one of the beacons of light in the eastern Mediterranean?

V

We now pass from one of the spear-points of the Christian East to the Arabian peninsula, core of the Mohammedan East. Aden (135-6), a territory sufficiently ancient to have been the Arabia Felix of the Romans, is one of the most recent of the Crown Colonies, among which it was included in 1937 on its transfer from the jurisdiction of the Government of India. From early days its geographical position gave to the town itself an importance as an entrepôt of trade between Europe and Asia as well as with its Arabian hinterland. Successively under the Abyssinians, the Persians and the Khalifate of Baghdad, it was held by the Turks from 1538 with short intervals for almost a century, then to come under the authority of the rulers of San'a and subsequently those of Lahej.

The maltreatment of the passengers and crew of a British ship wrecked off Aden in 1837 led to a demand for compensation from the Sultan of Lahej, who agreed to sell the town and port to the British Government. His successor repudiating this arrangement, the place was captured in 1839 and annexed to British India. By this time misgovernment and the discovery of the passage round the Cape had reduced the number of the town's inhabitants to below 1,000, but with the reopening of the Red Sea route to India and the subsequent opening of the Suez Canal its population rapidly increased as its trade revived, and it became a vital imperial link as a bunkering and cable station. The Colony proper of Aden has an area, with the island of Perim (5 square miles), of 80 square miles and a population of 48,000 according to the census of 1931. But the Aden Protectorate, also under the jurisdiction of the Governor of Aden, has an approximate area of 112,000 square miles with an estimated population of 600,000, mainly settled and agricultural but partly also nomadic Arabs. The leading chief of the western part of the Protectorate (which embraces nineteen Sultanates) is the Sultan of Lahej; of the eastern part, the Sultan of Shihr and Mukalla. The eastern division includes the important territory of the Hadhramaut.

Up to the eighteenth century the Protectorate was a part of the dominions of the Zaidi Imam, since 1934 styled "King of the Yemen, the Imam"; and the predecessors of many of the present local Sultans were the Imam's provincial Governors before they broke away from their allegiance to him. After the British occupation of the town of Aden, the neighbouring chiefs gradually entered into relations with the British Government and contracted Treaties of Protection, to the great advantage of the inhabitants of that extensive area in southern Arabia which borders on the mysterious Rub'al-Khali.

EAST AFRICA

by

ELSPETH HUXLEY

I

In the old days your ship steamed through the furnace of the Red Sea and round Cape Gardafui into the Indian Ocean. Beyond the baked and treeless shores of Arabia and Somaliland you made landfall on the eastern coast of Africa at Mombasa, one of the finest natural harbours of the continent, with a history going back more than a thousand years. Here your eyes were rested by the first rich greenery since leaving northern Europe, and dazzled perhaps by the brilliant colours to be seen on the island: the magentas and purples of bougainvillea, pinks of oleander, crimson of flamboyant and the scarlet of the canna. Mombasa is a thriving, crowded, ramshackle city with a population as varied as any in the East. Here are sons of bearded Arabs who ruled this coast for many centuries, full of dignity but no longer prosperous, and vastly outnumbered by prolific Indians and Africans of every shape and size, from the black and woolly-pated Bantu of the tropical interior to the lean and bronze Somali of the northern deserts. In the blood of these Mombasa people runs the strain of Portuguese and Arab and Negro, of Goan and Persian, of Nubian, Tamil and Sikh.

Kilindini, on the mainland, is today a great port, with modern berths and equipment for ocean-going ships. For a time during the war it blossomed with white-clad admirals, flag officers, Wrens and other appurtenances of a naval base, for it became the headquarters of the Eastern Fleet when the Japanese threatened Ceylon. Behind the deep-sea berths stand the trains that will carry you up-country: as far, if you wish it, as the shores of Lake Victoria or, farther still, to Lake Albert at the foot of the Congo mountains and to the upper reaches of the Nile.

This is a great railway, piercing country that half a century ago was dry wilderness and savage bush; whose rails were stolen to be forged into spear-heads and whose cables were cut by night to decorate the arms and ankles of skin-clad wives. Now, in due season, wagonload after wagonload of bagged and graded produce roll down the line to meet the ships. Up the line lie the airports that are likely nowadays to furnish your first sight of eastern Africa. For today you come, in a tenth of the time, up the course of the Nile from delta to source. By air you first see Uganda, a British Protectorate roughly the same size as the United Kingdom, stretching east and west from Lake Victoria to the Congo forests and northwards to the scrub and sudd of the southern Sudan.

Uganda (132) proper is only a part of the Protectorate, lying on the northern shore of the lake: the country of the Buganda people. The capital, Kampala, is a

little-known spot, yet it has seen in fifty years a transformation as remarkable as any place in the world. It stands in fertile country and sprawls over several flat-topped hills, set with trees. There is an air of respectability about it and not much bustle. The shops are Indian and ugly: squat, gimcrack, yet with a touch of the ornate, as if dim memories of the Taj Mahal had haunted the dreams of these distant Hindu traders. The people look prosperous by African standards; Buganda ladies walk the tree-lined streets in flowered prints, parasols and white cotton gloves, on the way to church meetings; their menfolk cycle to offices in neatly pressed drill suits and gleaming white topees. In Kampala a countrywoman in smelly goatskins or a man in dirty rags would look as out of place as a wandering tinker at a meeting of the Iron and Steel Trades Federation. Yet only recently an entomologist was killed within twenty miles of Entebbe because he drove in a red car and this marked him down as a cannibal.

Fifty years ago Kampala was still the Buganda capital, but its citizens had a different mode of life. One year before the Union Jack was run up over Kampala fort, on April 1st, 1893, a bloody battle had been fought between Protestant and Roman Catholic converts on the hill above the town where the Roman Catholic cathedral now stands. The king, Mwanga, had fled across the lake to German territory. This same king burnt alive some two hundred Christians shortly before his own conversion to the faith.

The kingdom of Buganda was a close-knit, prosperous state, ruled by a royal house descended from a breed of Hamitic conquerors who had established on the north and west sides of Lake Victoria a number of well-organised kingdoms, efficiently if despotically governed. The king was absolute, but ruled with the aid of a council of chiefs which had its own prime minister. The first European to come upon this isolated tropical kingdom, John Hanning Speke, reached its capital in 1862. "A whole hill", he wrote, "was covered with gigantic huts, such as I had never seen in Africa." Dressed in his best, he cut a poor figure beside the "dressy Waganda", who wore "neat bark cloths resembling the best yellow corduroy cloth, crimp and well set, as if stiffened with starch, and over that, as upper-cloaks, a patchwork of small antelope skins . . . whilst their head-dresses, generally, were abrus turbans, set off with highly polished boar tusks, stick charms, seeds, beads and shells; and on their necks, arms and ankles they wore other charms of wood or small horns stuffed with magic powder".

The king himself boasted two or three hundred wives, and held court on a red blanket with a white dog, a spear, a shield and a woman always at his side. When Speke gave him a rifle, he told a page to "go out and shoot a man in the outer court", which the boy immediately did, returning to report that the gun was in good working order. Courtiers who addressed the king must grovel on the floor, covering their faces with earth; spies brought him news of every small event within his kingdom; the slightest discourtesy, however unintentional, was punished by instant execution; the king's favourite sport was to shoot at random the cows of his subjects. Buganda was only one of several kingdoms much alike: Bunyoro to the north, Ankole westwards and to the south Karagwe, whose rulers fattened their wives on huge pots of milk until the ladies grew so enormous that they could not

rise without help, and the flesh on their joints hung down (as Speke reported) "like large loose-stuffed puddings".

After the explorers came the Church. A pioneer party of the Church Missionary Society arrived at the Buganda capital in 1877, after a hard seven-months' journey from the coast. The Roman Catholics arrived just one week later. Thereafter Uganda's story is an involved one of rivalries and sometimes bloodshed between adherents of the Protestants, Roman Catholics and Mohammedans, complicated by German intrigues. It was brought to an end by the young Captain Lugard, who in December, 1890, signed, on behalf of the Imperial British East India Company, a treaty with the king by which the company took over responsibility for law and order. In the following year the company was forced by lack of funds to order the evacuation of Uganda, and the Liberal Government of the day refused to take over the responsibility. Lugard and the Church Missionary Society aroused just enough public opinion to force the Government's hand. The proclamation of a British Protectorate provoked the famous *Punch* cartoon in which John Bull, gazing sourly at a black baby lying on his doorstep, remarks: "What, another! Well, I suppose I must take it in!"

So taken in it was; and in the next decade it grew by the spread of British protection to several neighbouring kingdoms. Much of it is fertile and varied country with many rivers and lakes, some spectacular volcanoes and mountains—including the famous mist-clad Mountains of the Moon, where the Greeks supposed the Nile had its beginning—and a numerous, and on the whole prosperous, population—at any rate prosperous enough to employ a large quantity of migrant labour from the Belgian Congo. British rule has brought peace, order, justice and a great increase in material well-being. Along the neat red roads rumble native lorries piled with cotton going to and from the ginneries; motor cars roll, carrying well-dressed, plump-limbed chiefs; citizens cycle, going about the business of small farmers, clerks in the native administration, artisans and preachers; and tall, buxom women stride in their gay printed cloths, often carrying pitches or baskets of produce on their heads and puffing at long-stemmed clay pipes. The native administration centred at Kampala enjoys wide powers of self-government. The Buganda, under their king and prime minister, hold their own courts of justice, collect their own taxes, and attend their own parliament, into which a democratic element was injected for the first time in 1945 by the election of the first commoners, as distinct from hereditary chiefs. At any rate until the unexpected strikes and riots of January, 1945, revealed a strong undercurrent of political intrigue and unrest all too little understood by the Government (and this political restlessness is growing still), Uganda had something of a superiority complex towards its less serene neighbours, and its enemies called it smug. Whether British rule has kindled fire for the mind and vision for the spirit to match the comfort and security it has brought for the body is a question for the future to answer, and one towards which no one seems very optimistic.

Economically, the Protectorate rests almost wholly on the export of cotton, which before the war went to Japan and is now shipped to India. Cotton was not an indigenous crop; it was introduced about the turn of the century by mis-



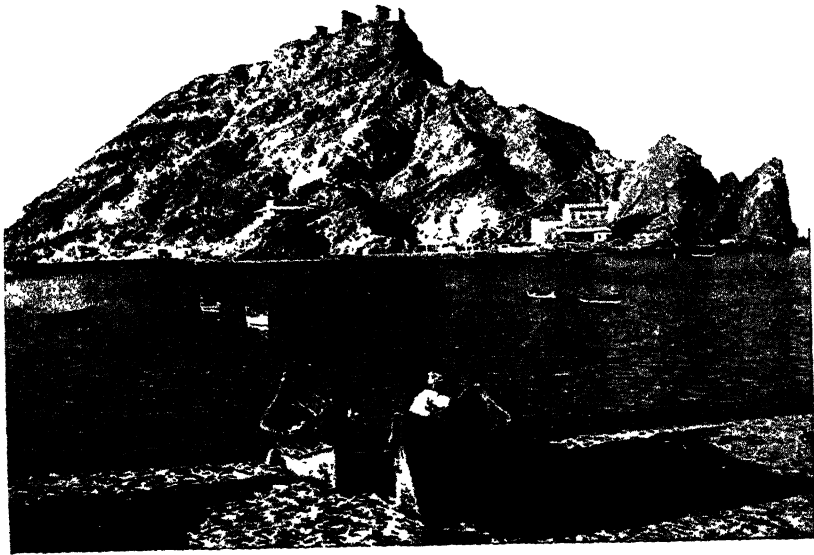
132. LAKE BUNYONYI, UGANDA



133. VILLAGE HEADMAN



134. PAPYRUS



135. THE ISLAND OF SIRAH



136. THE HARBOUR

ADEN

sionaries, and flourished so greatly that about five million pounds' worth is now shipped annually to market. Most of it is grown by small native farmers, and the distribution of wealth into many hands is one major reason for Uganda's enviable stability. There are risks in the situation, however: Uganda has all its eggs in one basket; and lately it has been the Government's concern to encourage people to grow more of their own food. Coffee and tea are produced also, the latter on European-owned plantations, the former partly on plantations owned by Europeans and Indians, and partly by Africans. Of course, Uganda is not without its difficulties. Health is one: some regions, especially round the Upper Nile, are rotten with sleeping sickness, and malaria is almost everywhere rife. Soil erosion is in some parts a growing menace, and there are other problems which cannot, for reasons of space, be discussed here.

The artery of Uganda's life-blood is the Kenya-Uganda Railway, linking the lake basin with the coast. This line, completed in 1901, has truly created the trade of two countries and the major political problems of one. Both white settlement and the penetration of Indians into the Kenya Highlands are, in a sense, by-products of this single-track line that first took shape as an experiment in philanthropy: for the Kenya-Uganda Railway was built, at a cost of over five millions to the British taxpayer, with the main object of putting an end to the slave trade in the region of the Great Lakes.

The line first pierced the arid and scrub-clad plain, given over to enormous herds of game and to little else, and then rose to the cool and spacious highlands, dominated by the perpetual snows of Mount Kenya and the forest-crested ranges of the Aberdares and the Mau. Here was a fair country, well watered, fertile, healthy and for the most part empty, since the fierce nomadic Masai roamed over it with their herds of hump-backed cattle and checked the spread of agricultural tribes beyond the shelter of their forested hills (142). Once built, the railway was in the remarkable position of traversing nearly seven hundred miles without a town, an industry or a settlement along its whole length. It had everything but passengers and freight. East Africa exported only ivory; its first taxes were paid in crocodiles' eggs. Its skin-clad people knew nothing of industry: their economy was at that primitive level where even such simple devices as the loom, the plough, the wheel, the coin and the written word were quite unknown. The railway had somehow to be fed; and at the time the only feasible method seemed to be to plant a settlement of European farmers who would harness and develop the unexploited land.

So the Government of the British East Africa Protectorate, as it was then (it had been taken over from the Imperial British East India Company in 1895), sent an emissary to South Africa in 1903 to appeal for settlers, and in London the Foreign Office made it known that land could be taken up on easy terms. The first settlers arrived, farms were marked out along both sides of the new railway and round Nairobi, and the seeds of a stubborn problem—the problem of merging a small, advanced white community with roots in the land into a predominantly black and backward Africa—were sown. A second problem was simultaneously created when the Foreign Office brought over Indian labourers to build the railway and

then allowed them to settle in Africa instead of carrying through their repatriation. Indians had been trading for many years on the coast, but these were the first to settle inland, and they added a new strand to the complex pattern of East Africa's destiny.

II

In all the length and breadth of Africa there is no region of greater beauty than these Kenya Highlands. Through them cuts the Rift Valley, a crack in the earth now sharp, now blurred, said to run from the Sea of Jordan down to the Zambesi. In this valley's trough lie several lakes and the purple, furrowed cones of dead volcanoes; on either side rise lofty tree-clad plateaux and ranges where the air is cool and sweet, the sun's heat is tempered to mildness and sharp nights renew diurnally the vigour of a northern race. The mountains are clothed in deep forests of bamboo, cedar and podocarpus, cape chestnut and brayera, and other native trees with vivid flowers and musical names. In those parts of the highlands farmed by Europeans, pedigree Red Poll and Friesian cattle now graze pastures once trodden by eland and gnu, and merino sheep crop the grass that once nurtured antelope and gazelle. All is not pasture, of course. There are fields of oats and wheat such as might be seen on an English farm. There are big plantations of spiky, symmetrical sisal (141), cut through with trolley lines along which the leaves are brought to a central factory. Some of the old forest land is planted with white-flowered pyrethrum or blue-flowered flax, and with coffee plantations which, like the wild cherry, at blossom-time are "hung with snow" and smell of orange groves. The variety of settlers' crops is great: they plant such diverse things as maize and apples, citrus and barley, passion fruit and tea. These crops were new to Africa, and were not established without a struggle. Settlers had to find out by the costly and often heart-breaking process of trial and error what would grow and what would not, how to cope with plant and animal diseases, with the climate, with marauding game and deadly ticks, with raw and untrained labour; they had to learn how to deal with unfamiliar things, from locust swarms to hungry lions, from the damming of gullies to the breaking of oxen to the yoke. Now, forty years after the first sod of East African soil was turned by a plough, most of the pioneering is over and most of the crops established and able to pay their way, provided that world markets remain reasonably stable.

For many years the forests have been nibbled away to provide new land for African cultivators, who now share these highlands with the white man. Their traditional system is "shifting cultivation", which means that they burn down forest or bush and raise their crops—in most places they get two harvests a year—until the land is exhausted and yields fall. Then they abandon the land and move on to new plots. This is a wasteful and primitive system, especially when land which is resting under "bush fallow" is so bedevilled by goats and cattle that no trees or serious vegetation has a chance to grow. Livestock is not, as one might suppose, kept to provide meat and milk—though both are badly needed—but to

use as currency: to pay debts and pride-price. Except on ceremonial occasions a man would no more sit down to a goat stew than he would twist a pound note to light his cigarette. But currency notes do not eat trees and shrubs and leave hillsides bare and ripe for soil erosion, whereas livestock does. It is almost a miracle that after twenty or thirty years of accelerated soil erosion much (though not all) of the native areas is fertile still, especially the rich red foothills of Mount Kenya, divided into many ridges by small, clear streams—often stocked with trout—that run from the ice floes, through green fringes of banana and sugar cane, down to the huge hot plain below. Equally rich are the dark flat lands round the steamy basin of Lake Victoria. There grow such crops as groundnuts, simsim and millet, tobacco, cassava and yams.

Kenya would seem to be plenty large enough in area—as large as France—to support many times its population of nearly four millions. But these fertile regions are like islands standing in a sea of sun-baked lava desert, or arid steppes with too little water to support anything but a nomadic and primitive form of life. "Good" land is strictly limited, and becoming scarcer because of the deterioration of the soil. Of it, the European settlers occupy some 12,000 square miles and the African reserves some 50,000 square miles. The European population is less than 30,000, but this small nucleus of a white colony—small both in numbers and in area, only about twice the size of Yorkshire and Lancashire combined—has, to a certain extent, been the tail that has wagged the Kenya dog.

The colony's political history has been largely one of reconciling the distinct and sometimes conflicting claims of white, brown and black. The Europeans, at first under the vigorous leadership of the fiery pioneer Lord Delamere, see Kenya as the white nucleus of a new Dominion, as an outpost of a British civilisation that will take root in Africa and thrive. The Indians see it as a convenient outlet for some of their surplus and mounting population, as a legitimate field for their genius in trade, and as a test of British intentions towards Indians as citizens of the Commonwealth. And Parliament and the Colonial Office, holding the balance, dare not forget the backward African majority for whose interests they are responsible under the doctrine of trusteeship. This holds that the Imperial Government is trustee for the native races until they have gained the education, wisdom, experience and unity to take over the direction of their own affairs.

In Kenya there are some forty distinct native tribes. In most of them the unit of government is the local native council, a gathering of Africans partly elected, partly chosen by Government, who discuss matters of common interest, pass resolutions and rules, and raise their own local taxation. These councils have been slowly gathering experience and enlarging their powers, and now bigger units, native provincial councils, are to appear. All this is a gradual training in the art of government of modern lines, which still has a majority of Government officials although settlers, Indians and Arabs are represented on it. In 1944 the first African took his place on the colony's Legislative Council. He is a schoolmaster who has been, *via* missionary schools, to Balliol College, Oxford; yet no doubt his father was, as a young man, ignorant even of the existence of the written word, dressed in goatskins and sheep's fat, fought with spear and shield, and believed implicitly—

as many still do—in sorcery, magic and spells. So swift is this form of progress today in Africa, so swift and revolutionary: yet still too slow to satisfy many.

The centre of Kenya's government and commerce is Nairobi. The site was chosen, in dogged utilitarian spirit, because it was the last flat place before the highlands where railway engines could conveniently shunt, whereas twenty miles off lay a setting of great trees, green grass and splendid views that would have served a city as fine as any in the Empire. Today Nairobi is a crowded, busy, half-cosmopolitan, half small-town place. In pre-war days millionaire sportsmen-tourists returning in dinner dress from all-night parties would pass native women clad in ochre-dyed goatskins coming into market with loads of bananas and maize. On the one hand big hotels, chromium-plated bars, panelled offices; on the other, mud-built native slums, fly-blown eating-houses, fat prostitutes in discarded European gowns, smelly old-clothing shops in the Indian bazaar. Nairobi now has a population of about 80,000 people, of whom 10,000 are Europeans, and some of the best African housing (clean brick-built, tile-roofed cottages grouped round social halls and clinics) on the whole Continent. In its streets are to be found many varieties: bridge-addicted, tennis-playing wives of officials and business men, living busy social lives in their neat, well-kept, detached bungalows; settlers in their dusty and dilapidated cars in town for a day's shopping; visitors from England learning the truth about East Africa in three weeks, spent mostly in Nairobi; wealthy Indian merchants, who now own most of the township; innumerable Indian storekeepers, tailors, book-keepers, artisans and contractors; Goans, Seychellois, Somalis; and Africans from every part of the colony and beyond, come from their distant huts and hillsides and little farms to see life and seek their fortunes in this sprawling, dusty town, to a European's eye so undistinguished and small, to theirs a glittering metropolis packed with thrills and wonders.

In the fresh and hilly country outside the capital there are ambitious schools for both Europeans and Africans; and quite recently small factories have sprung up for the making of chemical products, pottery, tiles, margarine, paper and other useful articles. The small beginnings of industrialism are here; yet Nairobi is still in Africa, and the bank clerk and shop girl can take their lunch on Sundays to ravines where lions breed and bask, within a score of miles of the cinemas and teashops.

Close to the town is the airport, where in the early mornings gazelle and zebra sometimes come to graze beside the waiting aircraft, and some forty miles away a hot and sunbaked site where stone age man shaped his rough flint axe-heads beside a large vanished lake.

III

In two hours you can fly south to Moshi, under the shadow of Kilimanjaro, Africa's greatest mountain, and find yourself in Tanganyika, Africa's forgotten land. On maps this country is generally hatched with red and white diagonal stripes, and this accurately suggests its uncertain status. Since the 1914-18 war Tanganyika has been a mandate (Class B). Now it has been placed under the Trusteeship Council of the United Nations, and a new future lies ahead of it.

In area Tanganyika is almost double the size of Germany, and its coastline runs for more than 500 miles from Portuguese territory in the south to Kenya in the north. It has only two railways, both built by the Germans: a short line linking the fertile and most beautiful highlands of Mount Kilimanjaro with the coast at Tanga, and the Central line, running from the port and capital of Dar-es-Salaam due west to Lake Tanganyika. Rail-head is at Kigoma, a few miles from Ujiji, where Stanley uttered his immortal "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" In 1928 the southern shores of Lake Victoria were linked to this Central line by a branch which has opened up the fertile cotton and groundnut country south of the lake.

The region now called Tanganyika was once famous for the slave route that ran through it. For centuries this route supplied with docile labour the ancient Arab settlements in the East African coast and, beyond them, the Arab domains of the sultans of Muscat on the Persian Gulf. The centre of Arab power in these regions was Zanzibar, that green and spicy island, source of most of the world's cloves, that lies just across from the Tanganyika shore. In Zanzibar Arab merchants, rich on the proceeds of the slave trade, built their spacious houses and established their clove and coconut plantations. Nowadays the narrow, smelly streets of the town are packed with Indians noisily selling shawls and silks, carved ivory elephants and necklaces; but the tall, pale, flaking houses with their heavy carved wooden doors tell still of a graceful and settled Arab civilisation that once flourished there.

"When one pipes in Zanzibar", ran an old Arab saying, "they dance round the Lakes." For the coast controlled the interior, yet the interior was never an Arab empire. The Arabs wished only to trade, not to rule. By travelling, as they did, with powerful armed escorts, they found the disorder of the surrounding country no handicap; in fact, inter-tribal strife was a useful aid for commerce in slaves. Their route was well beaten. From Bagamoyo on the mainland coast opposite Zanzibar, it wound inland through endless bush and over bush-clad hills, dry country always the same, with few rivers, little cultivation, bush and plain, hills and bush. At Tabora, nearly five hundred miles inland, was an Arab settlement, and here the route divided. One branch turned north-west to Lake Victoria and the lakeland kingdoms. The other went straight on, westwards, to Ujiji, another Arab settlement and depot for slaves. Today there are still Arab quarters in these up-country centres, but everything is seedy, dilapidated, robbed of authority. The East African Arabs are a people broken in power, but their pride and dignity remain.

It was the British Navy and the patient influence of the British consul at Zanzibar, Sir John Kirk, that broke the slave trade on this side of Africa. But while determined to destroy "the Trade", the British Government was equally determined not to challenge or encroach upon the claims to sovereignty which the Sultan of Zanzibar exercised over the East African coast and interior—even though these latter claims were sketchy and ill-founded. So set was the Government on this policy that in 1877 it forced a Scottish shipowner, William Mackinnon, to refuse an offer made by the Sultan to lease to him the whole mainland for trading purposes; and subsequently it refused also the Sultan's request to be taken under British protection.

But the Germans had no such scruples. In 1884 three young Germans arrived in Zanzibar disguised as mechanics, and carrying German flags and blank treaty forms concealed in their baggage. Their leader was one Karl Peters. They crossed secretly to the mainland, and obtained the mark of a native chief in Usambara, who claimed to be independent of the Arabs, to a so-called treaty which ceded the rights of government to the German Colonisation Society, which Peters had founded in Berlin. Other similar "treaties" were obtained, and Peters returned triumphantly, if secretly, to Germany. In the following year the German Emperor granted a charter to Peters's society.

The Sultan was deeply distressed, and appealed again to his friends the British for help. But the Government was not willing to risk a quarrel with Germany over a stretch of African bush. On the contrary, the Foreign Secretary of the day wrote of German colonisation projects to Bismarck: "H.M. Government view with favour these schemes." The Sultan felt himself betrayed, and Sir John Kirk, after vain protests, retired to England, a saddened man. So the German Government, through Peters' society, took possession of what became known as "German East". Sir William Mackinnon, the persistent Scot, formed, this time successfully, the Imperial British East Africa Company to take over the territory lying north of the German sphere—territory which subsequently became Kenya and Uganda—before the Germans could seize that too.

Five days after the German company assumed the administration of the coast, in 1888, the Arabs rose against the harsh methods of their new rulers, and thereafter the Germans were seldom free from trouble of some kind. The worst outbreak was the Maji-Maji rebellion of 1905. *Maji*, in Swahili, means water, and the rising was so called because certain witchdoctors gave to the young men a magic water which, they claimed, would protect against German bullets. The warriors, clad in their war paint and feathers, charged the German-trained Sudanese and New Guinea soldiers crying, "Maji, maji", believing in the magic; but repeating rifles proved the spell worthless. There was great slaughter, first in battle and then in savage punitive expeditions. When the revolt was finally quelled the official death-roll was put at 120,000, but it is probable that many more perished than this.

German rule, though harsh, was neither ineffective nor supine. The country was pacified, roads built and plantations started. Sisal and coffee were planted in the north, near the sea and around Mount Kilimanjaro. The Central Railway was built to open up the interior. In native matters the Germans ruled largely through headmen. Selected men were taught German methods, and sometimes sent to Germany for training. They learnt to rule, like their masters, harshly, but also, in the main, honestly and with diligence. It was the German policy to put into each area a headman of a tribe different from that over which he held authority. Germans believed that he would then be loyal to his masters rather than to the native people over whom he was set. This is exactly the opposite method to that followed since 1925 by the British, the method of indirect rule which delegated power not to alien rulers, black or white, but to the hereditary chiefs and elders of the tribes. In each area part of the annual poll tax is handed over to

the native treasury, which can spend the money as it thinks fit, subject to the general veto and power of inspection of British officials.

The link between native local government and the British administration is through the District Officer, that jack-of-all-trades and maid-of-all-work of Africa. Carefully chosen by a selection board in London, a university graduate, he comes out to a small station in the bush, perhaps with two or three other white men for companions, perhaps with none. He may be several hundred miles from the nearest town. Here, often in great heat, subject always to attacks of malaria and to nostalgia for green fields, English gardens and the company of friends, he must act as guide and adviser to old, shrewd men of a race utterly foreign to his in outlook, custom and mode of thought. He must attend their meetings and explain to them (if he can) questions of Government policy. He must unravel their accounts and bring to light defalcations. He must sit for hours in a stuffy tin-roofed bungalow, immersed in the paper by which bureaucracy lives, accessible at any time to simple people who bring to him minor complaints and worries about water-holes, stolen goats, cattle-tracks, bewitched babies. He must know exactly how to question a witness, to build a latrine, to organise an anti-locust campaign, to shoot a man-eating lion, to catch out a wily old man (and there will be many of these) who is telling him an untruth. Through all this he must keep his temper, his wits and his presence, for the old days of ragged bush-combers and steady drinkers have gone, and the modern colonial civil servant is nothing if not respectable. His reward is the trust and confidence of his African fellows, the prospect or remembrance of good leaves in his own country, and perhaps a surrender to the beauty and fascination which Africa, in spite of everything, still possesses.

IV

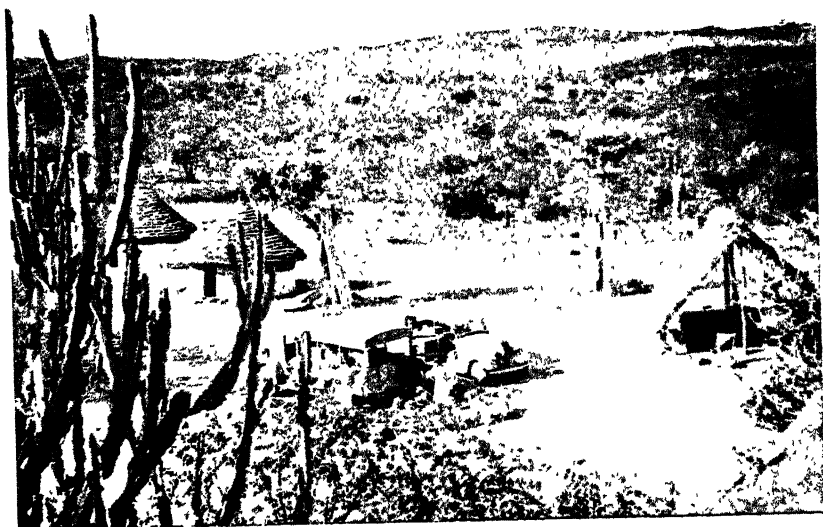
In Tanganyika, as in all these African territories, law and order are so established that a man or woman, black or white, could walk to the coast from the lakes and back without fear of molestation. In a country where only half a century ago people were still murdering, raiding and enslaving on a lavish scale, that is no small achievement, and one still undervalued in old countries like our own, where such security has been taken for granted for several generations. But if we have proved, on the whole, good at law and government, we have been generally weak on trade and, more especially, on the control and understanding of natural forces, of the relation between people and the land from which their whole livelihood comes. "The defence and salvation of the body by daily bread", wrote Thomas Hardy, "is still a study, a religion and a desire." That study and religion have become a rather secondary matter to be dealt with departmentally by specialists of inferior status and authority. For instance, over two-thirds of Tanganyika is controlled less by men than by a kind of fly, of the genus *Glossina*, that carries sleeping sickness to men and an allied disease to cattle and horses. Much has been discovered by patient research about the habits of tsetse flies and the treatment of the diseases they transmit. But adequate means to use this knowledge properly have been lacking and the tsetse, on balance, is still gaining ground, though here and there it is

being pushed back. Because of these flies whole areas of Tanganyika are deserted or sparsely occupied, while most of the population of over five millions, with their cattle, are packed into tsetse-free regions which are consequently overcrowded and over-stocked. That bugbear of Africa, soil erosion, has appeared, and here in Tanganyika, as in the rest of East Africa, it has greatly worsened since British rule led to the increase of men and cultivation, the cutting of forests and the control of cattle diseases which previously held the numbers of stock down to a level at which the pastures could support them. Now the stock has probably doubled or trebled, the pastures have been overstrained and new deserts are in the making.

Tanganyika is the least known and the least developed of the three territories. Those who know it believe that it does not lack resources so much as the will to exploit them. Since the war, great mineral discoveries have been made. The largest diamond mine in the world (so it is said), found and owned by a Canadian, Dr. Thorborn Williamson, is being worked; other and even more important deposits of lead, nickel and coal remain to be exploited, for which purpose new branch railways must be built. A scheme to put literally millions of acres under groundnuts is being planned and has been initiated. In the past, as a mandate, Tanganyika has long been nobody's child. It has had its successes. The system of native administration, the setting up of Native Authorities which have advanced some way towards managing their own local affairs, has on the whole worked well. On the slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro coffee growers of the Chagga tribe support one of Africa's few successful co-operatives for the disposal of their crop.

But lack of communications still holds up many attempts to foster trade and revitalise the life of the country. In the southern highlands, towards the border with Nyasaland, lies good tsetse-free land, well watered, sparsely inhabited, where big agricultural and stock-raising projects could be launched. But the nearest railway is two hundred miles away and the cost of transport kills every industry before it comes to birth. (Except gold-mining, which flourishes at the Lupa fields, near the Rhodesian border, to such an extent that gold is Tanganyika's most valuable export.) Along most of the coast only Arab dhows can penetrate to trade. There are practically no all-weather roads. Apart from the ex-German sisal plantations near Tanga, there are few large industries. Many Africans in the south have to walk four or five hundred miles to the Rhodesian copper belt to find work. There are a few good schools and hospitals, but in *per capita* expenditure on such services Tanganyika inevitably lags some way behind its neighbours because its national income is so low. Most of the territory, in fact, is much as it ever was, trackless bush and fenceless plain.

There is, of course, some excuse. Twice within forty years East Africa's growth has been mutilated by the axe of war. Between 1914 and 1918 Tanganyika—German East then—was a battlefield. After the breaking of the German threat to British East (now Kenya) in 1915 and 1916 by Smuts and Van Deventer, the tiny German army under von Lettow Vorbeck was always on the run, but such was its agility and such were the natural obstacles in the path of the pursuer, that it was not brought to surrender until after the armistice, and it was not until after 1919 that a



137. CAMP AT LOGIDONYALA



138. KIKUYU WOMAN



139. AGRICULTURAL INSTRUCTOR, KENYA

EAST AFRICA



140. POLICE CAMEL PATROL, KENYA



EAST AFRICA

141. FULL GROWN SISAL

British administration could get down to business. Much that the Germans had done had to be undone, and the broken threads of the country's life restored. Britain was awarded the mandate under the League of Nations (though the richest and most thickly populated portion, Ruanda-Urundi, went to Belgium), but the League did not provide funds for the development or otherwise give any practical help. On the other hand the uncertain status and future of the territory scared private capital away. Under the terms of the mandate there could be no discrimination against any nation, and after 1925 the Germans were allowed back. They resumed control of their old enterprises and started new ones. By 1938 they had established a strong Nazi cell in the northern province, ready to take over the country when the effete British power collapsed. There were, in fact, more German than British settlers, and even Lutheran missionaries took a hand in the Nazi political game. But Nazi plans were foiled by the quick arrest and deportation of all able-bodied Germans on the outbreak of war.

V

In 1940, for the second time, Kenya was invaded. In Abyssinia about a quarter of a million well trained and equipped Italian and Eritrean troops stood ready to seize the British colonies. Against them were a few battalions of the King's African Rifles (native soldiers from the three East African dependencies and Nyasaland, led by British Army officers), one squadron of Rhodesian airmen and some scratch units raised from the small settler populations of Kenya—all with poor equipment and very little of it. A South African division arrived soon afterwards, and later on some units from the West Coast. This is no place to tell how the hastily assembled, indifferently equipped and enormously outnumbered force under Sir Alan Cunningham halted the Italians in the northern deserts of Kenya, outflanked them and drove them with almost miraculous speed and finality from the strongest imaginable positions in the mountain crags of Ethiopia. That country and Italian Somaliland were the first enemy lands to be conquered, and troops from Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika, from South Africa and Southern Rhodesia, from Nigeria and the Gold Coast, helped by the R.A.F. and supplied by the Navy, were the first to free enemy-occupied territory from Fascist rule.

The battlefield receded, but East Africa's war effort went on—indeed, broadened and strengthened. It followed two main paths: the intensified production of food and other products needed for war, and the building up of a large native army—by far the largest ever recruited in Africa—to fight the Japanese. On the production front, Kenya led the way. In European areas, in spite of severe manpower shortages and even severer droughts, more land than ever before was ploughed and planted with such crops as wheat and pyrethrum—the latter acutely needed as an insecticide in the Far Eastern war. Efforts were made all over East Africa to produce such things as rubber and quinine, and Africans parted with their cattle to feed the troops. The Governments, acting together, set up a number of factories to make some of the necessities, such as pottery, paper, soap and cement, that could no longer be imported. The territories supported tens of thousands of troops and prisoners of war, and many Polish and other refugees.

On the military side the story has yet to be fully told, but it will be a remarkable one. Raw, illiterate, physically indifferent Africans came from their primitive huts in bush and forest, from their herds on the plain, to volunteer; and in an astonishingly short time they became smart, self-reliant, fighting-fit soldier-specialists: driving jeeps, assembling guns, firing Piats, operating field telephone exchanges, servicing aircraft, and performing the thousand and one skilled tasks of the modern combatant. In all, nearly a quarter of a million East Africans passed through the military forces during the war. Some fought in Burma; others went to India and Ceylon for the big assault on Japan. Many thousand more served as auxiliaries: road-making, ship-loading, camp-building in the Middle East, North Africa and Italy. How these men are to be satisfied by the drab civilian jobs and poor conditions that are all their still primitive and undeveloped countries can offer them is a formidable problem for all East Africa now that the war is over.

The future offers many other puzzles. Together, these countries cover an area larger than Germany, France and Spain combined, with a population of thirteen millions. One question is whether the word "together" is to have any meaning: whether three countries so large and so different, and yet individually so weak and insufficient, will become united in any political sense. Federation of the three has long been a political issue; it is again being discussed. Geographically, there is no sense in the present boundaries, mere lines drawn on a map; historically they have no meaning; but politically many jealousies and fears and parochial emotions have already hatched within them. Uganda traders fear Kenya settlers, white settlers fear submersion in a black state, black politicians fear white interests, Indians fear white control and black competition, blacks fear the devil they don't know more than the devil they do; everyone fears and distrusts everyone else, in keeping with the spirit of the times. So many difficulties spring up to oppose this commonsensical step that only the most optimistic now think it likely to occur, except in a very partial and inadequate way.

That is a political problem; there are many others. The future of the Indians, for instance. For thirty years they have been infiltrating, and now there is a large, prolific population outnumbering the whites by three or four to one. These Indians are the traders of East Africa. They are scattered everywhere, owning all the little country stores and owning also many of the big firms in Nairobi, Mombasa, Kampela and Dar-es-Salaam. The cotton-ginning industry of Uganda, the trade and markets of Tanganyika are almost wholly in their hands. Politically most of them share the nationalistic feelings of mainland Indians; their leaders are Congress supporters; they are against the European and seek political power. That, the white settlers resist. Economically they fill jobs (artisans, clerks, traders, carriers, post and station masters) that Africans, as they become more educated, seek to occupy. They wish to maintain and strengthen their economic position; this the Africans resist. The situation would tax the wisdom of a Solomon, and so far no Solomons have come to East Africa.

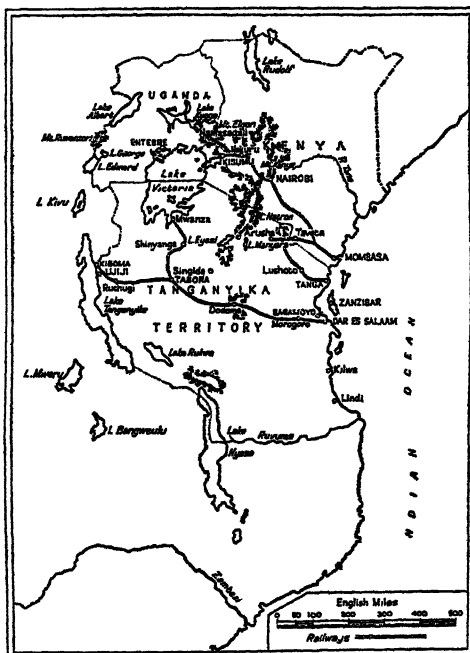
Then there is the question of the direction and pace of native progress. Politically we have defined the goal: ultimate self-government. But the whole machinery has yet to be designed; the question of reconciling the conflicting issues of

four major races has yet to be tackled. There is no guarantee that the particular form of parliamentary democracy which English people have worked out for themselves will necessarily suit the quite different conditions of East Africa, and a good many indications that it will not. Within the units of local self-government already set up we have not yet discovered how to get old and the new Africa working together for the common cause. This may prove to be rather like trying to harness an ox and a jeep together to a plough.

Then education. Perhaps ten children in a hundred, perhaps less, get any education at all as yet, even in the "bush schools" where the most elementary teaching in the vernacular is given. From these bush schools only a few boys and scarcely any girls pass on to primary schools. Still fewer filter through to the secondary stage. There is one higher college in East Africa, Makerere in Uganda, destined to become a central university for the whole region. Rather less than two hundred students and at present six women, out of a population of nearly thirteen million attend Makerere. That gives an idea of the size of the problem to be solved. On top of that the question of mass, or adult, education has now arisen. The proposal has been made to teach every living man and woman, young and old, to read and write within this generation. Can it be done? Where are the teachers to come from, the text-books, the money, the drive?

If quantity can be tackled, there remains the even harder question of quality. We can build schools at a cost, fit them with blackboards, train teachers—but slowly—and endow colleges. But will the children learn the right things? Things, that is, which will give them wider horizons, greater vision, stronger characters, more wisdom and a fuller purpose in life.

Many believe that they will not. It is often said that the educated young African mistakes a smattering of information for true learning, and a School Certificate for the goal instead of the gateway to achievement. It is alleged that he sees in his superiority over his fellows an opportunity for personal profit rather than an obligation to lead and serve. It is certainly the case that he seeks a black-coated job



and seldom, if ever, returns to the land. This, in a country overwhelmingly agricultural, may prove disastrous. Many critics of the present system hold that the aim of education should be to build a good citizen, to train character and morals as well as brains. All this is merely to state the problem; the solution is still far away.

There is no space to draw a catalogue of all these unsolved problems. In the field of health alone they are legion. Malnutrition, worms and malaria are three enormous barriers in the road of progress. Bilharzia, sleeping sickness, leprosy, syphilis and yaws remain formidable. Housing conditions are almost everywhere primitive, sanitation unknown, infant welfare scarcely begun. Much has been done, but the back of the job has not yet been broken.

Overshadowing everything, is the fundamental task of maintaining the fertility of the land from which the whole sustenance of the population is derived. So far from having been tackled, the forces of soil destruction and impoverishment are on all sides gaining ground. It has been repeatedly said that the fertility of the soil in most of the closely populated parts of Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika has steadily declined within the last twenty years. Land which was sheltered by forest, land which was rich and fertile within living memory, is now rock-strewn desert, too sad and barren even to support the hardy goat. Streams that a few decades ago ran fresh and clear are now dry, sandy water-courses that flow only during the rains. In practically no part of East Africa is soil fertility being maintained, let alone built up, as it was in Western Europe centuries ago.

The situation is not hopeless, because we know how to remedy it. The technical knowledge is there; it is a question of the will and the means to apply it. So far, these have not been apparent on any significant scale. Erosion and soil exhaustion do not wait on the circulation of files. Many other matters too—the discovery and exploitation of water supplies, the provision of power, the racial improvement of cattle, the setting up of new industries, the training in crafts, the planning of towns—await the touch of the innovator, the grip of the man of action—and, of course, the money, for these are expensive things.

From this half-finished catalogue it should not be assumed that nothing in East Africa is ever done, or that the problems are too hard for solution. East Africa is wide-awake—the presence here of a small but alert unofficial population, sometimes tiresome as a gadfly to officialdom, acts as a very necessary goad—and during the war years much hard thinking and practical planning was done. Rather it should be considered that a challenge has been made. There is much to be done here and much that matters, and what is wanted are the men and women with the vision, the will and the intellect to do it. Such people are surely to be found in Britain and the Dominions; but until they recognise in the colonies a great new field for endeavour, an opportunity both to leave their mark on human destiny and to work out their own salvation, the great colonial tasks of this generation will remain undone.



142. MOUNTAINS AND SCRUB OF THE MASAI RESERVE, FANGANYIKA

EAST AFRICA



143. WATERLOO, SIERRA LEONE



144. BARGES LADEN WITH GROUNDNUTS ON THE RIVER GAMBIA

WEST AFRICA

WEST AFRICA
THE GAMBIA—SIERRA LEONE—
GOLD COAST—NIGERIA

by

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF
(LADY SOUTHOORN)

We carry within us all the wonders we seek without us. There is all Africa and her prodigies in us.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici*.

I

The average man's conception of West Africa is clouded by three clichés: *Ex Africa semper aliquid novi*, "the White Man's Grave" and "the scramble for Africa".

Sir Thomas Browne wisely realised that it is fallacious to divide the world into watertight compartments and that if men attune their minds and hearts to those of alien races they find the "strange and terrible wonders" of Africa have had their prototypes in their own lives and history, and that men's hearts do not vary much through the ages. As has been said in homelier language, but no less aptly, "In looking at Africa one should put on African spectacles first." We, with our inherited insular outlook, should see to it that our stock of long-distance spectacles is increased. From the time of our earliest impact on Africa the ratio of "something new" was probably fifty-fifty on both sides, but the world moved more slowly then, by sail or foot-slogging, whereas in the last fifty years the rapid development of modern life and new ideas has brought the naked African bushman and woman into sudden contact with the motor car, radio, the cinema and the aeroplane, the "wonders" which have revolutionised our lives. And who shall judge between primitive Africa, with its horrors of human sacrifice, cannibalism, fetishism and slave-raiding, and Europe and Asia with their mass murders, gas chambers, torture and concentration camps?

The sinister reputation of the West Coast as "a short cut to the grave" dies hard with the ordinary stay-at-home Briton, who fails to realise that the scene has completely changed since the beginning of the twentieth century. In the bad old centuries white men died like flies—from malaria, yellow fever and neglect of tropical rules of health. Ross's discovery has given man power over the malarial mosquito and science has provided successful inoculation against yellow fever and equally successful medical treatment for sleeping-sickness. The daily dose of quinine, the ceaseless campaign against stagnant water in which the malarial mosquito breeds, the wearing of mosquito boots from sundown onwards and the presence of white women to run households on wholesome lines have made it possible for men and women to live and work in the West African colonies and eventually enjoy

their retirement in their own country without having lost their health during their term of service.

The unfortunate expression "the scramble for Africa" has led to much perverted thought and talk about Britain's share in the "Dark Continent". The peculiar indifference or suspicion towards our Empire in the minds of many British people has created a false impression in the outside world: an impression which is astounding to those of us who have lived and worked in the colonies. This attitude has been responsible for many instances of delayed progress in the great tasks of administration and development. One would imagine from the attitude of these arm-chair critics that our portion of Africa was acquired by a smash-and-grab policy in which we got the major haul. They entirely fail to recognise that it was the logical outcome of self-preservation in a world where Germany and France were endeavouring to outwit us.*

It is not given to all men to sit contentedly on their own hearthrug or under their own palm-tree. The process of empire building is a peculiarity of certain nations and it is as inevitable as the thirst for knowledge. The impact of the White Man on the continent of Africa was inevitable and it had its darkest hour in the slave trade. But Britain's hand was heaviest in putting down this crime against the Black Man, once the national conscience was aroused. And we can refute utterly the accusation that in the nineteenth century we rapaciously acquired a greater portion of Africa than other nations. West Africa is a striking example of our reluctance to take the major share. Our four colonies are most inconveniently divided from one another by French and Portuguese territory—the French hold the hinterlands of The Gambia, Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast.

Mary Kingsley said that if we had seized the opportunity we could have acquired the whole of the West Coast from The Gambia to South Africa. There is unfortunately too much "white sheet" palaver among ill-informed people about the British Empire and too much ignorance of its history. The task of giving the true story of our work in West Africa and of tracing the features of our four West African colonies in the limited space at my disposal is on a par with the fairy-tale task of emptying the sea with a thimble. It is possible only to give a bird's-eye view and then to leave those whose interest is aroused to take their choice from the store of bibliography dealing with the West Coast.

A glance at the map shows that the four British West African colonies are set like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle at intervals down the long coastline. The Gambia—in normal times eight days distant from England by sea and two days by air—is the most northerly and the smallest of the colonies. It lies on the bulge of the coast—a thin red line on the map. It is in actual fact the geographical fulfilment of Euclid's definition of a line—length without breadth. It consists of a strip of country on either side of the great life-line of the colony—the River Gambia (144). The strip of land is about 15 miles wide and it runs along both banks of the river for about 300 miles, where it merges into French territory. Except for its coastline of about 40 miles The Gambia is surrounded by French territory. Bathurst, the

* See *British Enterprise in Nigeria*, by Arthur Norton Cook, Chapter 4, "International Rivalry".

capital of The Gambia, is 90 miles from Dakar, the capital of Senegal, which figured so largely in the war and constituted a perpetual threat to the colony in the days of Vichy domination in French Senegal. What is usually spoken of as The Gambia is an area of about 4,000 square miles, including the Crown Colony (the town of Bathurst and about 60 square miles of territory) and the Protectorate, which extends on both sides of the river for a distance of about 250 miles from its mouth.

The whole territory of The Gambia is as flat as a pancake, with no rising ground of more than 300 feet. For those who cannot be happy unless they are perpetually lifting up their eyes to the hills this flatness is disappointing, but there are many for whom the beauty of The Gambia "winds itself round the heart". These find charm in the level country broken by oil palms, baobabs and rhum palms, stretching away into the blue distances; the lonely Atlantic beaches of unbroken yellow sands; the wattle and daub village houses with thatched roofs, set in neat, plaited bamboo enclosures, the undulating up-river country, the peace and green shades of the bush, arched by flaming dawns and sunsets and pierced for 300 miles by the majestic River Gambia. Those of us who are conscious of this beauty find in it a friendliness and dignity which are like the friendliness and dignity of the Mohammedan peoples that dwell along the banks of the river.

For five months of the year, from December to May, the coastal belt of The Gambia provides the prejudiced traveller landing there for the first time with a pleasant shock. The harmattan, the cool wind from the Sahara, the blue rainless skies, the sparkling waters of sea and river evoke from many visitors the comment, "This is like the Riviera" or "Say, this is like Miami". Life is no hardship in The Gambia then. But with the rains comes the damp, sticky heat, culminating in the worst months, September and October, when the scent of decaying, fermenting vegetation hangs heavy on the air. But these extremes do not worry those of us who prefer to know "where we are" and not to live in the uncertainty of the English climate.

The history of The Gambia is long and chequered. It claims with pride to be the oldest British settlement on the coast. Probably the first historical reference to The Gambia was made by Hanno the Carthaginian in his *Periplus*, a voyage made two thousand years ago. The only archaeological remains in The Gambia, the Stone Circles found on the north bank of the river, are ascribed by some authorities to Carthaginian craftsmen, but their origin and object still remain unsolved problems. The country people regard them with awe and resent any interference with them.

The modern history of The Gambia begins in 1455 with the voyage of Cadamosto, the Venetian sent by Prince Henry the Navigator in search of gold. He sailed up the river and landed on an island "shaped like a smoothing iron", which he called St. Andrew's Island in memory of one of his sailors who died and was buried there. But the Portuguese faded out of the picture and it was Elizabeth who first granted a charter to certain "merchant adventurers" to trade with The Gambia. The company did not prosper, but in 1618 James I granted a charter to "The Company of Adventurers of London trading in Africa".

These adventurers built a fort, which they named Fort James, on St. Andrew's Island, now called James Island. The ruins of Fort James still stand on the small island of barely three acres, from which British supremacy of the river was uneasily maintained against the French for a century and a half. In 1783 the Treaty of Versailles allowed the ruins of the fort to pass permanently into British hands. The fort was never restored, but one does not regret its passing, for it is a monument to the slave trade, with which it was heavily involved. The abolition of slavery led to the establishment in 1807 of a settlement at the mouth of the river—Bathurst of today—to prevent slavers from negotiating the river. The aim was accomplished and Bathurst is therefore proud of her origin, for after 1807 no slaver ever slipped past our forts. Bathurst is now a town of about 14,000 inhabitants.

The Gambia was first administered from Sierra Leone—an unsatisfactory experiment which was made twice in its history. In 1843 it became an independent colony, administered by a Governor, assisted by executive and legislative councils. The protectorate is divided into five provinces with a commissioner in charge of each province. The provinces are divided into districts, each of which is under a local Chief with a Native Council and tribunal appointed by the Governor. This form of rule applies to all the four West African colonies.

The Gambia (known as the Groundnut Colony) is a one-crop country, with no mineral wealth. The peasant cultivator grows the groundnut as his cash crop and dry grains and rice for his own consumption. The Gambia is a problem for economic adjustment now that the war is over. When there is a world slump in the one crop on which a colony depends, the revenue falls alarmingly. A colony like The Gambia is therefore supposed to survive lean times by living on its fat. But a poor colony cannot accumulate much fat at any time, and the result is that all public works and health services have to be cut down.

The Colonial Development and Welfare Act is a step towards correcting this misfortune, but it is only a small beginning.

The Gambia is almost Africa's nearest point to South America and its airfield and flying-boat base had become important during the war. There may be a certain amount of stable revenue for the colony, now the war is over, if Bathurst is developed into a big and important port for the network of promised air services.

The Gambia deserves well of Britain, for its past relations with the parent are long and creditable. The loyalty of the Gambians has never failed, as was proved early in the war, when a greater percentage of men were recruited for the Royal West African Frontier Force than from any other colony on the coast.*

II

The next British jigsaw piece on the map of the West Coast is Sierra Leone, about the size of Scotland, separated from The Gambia by Casamance, Portuguese Guinea and French Guinea. Sierra Leone comprises the Colony and the Pro-

* I have given more space to The Gambia than to the other colonies because it is less well known and available bibliography is limited. The best sources of information are *The Golden Trade*, by Richard Jobson, and *History of The Gambia*, by J. H. Gray.

tectorate, with a population of 1,770,000. The name Sierra Leone (Lion Mountain) was given to the land by Pedro da Cintra, the Portuguese who landed there in 1462. He is supposed to have compared the thunder growling round the mountains with the roaring of lions.

At the end of the fifteenth century the discovery of America and of the way to India *via* the Cape inspired adventurous men in Europe to sail west and southwards searching for gold, and eventually for slaves to work on the plantations of America and the West Indies. The Dutch, the Danes and the British, and later the French threw themselves into the slave trade, built forts and competed with the pirates of all nations that infested the West Coast. The ruins of many of these forts still stand along the shore-line of Sierra Leone.

Sierra Leone entered on a new phase with the abolition of slavery. In 1772 Lord Mansfield gave a judgment which made history. A slave brought to England by his master ran away. His master claimed him, but Lord Mansfield laid down that "the claim of slavery can never be supported. The power claimed has never been in use (in England) or acknowledged by law." But it was not until 1807 that Wilberforce was able to break the power of the vested interests and frame the Act of Parliament which made the Slave Trade illegal.

Twenty years before Granville Sharp had stirred up intense anti-slavery feeling following Lord Mansfield's decision, and he had originated a settlement in Sierra Leone for 351 freed negroes then living in Britain. The plan was pursued with more zeal than sense of decency. In addition to the negroes, sixty street walkers were gathered together in Liverpool, made drunk and told that they were married to certain of the negroes. The cynical scheme was doomed to disaster. No proper accommodation was provided on arrival and many of the settlers died. A subsequent party of negroes from Nova Scotia, who had applied to settle in Freetown, was no more successful. It was not until 1792 that Freetown began to develop and the death-rate to diminish. Even then it was not allowed to pursue its peaceful intentions. In 1794, during the Governorship of Zachary Macaulay (father of Lord Macaulay), the French attacked the town and almost destroyed it.

The firm establishment of the colony presented hard and complicated problems for over a century. Many of the up-country chiefs were friendly to the British, but the country was torn by inter-tribal wars and besmirched by slave raiding led by the chiefs themselves. It was not until 1807 that Great Britain accepted Sierra Leone as a Crown Colony. But this control was not enough because of the chaotic state of affairs up-country, where there were unending civil wars between chiefs friendly to us and their neighbours, who resented our presence. This led the British Government to attempt the establishment of a Protectorate. But the friendliness of the chiefs was limited. They did not welcome our terms: abolition of slave trading and the taxation of the people. As recently as 1898, when the first taxes were collected, certain chiefs incited their followers to murder about a thousand English-speaking people—black and white. The West African Frontier Force*

* The West African Frontier Force was raised in 1896 by Captain Frederick Lugard (the late Lord Lugard) to deal with French aggression in Bornu, Northern Nigeria.

soon coped with the rebellion, and from that time the country developed peacefully. The warring elements were subdued and there have been no considerable incidents since.

The physical features of Sierra Leone and The Gambia are as different as chalk from cheese. The beautiful harbour of Sierra Leone is surrounded by green hills covered with forest, reminding one of a small Madeira. The motor road round the colony peninsula leads through picturesque villages, where descendants of the liberated Africans still live in the houses built by their forefathers. The sparkling waves of the Atlantic break in white surf on the golden sands at the foot of the majestic hills which are still the haunt of leopards. From the low-lying coastline the country rises into a plateau which develops on the frontier into mountains of 4,000 to 6,000 feet.

There is an infinite variety of tribes in Sierra Leone and they have benefited from education, medical science and the penetration of roads and railways. The influence of their old superstitions has been reduced by these advantages, but unlike the natives of The Gambia, many of the Sierra Leonean tribes are still dominated by the "medicine man". He professes to work magic against them unless he is propitiated in many sinister ways. Secret societies connected with tribal customs still flourish among the tribes. But the Government has put down such extreme cults as the "Human Leopard" and "Alligator" societies, which were murder groups practising cannibalism. As you travel through Sierra Leone today you will see the peaceful life which government has brought to a countryside once ravaged by inter-tribal wars. The men and women cultivate their rice, yams and sweet potatoes; they make baskets and mats, weave their cloth and carve useful and interesting objects from their own timbers.

The prosperity of Sierra Leone rests chiefly on its export of palm kernels, diamonds and iron ore, and the kola nut, which gives the African the nervous stimulus we enjoy from cigarettes.

III

The third jigsaw piece of our West African possessions is the Gold Coast, separated from Sierra Leone by Liberia and the French Ivory Coast and from Nigeria by Dahomey. It includes Ashanti (capital Kumasi) and the Northern Territories (capital Tamale), both under the administration of the British Government, and Togoland (capital Ho) under British Mandate. Germany was in possession of Togoland from 1886 until 1914. Two days after the outbreak of the first World War the British entered Lome, the capital, under a flag of truce, and the town surrendered. The Germans resisted in certain districts, but on August 26th the acting governor surrendered unconditionally. Togoland was divided between the British and the French; we acquired 13,000 square miles and the French 30,000 square miles, the richer part of the territory.

The most attractive introduction to the Gold Coast is to arrive in the fine deep-water harbour at Takoradi. This harbour was opened in 1928 to give anchorage to ships, in preference to landing at Accra (the capital), which is an open roadstead

served by surf boats. Most timid travellers do not enjoy landing in surf boats or the "mammy chairs" by which they are lowered from the ship.*

The motor road along the coast from Takoradi gives a vivid picture of the history of the colony, and the placid country through which it runs reveals the prosperity and well-being which have followed British law and order. But none of the four West African colonies had a more stormy history. The first European intruders were the Portuguese, who arrived in 1471 in search of gold and slaves. They were followed by the Dutch, who contested Portuguese claims until the British arrived in 1618, with a charter from James I for "adventuring in the golden trade of Africa". The famous Admiral De Ruyter had a hand in the long struggle that continued up to the Peace of Breda in 1667. Pepys recorded sorrowfully in 1664, "I hear fully the news of our being beaten to dirt at Guinney by De Ruyter and his fleet". De Ruyter had turned his attention to the Gold Coast, and had taken every fort except Cape Coast Castle. But Swedes, Danes and Brandenburgers had all joined in the fight for the Gold Coast trade and after the Peace of Breda they tried indeed to work together. But it was an uneasy existence, further complicated by the intrusion of the French. The rivals built their fortress castles all along the coast. There are over forty of these forts, some in ruins: a strange and romantic memorial to an old rivalry that has died away. Some of the fortresses, Elmina built by the Portuguese, Cape Coast built by the British, and Christiansborg built by the Danes, are still perfect: only their function has changed, for there is no longer need of fortresses in this peaceful country. Christiansborg, at Accra, is the Governor's residence, others are Government offices. As one drives down the coast road one comes upon these great stone bastions with the sea thundering at their base. Here slaves were herded in foul barracoons below the great walls, awaiting shipment overseas.

The abolition of the slave trade did not bring peace to the Gold Coast. As in other colonies, the chiefs resented the loss of their prerogative and source of wealth. The King of Ashanti was our most formidable opponent, and the interminable Ashanti Wars followed. The country was not helped by the wavering policy in Britain. As late as 1865 there was a move to abandon the Gold Coast, which was alternately controlled by the traders and at other times by Lagos or Sierra Leone. It was not until 1885 that the Gold Coast became a separate Crown colony. From then on it was peaceful and prosperous, until Prempeh, King of Kumasi, attacked his neighbours in 1896. A British expedition entered Kumasi without resistance. As in Benin, it was found that human sacrifice was still rampant. Prempeh was deposed and exiled. He returned after twenty years to find one of the finest modern towns in Africa, with law and order throughout the country.

In 1900 an impolitic demand for the golden stool of Ashanti—the symbol of the king's divine sovereignty—was made by the Governor. The siege of Kumasi followed and the Governor had to cut his way to the coast.† The Golden Stool

* The "mammy chair" is a wooden box with two seats facing one another. The passengers are lowered to the surf-boat or hauled on deck in the chairs by ropes attached to a derrick.

† *The Siege of Kumasi*, by Lady Hodgson.

was hidden in the bush by the Ashantis until 1921, when it was dug up by chance. It was profaned by Ashantis themselves, and such an act of sacrilege caused a wave of dangerous unrest in the country. But British policy was wiser then. It had learned to understand and sympathise with native tradition. The Ashanti offenders were punished with the help of the British Government and the Stool was restored to its sanctity.

Apart from its mineral wealth, gold, manganese, diamonds, the Gold Coast produces valuable timber and the largest cocoa crop in the world. The word "cocoa" always conjures up the beauty of the orange-red cocoa pods gleaming among the leaves on the plantations, mostly of an acre or so, all owned by African farmers. The toga-like dress of the men, made of rich silks for the chiefs, and the gay draperies worn by the women are strikingly beautiful.

Accra is the most attractive capital town of the West African colonies. A rehousing scheme begun after the earthquake of 1939, which caused great damage to property, was continued during the war, and good foundations have been laid for town planning now that the war is over.

IV

It has been difficult to compress the three smaller colonies into tabloid form, but Nigeria, the biggest British colony, presents even greater difficulties, for its area, including the Cameroons, under British Mandate, is roughly 372,000 square miles—as big as the whole of the United Kingdom, Belgium and France.

A portion of the Cameroons (capital Buea), the former German Protectorate lying between Nigeria and French Congo, was placed under British Mandate when it was taken from the Germans in the first World War. It is administered by the Nigerian Government. The other, far larger, portion was placed under French Mandate. Thirty years earlier local chiefs in the Cameroons had unsuccessfully asked the British to take them under their protection. If Britain had said yes the country might have been saved from the rule of von Puttkamer, the German Governor of the Cameroons. It may be recalled that von Puttkamer and the notorious Karl Peters were tried in Germany for terrorism, plunder, burning of villages, flogging and chaining of men, women and boys, forced concubinage and murder. Both were fined and reprimanded.

Nigeria has a population of about 22,000,000 people, more than all the self-governing Dominions put together. When one considers the magnitude of the country and the responsibility it entails, it is slightly discouraging to realise that there are people in Britain who confuse Niagara and Nigeria.

The early history of Nigeria is obscure. The present African population is divided into numerous tribes, great and small, speaking different languages, worshipping various gods and differing in manners and customs. Little is known of the origin of these people. Wave after wave of invasion swept over the country, and the weaker tribes were driven back and scattered by the succession of conquerors. The broken country offered them a measure of protection from their stronger neighbours, but even in these regions "where fragments of forgotten peoples dwelt" there was little security for life or property. There was continuous war

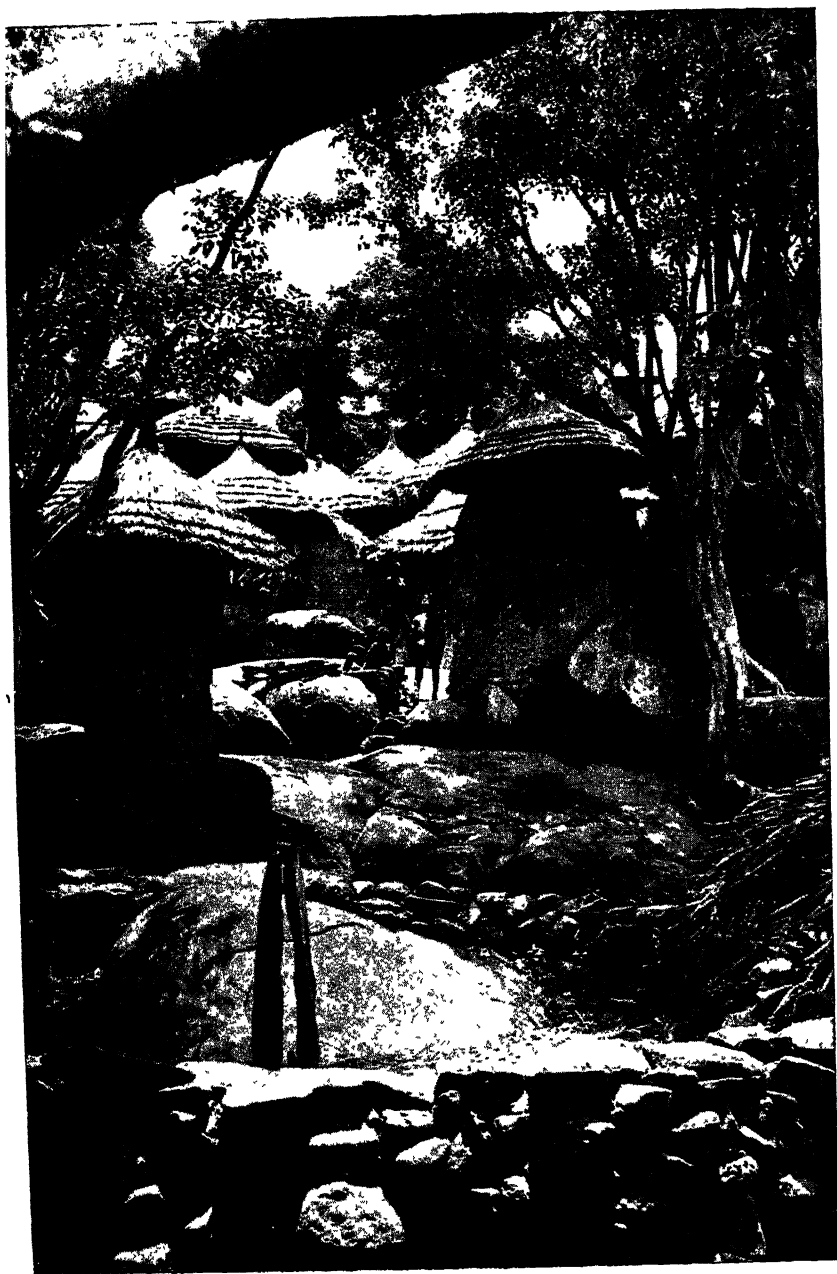


145. THE DISTRICT COMMISSIONER'S VISIT, GOLD COAST



WEST AFRICA

146. THE STATE COUNCIL, BUEN



147. HOUSES OF THE SO-CALLED "PAGANS" OF NIGERIA'S GREAT INLAND PLATEAU

WEST AFRICA

and thousands perished each year in slave raids. The captives often became victims for sacrifice or for cannibal feasts. In such circumstances it is little wonder that these people were unable to raise themselves from barbarism and that the comparatively few years of ordered British administration have not yet entirely outweighed the centuries of chaos that preceded them.*

British traders in the seventeenth century first made contact with Nigeria and they had slave-trade centres on the mouths of the Niger and the neighbouring rivers and creeks—now called the oil rivers owing to the quantities of palm-oil exported from them since the abolition of the slave trade. The determination of Britain to put down the slave trade led in 1851 to the annexation of Lagos, a notorious centre of the traffic. But there were vast areas to be dealt with and the process of abolition was long.

The emirs and chiefs continued slave-raiding on a big scale up to the beginning of the twentieth century.† Sir Charles Orr, who served in Nigeria from 1903 to 1907, writes:‡ “Perpetual slave-raids and internecine wars, with their concomitant miseries, were the established order of things; the strong preyed upon the weak; whole towns were blotted out in inter-tribal warfare, the inhabitants being either killed or carried off into slavery, and it is one of the commonest sights in West African travel to come across the walls of some deserted town which only a few years ago had been the home of a thriving community.”

Nigeria is a country of violent contrasts. The wealthy and powerful emirs of the Hausa States, stretching eastward from the north-west corner of the country to Lake Chad, live in great walled cities with mounted retinues and ancient pomp and ceremony. The pagan tribes of the plateau, both men and women, are naked save for a wisp of grass or a bunch of leaves (147). In the north the sandy encroachment of the Sahara is obvious; then comes the great plateau, the Bauchi mountains rising to 7,000 feet. As one travels south thin forest appears, succeeded by tropical forest rich in timber and oil palm. The dominating physical feature of Nigeria is the great river Niger. The story of its discovery by Mungo Park should be as familiar to every British schoolchild as the story of Scott in the Antarctic. The tropical forest gives way eventually to the vast delta which was created through the ages by the sand brought down by the Niger. A network of tributary rivers, creeks and lagoons provides an exceptional transport system to the interior and along the entire western and eastern borders of Nigeria. A great part of this vast country still awaits development—through the increase of air transport, it is hoped, now that the war is over.

Nigeria has gone through three stages since the British took a hand in her destiny: private enterprise, chartered company and colonial administration. The rivalry between French and German interests and the resentment of the chiefs over the abolition of the slave trade led to chaos, but the British Government at this time

* *History of Nigeria*, by Sir Alan Burns.

† An interesting and sinister sidelight is thrown on the intensive slave-raiding proclivities of the emirs by the remark made by the Emir of Kontagora, known as *Gwamachi* (the Destroyer), in 1901: “Can you stop a cat from mousing? When I die it will be with a slave in my mouth.”

‡ *The Making of Northern Nigeria*, by Captain (later Sir) Charles Orr.

would not assert itself to the extent of taking over the country. It was left to Sir George Taubman Goldie to found the Royal Niger Company, which safeguarded British trading interests and waged war on the slave-raiders to good purpose. But French and German rivalry went on and the slave-raiding Fulani tribe remained powerful. Also, it was difficult for the company to control its ever-increasing responsibilities. This at last forced the British Government to take over the administration, a difficult task which was entrusted to the late Lord Lugard (then Captain Lugard).^{*} He worked with conspicuous success, and in 1914 he was appointed Governor-General of the whole of Nigeria. In 1900 an unsubdued and undeveloped country had been taken over from the Royal Niger Company and in the fourteen years of its existence it had changed from a land of cruel despotism and savage warfare into a peaceful British Protectorate of great promise inhabited for the most part by a contented and industrious people.

Lord Lugard's name is always associated with "indirect rule"—that is, administration "through and by the chiefs". Professor Cook sums up the system thus: "The essential aim of the system is, of course, the conservation of the best in native culture and the utilisation to the fullest extent of the native system of administering the affairs of the colony. . . . The Nigerian experiment, whatever the final outcome may be, has proved of inestimable value in pointing the way to a better order of things in Africa. . . . In the long run there is very real possibility that Nigeria will evolve into a national state."[†]

Apart from the advantages conferred by indirect rule, the system of conserving communal land tenure in all the four colonies has resulted in the preservation of the rights of the peasant cultivator.

Nigeria produces groundnuts, palm oil, cotton, cocoa, skins and hides, tobacco, rice and other native grains. Its mineral wealth includes tin and coal.

Before ending the description of the colonies a few sentences must be given to dancing and music in West Africa. Dancing is in every African's blood—and music. The infinite variety of tribal drumming, the music of stringed instruments, wood-wind, calabash, and percussion instruments—all deserve far more study than they have received. The same applies to African art, which in many cases is lying dormant, needing only encouragement to bring it to life.

Certain salient facts stand out in regard to the impact of our rule on West Africa. They may be suitably prefaced by the words of the famous German explorer Heinrich Barth, who travelled in 1850 under the auspices of the British Government over regions which now include the greater part of Nigeria. He wrote: "During my three years' travelling I had ample opportunity of testing the efficacy of British protection. . . . Besides this, my admiration of the wide extension of the British over the globe, their influence, their language and their government was such that I felt a strong inclination to become the humble means of carrying out their philanthropic views for the progressive civilisation of the neglected races of Central Africa."

Those who devote the best part of their lives to work in the colonies feel that the

^{*} *History of Nigeria*, by Sir Alan Burns.

[†] *British Enterprise in Nigeria*, by Professor Arthur Norton Cook.

The map illustrates the geographical layout of West Africa, highlighting the Gulf of Guinea and the Niger River. Key locations marked include Freetown, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Ivory Coast, Ashanti, and Nigeria. The Niger River is shown flowing through the region, with major cities like Kano, Zaria, and Lagos indicated. The map also shows the Atlantic Ocean, the Gulf of Guinea, and the Niger River. A scale bar in English Miles (0 to 400) and a legend for Railways are included.

Today under British guidance the people of Benin live in security, carrying on their lawful avocations. In all the four colonies tribes, which were warring with each other up to the beginning of this century, now live at peace and cultivate their lands. Medical science is conquering sleeping sickness, malaria, yaws, leprosy and other diseases, and it is slowly ousting the sinister practices of "the medicine man". African people are being taught to improve their diet by growing green vegetables and using the milk from the herds which were once kept only as signs of wealth. Hospitals, dispensaries, ante-natal and maternity clinics, schools and colleges have been founded, and a West African University is to be established. Roads have been cut and railways laid. Lorries are now replacing the sweating African carriers who did all the road transport in the old days. The principles of sanitation are being taught and housing schemes are being introduced. The tsetse fly is being fought and rinderpest has been eliminated in some parts, for instance in The

Gambia, except for sporadic outbreaks caused by cattle straying in from French territory. Education has raised the standard of living for vast numbers, and though its trend has not always been approved by all, there is a new, vigorous policy in favour of technical and agricultural education and development of local arts and crafts.* The peoples of West Africa are not held down by force. Before the war the total number of troops of the West African Frontier Force in all the colonies was about 6,000. The population of the four colonies is about 27,000,000. Commissioners can traverse their districts armed with nothing more aggressive than a walking-stick.

In West Africa colour prejudice does not rear its ugly head as much as in other parts of the Empire. We who know the country are proud of our African doctors, lawyers, schoolmasters, nurses, midwives, teachers, women lawyers and social service workers. We enjoy our social contacts with them. Africans sit on both Executive and Legislative Councils and African judges administer the law. West Africa is not a White Man's country. Permanent settlement of Europeans has never been envisaged or desired. It is our part to lead the peoples of the West Coast by sure and sound steps towards self-government, but it must be realised by those who would like to wave a wand and achieve this in a flash that the millions of primitive peoples of the West Coast cannot be turned into municipal councillors in a day. Those who accuse us of slowness in colonial administration should read in its entirety that scholarly book *British Enterprise in Nigeria*, by an American professor, Arthur Norton Cook. His concluding words are significant and encouraging: "The British have wisely refrained from establishing a quasi-democratic system of colonial government by recognising native parliaments, which, given the right to criticise without accepting responsibility, have often proved a focus of discontent. It has proved to be far sounder policy to give the Native administrative responsibilities, to train him in the art of government by giving him administrative experience, and thus by easy stages to bring him to a state in which he may be strong enough to stand alone. The foundation upon which this structure rests is traditional, not artificial. The philosophy that underlies this system is that every type of government if it is to be permanent and progressive must have its roots firmly planted in the soul of indigenous society."

We who love the West Coast and its peoples believe this, and we look forward to steady and sound progress towards a future in which the four colonies will develop into full partners in the social and economic life of the commonwealth of nations.

Footnote.—Under the new Gold Coast Constitution there is a majority of non-officials in the Legislative Council. A new Nigeria Constitution on similarly broad lines is shortly to be introduced.

* At Achimota College, near Accra, founded at a cost of £550,000 by the Government of the Gold Coast in 1927, an Institute of West African Industries, Arts and Social Science has been opened. At this college the children of great chiefs and village children are educated together. It is run on the lines of a public school, but it aims at preserving all that is the best in African tradition. It sends its students back to the villages as teachers and leaders. British dress is worn in school, but African dress in the evening.

NORTHERN RHODESIA AND NYASALAND

by

KENNETH BRADLEY, C.M.G.

I

Of the two Protectorates which, side by side, stretch across British Central Africa from Mozambique on the east to Angola on the west, Northern Rhodesia is much the larger and more wealthy, but Nyasaland is much the more beautiful.

On the map Northern Rhodesia, a thousand miles long from end to end, looks, if you have a vivid imagination, rather like a large lop-sided butterfly, with the Victoria Falls at its tail, the Copperbelt at its head and the Cape-to-Congo railway, with its string of towns and settlements, running up its body.

The western wing consists of plateau country, rising gently through thin forest and plain and swamp from the wide valley of the Zambesi to the Congo watershed. Many thousands of square miles from the Zambesi northward lie within the borders of the kingdom of Barotseland, whose Paramount Chief, Yeta, became so familiar a figure in England at the time of the Coronation. In the curve of the Kafue river lies a game reserve, where vast herds of buffalo and antelope drift through the dappled shadows of the bush and hippo blow in the quiet pools; but away from the rivers a man may walk all day through the bush from one village to the next and see no movement and hear no sound except those of the wind and birds in the thin trees.

The eastern wing is plateau country too, but of quite another kind, for here the rivers have carved valleys and gorges thousands of feet deep, between precipitous escarpments and tangles of arid foothills quivering in the heat. These steaming lowlands are the home of countless elephant and buffalo, and so steep are the escarpments that in some places the only way by which the valley fisherman, carrying his baskets of dried barbel to their distant market, can reach the plateau is by warily climbing the paths made and used by the elephant on their annual migrations. The plateau itself is rolling and well wooded, with many lily-starred rivers and streams flowing throughout the year, and with low blue hills crouching on far horizons. It is a cool and more pleasant land than the sandy bush and dusty plains of the west.

Abercorn coffee is grown in the high country looking down on Lake Tanganyika, and tobacco at Fort Jameson among the lovely hills on the border of Nyasaland. These are the only two farming areas away from the railway line, and neither industry is yet very big. The output of coffee is some twenty tons a year and the tobacco crop averages 2,000,000 lb. The quality of both is excellent and land is not expensive, and if markets can be established there is no reason why the industries should not expand.

The only other settled area is along the railway, where maize and slaughter cattle are produced for the market on the Copperbelt. Lusaka, the new capital of the country, lies in the heart of this farming country, north of the Kafue. It is a carefully planned and well built embryo city which may soon become one of the main air junctions of the continent.

The great copper mines on the Congo border are, of course, the industrial and commercial heart of the country. They are responsible for her wealth, and more will be said of them later; but for those who love Africa the real Northern Rhodesia lies not in heavy industry but in the woods and the elephant-haunted valleys of the bush, in the red herds of long-horned cattle feeding on the green Zambesi plain, in the smoke of the evening fires rising mauve against the dusky hills, in the calling of doves through the still trees.

Nyasaland is altogether lovely. A little country by African standards, she yet holds every imaginable beauty of river, mountain and lake: the flight of pelicans over the lower Shire when the river lies deep and steaming on the flooded land; the scent of blue gums on a winter evening in the highlands as the Scotch mist rolls down from Mlanje mountain; the sheen of Lake Nyasa sunk in smoky hills; grey peaks unsubstantial in the heat of noon. The life of the country, too, is more colourful than that of Northern Rhodesia, largely because of the teeming population. Nyasaland is only one-sixth of the size of Northern Rhodesia, but her population of over 1,500,000 is slightly larger. In addition, Nyasaland has been much influenced by East Coast ways. The Arab strain in some tribes is strong and the long robe and scarlet fez are common in the villages, while many Indians have come to trade. Northern Rhodesia has been settled from the more prosaic south.

Hitherto the economy of Nyasaland has been entirely agricultural. With her fertile soils and the varied climate characteristic of a tropical country fortunate enough to possess both lowland and mountains, she is able to grow a wide range of crops: cotton and rice in the valleys and tea, tobacco and maize at varying altitudes on the plateaux and in the hills. There is not room for many settlers or for large-scale production, and most of the tobacco, cotton and maize is grown under government supervision by the villagers. The annual exports of tea from 1935 to 1939 average 9,000,000 lb., of cotton 5,500,000 lb., and of tobacco 13,000,000 lb. Yet, even with those opportunities, there has for years been insufficient employment available. This lack of local work together with their traditional wanderlust have caused thousands of Nyasaland men to form the habit of going south for varying periods to work in Southern Rhodesia and South Africa.

The two countries will never be alike. It is, indeed, astonishing that although they had a common origin and are divided through the mere accident of history by an entirely artificial frontier, they should, in little more than half a century, have diverged so far.

II

The common founder of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland was David Livingstone. When, home from his explorations in 1857, he shocked the students of

Victorian England with his accounts of Arab slave caravans and urged them to go out with the word of God to heal "the running sore of the world", he unlocked the doors of Central Africa. The missionaries entered first, to be followed closely in Nyasaland by the emissaries of Cecil Rhodes. The Nyasaland Protectorate was proclaimed in 1891, and the British South Africa Company of Rhodes was given a charter for the administration of north-eastern and north-western Rhodesia at the turn of the century.

Apart from the heroism of the early missionaries and explorers and the romance of the little wars by which the Arab slavers were expelled and their allies, the warrior tribes, were disciplined, it is worth recalling two other features of this extension of the Empire's boundaries. First, that our coming was welcomed gratefully by millions of Africans who were in danger of extermination by the slavers and the tribal wars instigated by them. Almost every chief in Northern Rhodesia asked for the Queen's protection, trusting the promises of a single White explorer years before even a policeman crossed the Zambesi or the Nyasaland hills. They were not betrayed. Secondly, that the British Government was, as so often, most reluctant to accept further imperial responsibilities. The Nyasaland Protectorate was not declared until thirty years after the first missionaries had entered the country. Northern Rhodesia was not taken over by the Crown until 1924.

Cecil Rhodes, the personification of that enlightened self-interest which, coupled with missionary zeal, was characteristic of the British imperialism of his age, foresaw the "scramble for Africa" and was determined not only that Britain should share in the spoils but also that as many millions as possible of its people should be assured of British civilisation and protection rather than that of the Germans or any other European nation. The chaos and misery prevailing at the time, the subsequent record of his administration and the recent tragedies of history constitute his final vindication.

Progress in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland until 1914 was slow but sure. A deep unwonted peace settled over the land; the Cape-to-Congo railway crossed the Victoria Falls and pushed up to the northern border; another railway crawled up through the Shire Highlands to Blantyre in Nyasaland. Settlers came in, missions multiplied, and prospectors found zinc at Broken Hill.

Then came the first World War and the Northern Rhodesia Police and the 1st (Nyasaland) K.A.R. spent most of the next four years hunting the elusive von Lettow Vorbeck through East Africa.

The modern history of Northern Rhodesia begins in 1924, when the "Company" thankfully handed its territory over to Colonial Office rule and the first green outcrops of copper ore were discovered in the silent forests of the Congo border. The amazingly rapid development of the great mines and their townships at Luanshya, Nkana, Mufulira and Nchanga is one of the epics of modern industry. By 1931 the European population of the Protectorate had increased from four to fourteen thousand and the wealth pouring into the industry was not only bringing prosperity to the Government but was spreading, like ripples from a stone cast into a pool, far and wide into the remotest villages of the bush. Since then, except for a short setback in the world-wide depression of the early thirties, Northern

Rhodesia, thanks entirely to its copper, of which over 200,000 tons a year were being produced by 1939, has not looked back. By 1939, indeed, in spite of having built itself a capital and spent hundreds of thousands on other development, the Protectorate had a reserve fund of £400,000 and a revenue of nearly £1,700,000, more than five times larger than in 1924.

III

Meanwhile in Nyasaland progress had been slower, as was only to be expected in an agricultural country during those uncertain times. Considerable development did, however, take place in the promotion of tobacco and other crops, and with the aid of the British Government the Zambesi was bridged and, in the north, the railway was extended to the lake.

The second World War brought increased prosperity to both countries. Northern Rhodesian copper was one of the valuable military assets of the Empire, and Nyasaland benefited by a secure market for her crops at paying prices. There is no space here to do justice to their contributions to the imperial war effort. The regular battalions of the Northern Rhodesian Regiment (the old "N.R.P.") and the 2nd K.A.R. distinguished themselves in the African and Burma campaigns, and in both countries thousands of Africans volunteered and served in the many new battalions raised after 1940. As for the Europeans, the constant problem of their governments was to induce sufficient of them to stay behind to maintain production and essential services. Financially both the governments and individuals contributed with a generosity that can stand comparison with any other community in the world.

Perhaps the most significant feature of all this was the magnificent response made by the African peoples not only when danger threatened their own countries from the north but after the tide of war turned. Then they begged for further opportunities of showing their loyalty to their King and their appreciation of the justice and individual freedom which they had experienced as citizens of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

And now, as in all other countries of the colonial empire, plans are afoot for the post-war years. The political education of the African, the guiding of his first steps up the necessarily long and difficult climb towards the ideal of self-government, is making satisfactory progress. After fifteen years of indirect rule the chiefs and their councillors have learned more than anyone would have dared to prophesy of the standards and methods of civilised administration. It is a measure of their progress that recently some tribal authorities have met in provincial councils, embracing far wider boundaries, where men whose fathers were savage and hereditary enemies have sat and deliberated together for the common advancement of their peoples.

Development plans are indeed timely, because the thousands of ex-servicemen now back in their homes are no longer simple tribesmen but widely travelled, disciplined, educated and ambitious citizens of their country. The satisfactory re-absorption and the giving of ample opportunities to these men are recognised as

probably the most vital and immediate problem to be solved. All the other problems of the future are, however, similar. They all have the same answer—everyone, White and Black, must by education and economic opportunity be given the chance to raise his standard of living and function to his fullest capacity for the common good. The means to this end are to be found in improved medical services, attacks on malnutrition and illiteracy, the extension of secondary and technical education and the creation of a balanced national economy. The development of minerals in Nyasaland would help her towards a balanced economy, but it is of equal importance that Northern Rhodesia should develop resources other than her copper. It is good news, therefore, that experts have been appointed to direct agricultural development in the tribal areas—where five-year plans have been called for—and to promote the establishment of secondary industries.

We are, I think, entitled to be optimistic about the future of Central Africa. Economically it is a vast potential market and it has vast stores of undeveloped enterprise. These spell opportunity for the settler and the African. The more extensive the African's production and the higher his standard of living the better citizen and customer he will become. As David Livingstone and Cecil Rhodes both saw quite clearly, the missionary, the settler, the African and the outside world all need each other. The task of governments will be so to order the progress of their countries that this fundamental truth is kept before men's eyes, and in no circumstances to allow it to become again obscured by racial and political prejudice or private greed. If this can be achieved Africa will in the future make an undreamed of contribution to civilisation.

Central Africa is a very old country, but she is also very young and uncomplicated. Her eyes are on the future and they are eager and without guile. As members of the family her sons have died for us. It is pleasant, albeit embarrassing, to know that any return we make for this loyalty and sacrifice will be repaid a hundredfold.

BRITISH WEST INDIES

by

JAMES POPE-HENNESSY

I

What are the British West Indies? There is no simple or ready-made answer, for the term covers eight Crown Colonies, and amongst these are some of England's most ancient, most spectacular and most neglected overseas possessions. Pieces in Elizabethan schemes of empire, objects of Caroline and Cromwellian enterprise, loot of eighteenth-century wars, liabilities in the Victorian era, the West Indies have been prized with an excessive enthusiasm in one century and left to decay in squalor in the next, until these islands and their people form one of Britain's gravest colonial responsibilities today.

The phrase "British West Indies" gives a false sense of uniformity to territories which could hardly be more variegated and dissimilar. It includes the famous fertile island of Jamaica; Barbados, populous and flat; Nevis, a volcanic cone; Dominica, with its hidden hotsprings seething in the forests; Trinidad, a fragment off the South American continent, green with jungle, rich with oil; the myriad islets of the Virgin Gordas; St. Lucia, Grenada, Antigua, St. Vincent and many more. Then too there are the swampy coastal territories of British Guiana, and British Honduras, with its fetid mahogany forests, on the Gulf of Mexico. Their history that of the slave-exploited plantations, these places are peopled by negroes and by half-breeds, descendants of the African slaves. They are stiffly administered by Englishmen from the Colonial Office in Whitehall. In the great West Indian seaports dwell business communities—Europeans, Indians, Chinese and coloured men who have made good. They drive their cars along the palm-edged boulevards or through the stinking slums that form a belt of squalor round each town. They own the week-end villas on the bay-shores; they chiefly own the islands themselves. In Jamaica or Barbados, inland, you will find the old plantation houses still standing under the tropical sun, their shutters blistered, their day gone by. But everywhere the negro predominates, and it is to him and not to the pallid European residents, the ambiguous business men and the ruined planters, that the West Indies' future most surely belongs.

Variety, individuality, lack of common economic interests, the predominance of the negro, the need for union, the ravages of past neglect—these could be taken as basic facts about our Atlantic colonies. Before investigating their present state or fancying their political future we should glance at their history, and for anyone who has been to the West Indies this becomes an easy as well as an agreeable task. Modern English culture lies lightly on these islands and the present does not obliterate the past. To recapture, for instance, the atmosphere of Nelson's day in Antigua



148. ENGLISH HARBOUR, ANTIGUA



149. THE MOUNTAINS OF MONTERRAT, LEEWARD ISLANDS

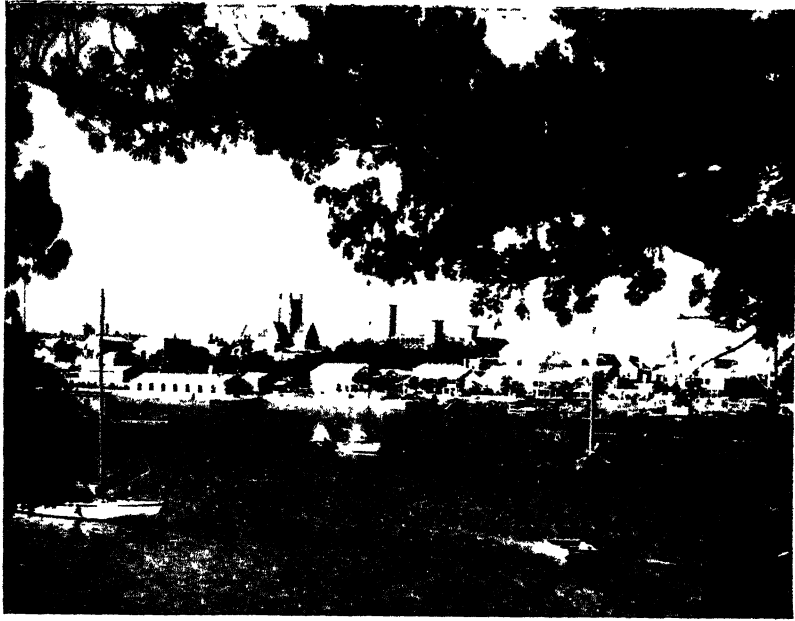


150. CHURCH AND SCHOOL, MULLINS RIVER, BRITISH HONDURAS



151. ROSEAU, DOMINICA

BRITISH WEST INDIES



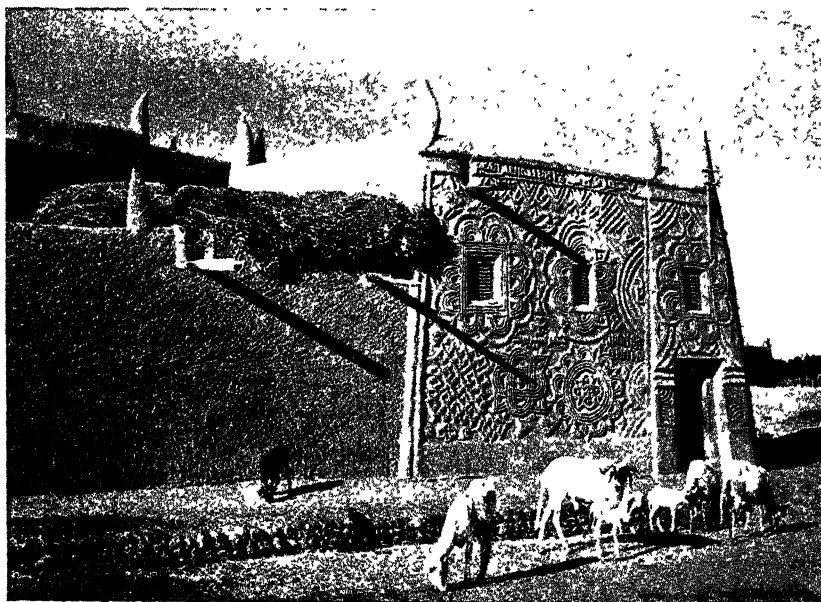
152. PAGET SOUND, HAMILTON, BERMUDA



153. BAY STREET, NASSAU, BAHAMAS



154. COMPOUND OF A NORTHERN TERRITORIES CHIEF



155. MERCHANT'S HOUSE, KANO, NIGERIA

WEST AFRICA

it is only necessary to look about you. There is no need here for the mental acrobatics, the feats and tricks of the imagination too often necessary in the search for the past in England—the half-closed eyelids through which one strains to see Hampton Court as Walpole saw it or the Tower of London as it appeared to Anne Boleyn. In the British Antilles both the fabric and the tempo of life have changed little in the last three hundred years. The people shamble and drawl as they have always done. The same kind of jokes are made, the same kind of food cooked in the same kind of ways, the same entertainments might please now as at any time since the reign of Charles II. Even the drinks—"cocktail", which fascinated visitors in the nineteenth century, the "long" and "short" drinks, the rum punch and the sherry cobbler which Trollope liked in 1858—are as traditionalised as the negro butlers who hand them in the high saloons of Government House, Barbados.

The first of these islands to be settled by Englishmen, Barbados (159), has been in continuous English occupation since the days of Ben Jonson. Let us consider briefly the aspect of this flat, white coral island, the most thickly inhabited in the whole West Indies.

II

Bridgetown, Barbados, is the first port of call for a ship from England. Here, having left Madeira, its jacaranda and its sunsets eight days before, the English visitor would arrive. His ship follows the historic route to the Spanish Main, the route of Raleigh and Dudley and Grenville, of the Courteens, the Verneys, the Duke of Albemarle, of such later travellers as Monk Lewis and Trollope and Froude, Lady Brassey or Lady Herbert of Lea. For him, as for his innumerable precursors, the Atlantic air has grown warmer daily and heavier each night, until at last it has seemed to press like a tepid mist against his cheek. For him the constellations have veered over in the night sky: the Southern Cross has come crookedly into the heavens and the familiar stars of our own hemisphere have seemed remote and upside down. The brown fringes of the mysterious Sargasso Sea have sucked at the ship's sides, and the wheeling of land-birds has heralded his journey's end. Then (after a night of jollifications and abrupt farewells, a night almost too hot for sleep in any cabin) the traveller wakes to unwonted silence, to find the ship's engines off. Peering from his port-hole he sees framed in its metal circle one, two, three leaning palm-trees and a stretch of white beach in the distance. He is in the West Indies.

The ship lies still in a shining bay of sage-green water—Carlisle Bay. Over there is land, low and white, with a town upon it that is also low and white and smooth. Against this universal whiteness, which is reflected in the cotton coats of the English travellers, in the white tunic of the Government aide-de-camp who has hurried aboard, even in the strong sunshine cast by the white disc of the sun above, the negroes look impenetrably black. They have paddled out in boats and canoes and now they cluster beneath the ship's sides noisily selling their lace and oranges. Negro boys slither to dive for pennies thrown by the passengers, and come up from the depths shimmering like oiled ebony. Down in the clear harbour water huge

purple fish with heads like Chinese dogs gobble up refuse thrown them by the stewards.

III

Colour contrasts persist throughout the West Indies. The whiteness of the houses, of the light, of the walls, the dusty roads, the church spires; and the black and chocolate hue of the Natives shambling by. At first sight this is a hot world of silhouette, of black paper figures sharp against a white ground. It seems so to the traveller as he is whisked in a launch across the placid bay water towards the distant shore. But as the boat skims towards Bridgetown, the prospect before him alters, and this smooth white island proves to be freckled with houses, palm-tree tops, flagpoles, chimneys, shed-roofs and shanties. On landing one walks first through a lofty warehouse, a cavern with stone floors on which unripe bananas are heaped in formal pyramids. This yellow-green fruit catches the eye; it is the first object of bright colour in the black and white scene. Once outside the warehouse, out amongst the shuffling crowds of Bridgetown, a hundred other colours surge and flash—magenta bougainvillea that falls in heavy cascades over the whitewashed walls, blue flowers in flower-pots, scarlet flowers in flower-beds, turquoise shutters at house-windows, the skirts and headhandkerchiefs (emerald, orange, night-blue, maroon, canary yellow) of the negro ladies going by, a jug of water or a basket balanced with precision on their heads. But here the English visitor had better pause and defy the temptation to be a tourist merely. Life in these hot islands is neither quaint nor picturesque. It is English life of a hundred years ago that has suffered a sea-change, and however gay it may seem on the surface it is as earnest and uninspiring and as sad and as squalid as life in other parts of the globe. The nineteenth century set a fashion in West Indian travel: a fashion to goggle and gaze and admire; an insolent fashion enough in foreigners, but in English people an intolerable one. Here and there in Bridgetown streets, amid the cloud of shining black faces, of copper-coloured and of yellowish faces, the dead-white countenance of an Englishman, the timidly shaded face of an Englishwoman recalls the origin of this motley civilisation. This kaleidoscope is our creation, our inheritance. It is thus also our responsibility.

IV

Englishmen have been living on Barbados since the reign of James I. It was colonised in 1625, the year too of English settlements on the neighbouring islands of Antigua (148), St. Eustace, St. Croix and St. Kitts (156). In 1632 Nevis and Montserrat (149) were likewise invaded; and by the end of the seventeenth century the great island of Jamaica lay prospering under English rule.

Since their discovery by Columbus at the end of the fifteenth century the value of the West Indies to European eyes had fluctuated. To the Spaniards of Charles V and Philip II, and so to Raleigh and his compatriots, they were mere stepping-stones to Eldorado, strategic outposts of that mythical kingdom of Central South America which came to seem the most desirable (because the only unattainable) territory on the globe. Of subsidiary value to Spain were the pearl-fisheries of

Margharita, the cedar-woods and the mineral mines which were expected to vie with the riches of Peru. At the very close of the sixteenth century the French too began to take an active interest in the West Indies; in 1625 they established with us an early example of condominium in St. Kitts. In 1635 the Compagnie des Iles was founded in Paris under Richelieu's patronage; Guadeloupe and Martinique were taken over; and tobacco was planted by the French. In 1650 the first sugarcane was introduced in the English islands, and the great period of West Indian prosperity began. The impracticable Renaissance obsession with gold-mines and golden men had faded, and the English, the French and the Dutch settled down as rivals in the task of making their West Indian colonies the most profitable of commercial propositions. They succeeded well. Briskly and cruelly the slaves were shipped in shuttle-service out of Africa, and witlessly, thoughtlessly, the foundations of the modern West Indian communities were laid.

V

Feeble Spanish efforts to expel the intruding nations from the West Indies proved recurrent fiascos. Under Cromwell the Spaniards were at last ejected from Jamaica, and this fine prize became English by a clause of the Treaty of Madrid. Under Charles II and the later Stuarts colonisation went forward with a swing, until by the death of Queen Anne English life in the West Indies had attained a zenith of wealth and comfort. The investment of English money in the island properties had been followed by the introduction of English laws, customs and ideas; and these in their turn by the material details, the paraphernalia, of rich English living. The Europeans and the island-born aristocracy now walked in their lime-groves beneath a halcyon sky, or swayed in lacquered carriages down dusty Kingston streets. There was gold and silver plate for the tropical fruits, English and French china for the chocolate. There were silks and turbans and little orange trees in enamelled tubs; books from England, packets of English news; English furniture was copied by the negro craftsmen for the brick houses in the towns and for the wooden palaces on the country hill-tops. Old slaves became trusted servants. There was a new certainty and a solid element of civilisation about colonial life. The London Government encouraged the trade in African negroes and all the rival nations shared in its blessings. The myth of the boundless West Indian markets had now succeeded that of Eldorado for good and all. In London the self-conscious splendour of the sugar planters proved evermore annoying and their airs aroused sharp hostility in the City.

Yet though life in the West Indies might seem assured, its basis was precarious. And when in 1739 the government of Sir Robert Walpole declared war on Spain a new struggle for the possession of these colonies began. As the Creole ladies in their full dresses of dove-grey or lemon muslin (to contrast with the flashy brilliance of the Black women) drifted between urns and pedestals by shaded garden paths that led to plaster follies, the guns of three nations were booming in the still green harbours, and high-decked men-of-war moved swiftly from Antigua to Guadeloupe, from Hispaniola to Port Royal. Admirals' names were on all lips.

West Indians realised that their lives as well as their livelihoods depended on England's sea-power. This fact and this conviction have descended to our day.

Before the end of the war against the Spanish Bourbons, which began in 1739, it had inevitably become a war against the French Bourbons as well; and when the lull of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was shattered in 1756 by a war against the French, this soon turned into a war against the Spaniards too. Both these wars were partly fought for and fought in the West Indies. Very great harm could be done to English or French economy by quite a short but thorough devastation of any of the sugar islands. It took little time to land soldiers, destroy the cane-fields, burn the houses and ship the slaves away. The richest colony could in theory be blockaded to starvation point, and local strategy among the islanders became thus primarily defensive. In 1759 Guadaloupe was seized by the English, and in 1762 Martinique was taken. These prizes were not, however, intended for incorporation in our expanding empire; Pitt, who was more concerned with the future of a continent than with that of a handful of sugar islands, used the French colonies as bargaining counters against the ownership of Canada at the peace. To English planters the Government's considerate treatment of Martinique and Guadaloupe was maddening; instead of destroying the French property we seemed determined to protect it, and the blatant fact that the fewer islands which produced sugar the better for the planters of the others was officially ignored. It was this anxiety that the West Indies should not be over-developed that explains the deliberate apathy of the European powers over the "neutral islands"—St. Vincent and St. Lucia amongst them—which were left for the most of the eighteenth century unsettled and under the nominal rule of the Caribs. Specifically English enterprise was, anyway, short-circuited by obsolete Stuart patents, to which the English nobility clung with a characteristic tenacity. For many decades anyone venturing to settle on St. Lucia would merely have been adding to the vast revenues of the Duke of Montagu.

The later wars against the French affected the West Indies just as much as the Seven Years War and its predecessors had done. But with the defeat of Napoleon in 1815 war in the British West Indies became (and has since happily remained) a memory merely. The smoke of sea-battles no longer smudged those clear horizons. Massive ships of the Royal Navy, guardians of peace and prosperity, lay at anchor in Carlisle Bay or English Harbour. New island acquisitions such as Trinidad began to lose their Latin character. Trim tropical cathedrals, with furnishings of mahogany, lace and fringed velvet, bore witness to the renewed security of English colonial life. All this was not, however, symptomatic of a real recovery. The days of wealth and ease in the sugar islands had gone for ever, and this period of apparent prosperity was but a gilded autumn preceding the long winter of West Indian discontent. Already in the 1820's the planters' doom was sealed. Three execrated English words, one a surname, the other an abstract noun, could be heard in these years in the West Indies. They were murmured on the verandahs of the Bridgetown clubs; they echoed like a knell through the hollow living-rooms of the planters' houses. Down in the corn-brake the negroes mumbled the magic syllables with illiterate excitement.

The name was that of Fowell Buxton; the noun, Emancipation.

VI

In 1838, after many years of public agitation and parliamentary effort, the slaves of the British West Indies were set at liberty, and twenty million pounds voted as recompense to their late owners. For England this liberation was a triumph of justice and enlightenment; for the West Indies it meant economic ruin. Seldom in history have there existed communities so essentially dependent upon slavery as those of the West Indies in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. For any parallel, indeed, we must turn to the antique world, to Sparta before the Messenean revolt. In the British West Indian islands, as in Sparta, the whole structure of wealth, agriculture and civilisation was erected upon the institution of slavery; and, like Sparta after that fourth-century calamity, the society of the West Indies, once slavery was abolished, sagged and collapsed. Other causes, of course, contributed to the West Indies' swift decay in the Victorian era; but it was primarily the abolition of free labour and the effect of this upon negro psychology that destroyed the delicately adjusted balance of West Indian economy.

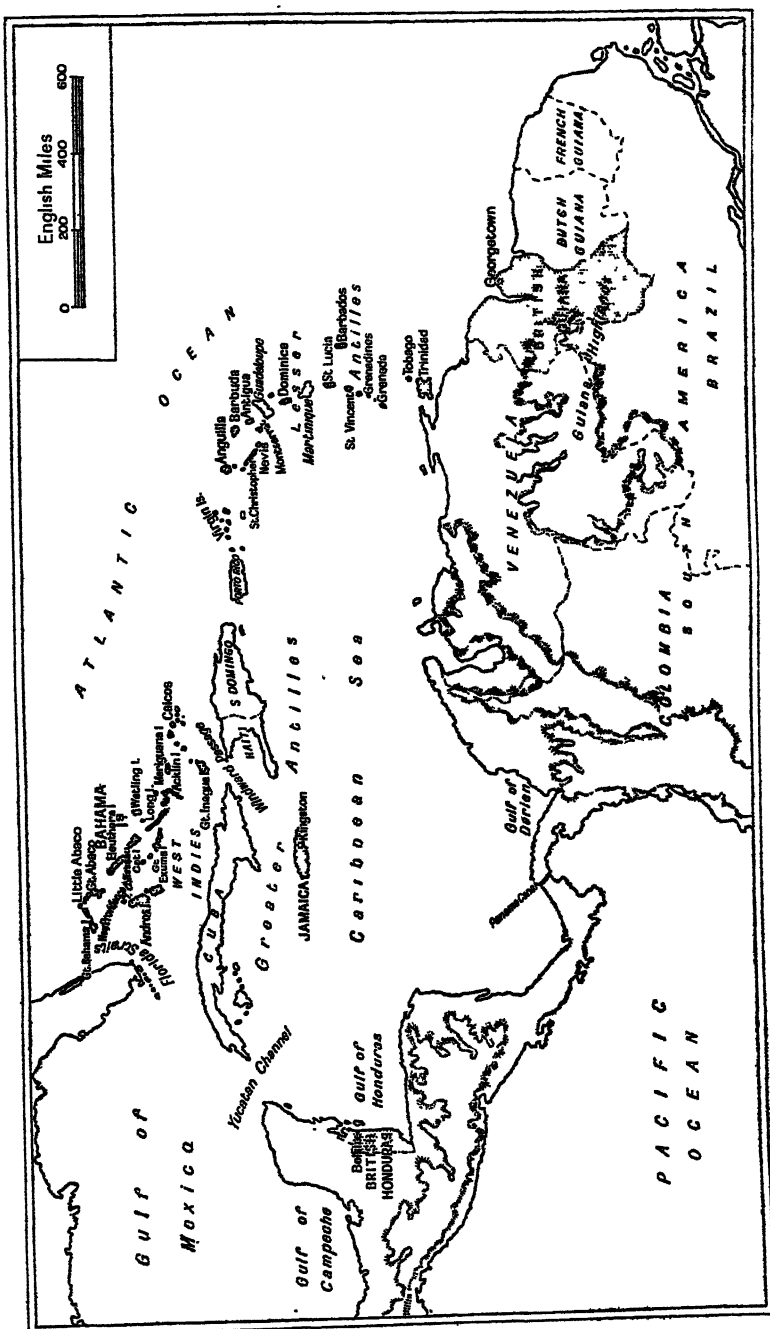
There is no need in this short survey to examine the sources or the progress of the movement for freeing the slaves. Like the earlier movement for the abolition of the slave trade, the agitation originated with the Quakers and Wesleyan missionaries, earnest, inquisitive people whose sense of equality was based upon intense religious feeling. Public opinion, inspired by these persons and by such able Members of Parliament as Wilberforce and Fowell Buxton, was persuaded to take a feverish interest in conditions in the West Indies; but this interest, once its immediate aim of liberating the negroes had been accomplished, soon flickered out. English people lost all interest in the island's welfare and in their future. Occasionally some sensational incident, such as the Jamaica Riots of 1865 or the Barbados disturbances in 1876, caught the public eye and questions were asked in the House; but ordinarily these sugar islands, once England's proudest possessions, became to most Englishmen mere scarlet freckles on the vast expanding map of the British Empire. They dwindled to being places from which exotic fruits and purple cocoa pods and guava jelly were shipped to fill a sidestall at some Empire exhibition, or objectives for idle people to steam towards in their comfortable yachts. The earnestness of purpose which drove old Froude to go to the Caribbean in 1887 is remarkable for its rarity. Nobody, in short, bothered about the West Indies. The great estates fell into neglect. The planters' houses stood empty, their jalousies clattering in the rains, whilst ragged negro families "squatted" on the surrounding land in dirty shanties. Slow signs of ruin spread like a mildew over the islands. Governors were appointed, fulfilled their terms of office and were withdrawn. Garrisons were increased or reduced. Riots burst out sporadically and were summarily suppressed. Indignant negroes held mass meetings on the town savannahs, meetings to demand freedom or self-government or federation, or anything in the world that would mean a change from stagnation and decay. For the British West Indies the nineteenth century became one long-drawn out agonising transition period, a period notable only for poverty and despair, neglect and lethargy. But throughout this sad and shameful period a significant process was going on in all

the towns of the West Indies, the gradual political awakening of the free negroes, until today we find that the West Indian people have emerged triumphantly from the dark tunnel of those eleven decades, anxious and worthy to take a large share in the government of their own islands. The bewildered slave of 1820 has become the competent, self-reliant and self-conscious citizen of 1940, and the old plea of the old officials that West Indians were unready to handle their own problems themselves is no longer valid. The twentieth century with its new needs—aeroplane fuel, rubber—has brought a new importance to the Caribbean islands; strategically too they became vital to the democratic world in the recent war; and the old West Indian problems of self-government, federation and slum-clearance, aggravated by nearly a century of imperial indifference, have risen to the surface and now demand an urgent and immediate solution. Is not the cautious, well-worn system of Crown Colony government—"Leg: Co:", "Ex: Co:", the nominated members, the governor's veto—an anomaly in this part of the world? Such conservative spasms as that which made Whitehall utterly emasculate the new constitution given Jamaica in 1943 are perilously out of date.

VII

But though the recent history of the British West Indies has been dismal and their present condition is nothing for us to be very proud of, there is at least some hope—rather well-founded, rather stimulating—for the future of these colonies. This hope arises from the report of the Royal Commission despatched to the Caribbean in 1938, when public attention had been riveted to the West Indies by a particularly ugly series of riots in certain of the islands. The Commission's terms of reference were wide. They were "to investigate the social and economic conditions" of seven West Indian governments—Jamaica, the Leewards (which comprise Antigua, St. Kitts, Nevis and Montserrat), the Windwards (Dominica, St. Lucia, St. Vincent and Grenada), Barbados, Trinidad, British Honduras and British Guiana. The members of the commissioners, headed by Lord Moyne, spent six months touring the islands and the mainland territories. Their report was published by His Majesty's Stationery Office in June 1945 and their recommendations have been printed and laid before Parliament. These recommendations, some of which are already being implemented, may be looked on as the draft for a West Indian Charter: a blue-print for the future freedom and prosperity of these neglected imperial possessions.

While stressing the essential variety of the problems that puzzle the governors of each of the colonies, the Committee was emphatic that there is one paramount need common to all the island governments—money. They urge the speedy creation of a central fund from which grants may be made to each island, to be spent upon the most urgent (and I fear the most elementary) welfare plans. This fund, with a modified Treasury grant, has now been established, and its comptroller from his headquarters in Barbados has drawn up and printed a preliminary survey of requirements. Perhaps it is carping to express surprise that some of these reforms are needed today; but it is impossible to read through the Comptroller's report



without a sense of shock, indeed of shame, that English possessions should be in such a state of backwardness and squalor. For our own sakes we had better try to forget the past, trusting that West Indians will do so likewise and will take us at our face value now. On the constitutional issue the Commissioners seem to have hedged. They found themselves faced with "two extreme proposals" and adopted a compromise. The proposals were either the immediate grant of total self-government to the West Indies or else a wide increase in the autocratic powers of the governor. The first was incompatible with the grant of money from the imperial treasury; the second, though enabling an energetic governor to slash through the red tape with which so many colonial problems are entangled, was rejected as a politically retrograde step. The solution vaguely proffered by the Commissioners is for increasing the representative character of the legislative council, without any drastic change in its advisory functions. Political federation was also rejected by the Royal Commission, although it was admitted as the end towards which all policy should be directed. The chief anxiety of the Commissioners is for the introduction of universal adult suffrage in elections to the legislative council, and for a more truly representative element to be brought into the small executive councils. They also urge as a priority task the checking of colour prejudice, the inauguration of a positive propaganda policy to explain the government's point of view on major issues to the masses, and some official efforts to control the strident and hostile tone of the West Indian daily press. The need for swift improvement in the lot of the West Indian peasantry (at present as ill-cared for as that of Hungary or India) is also drastically emphasised.

How good all this is, yet how little cause for smugness is there here; and there is surely a danger that in the general reconstruction of England and of Europe now the war is over, the reconstruction of West Indian society upon a basis of decency and justice may be allowed to lag behind. The slums and hovels that choke these virgin valleys are as much of a disgrace to our British rule as those of Tyneside or the East End of London. In the last resort the improvement of the West Indies rests with the British public. For this if for no other reason the people of England must be made more conscious of their imperial responsibilities, and must convey this consciousness to the members of Parliament who flock from the House at the opening of each West Indian debate. Given the traditions and the spirit of the West Indies, it is unlikely that they will willingly be drawn into the orbit of the United States or let their own indigenous culture be obliterated by American forms and ways of life; but the likelihood exists that, should English neglect continue on through this century, these islands will turn to the United States, that great and successful example of the federation for which they themselves long. They will cease to be part of the British Commonwealth. Whose fault will this be?



156. THE EAST COAST OF ST. KITTS

BRITISH WEST INDIES



157. GRENADA

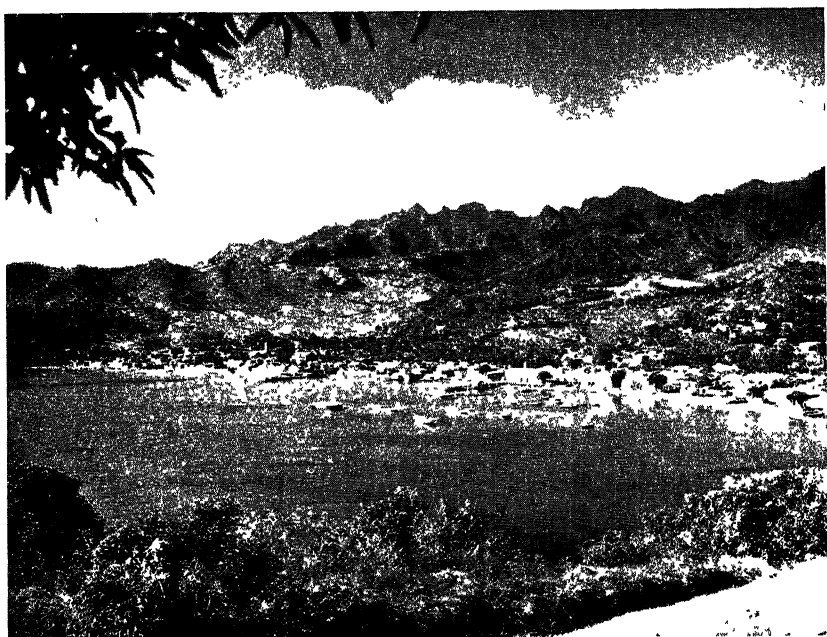


158. SUGAR REFINERY, GRAYS INN, JAMAICA

BRITISH WEST INDIES



159. BATHSHEBA COAST, BARBADOS

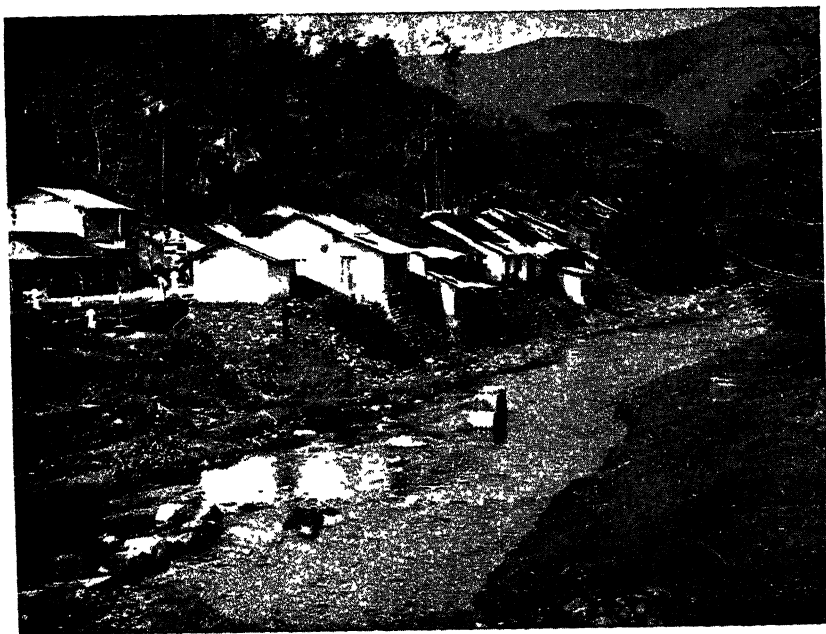


160. KINGSTOWN, ST. VINCENT

BRITISH WEST INDIES



161. THE BEACH, MOUNT LAVINIA, NEAR COLOMBO



162. HOUSES BY THE RIVER, NEAR KANDY

CEYLON

CEYLON

by

ROBERT MARRS

I

The number of people who know anything about the history and peoples of Ceylon may be measured in hundreds, the number of travellers who have landed there for a few hours in thousands. The general conception of Ceylon is therefore superficial: a transitory conception of its physical beauty and charm. These thousands of quick travellers have already been taught to think of Ceylon as an island producing gems and tea, peopled by figures such as they once heard singing in *The Cingalee*. They do not stay long enough to learn anything of the history of the island, or of its growth towards self-government, of the experiment and progress that are moulding its future shape.

Most people still think of Ceylon as a Crown Colony under direct, unimpeded British rule, an island of great beauty dropped into the universe as a lovely playground for adventurous cadets of British families. Some of the hurried travellers have spent a day ashore in Ceylon and they have driven up the hills to Kandy (162). They have passed through a wealth of tropical vegetation, with hillside jungles intersected by long vistas of vivid green rice-fields. And they have been delighted by the lakeland gardens of Kandy and the Temple of Buddha's Tooth set like a cluster of jewels in the cup of the surrounding hills. The picture has awakened their appreciation of something different and remote from the Western official buildings, hotels, banks and shops of Colombo. Apart from this glimpse of old-world dignity, the traveller's preconceived picture will be mostly false. The tea-pluckers are not Sinhalese: they are Tamil coolies imported from the Madras Presidency, most with exceptionally dark skins. The tea gardens are vast plantations of dull-green shrubs, won in the last century by British pioneers from the hillside jungles of South Central Ceylon. Ceylon is no longer truly a Crown Colony. If the traveller were able to visit the State Council, in Colombo, while it was in session, he would find Ceylonese ministers of state—the name "Ceylonese" comprises all the indigenous communities—pressing through state bills on behalf of their departments and covering the whole field of government affairs. The members of the Council with few exceptions are representatives of the people elected on a territorial franchise with adult suffrage, and, apart from a few safeguards still left in the power of the Governor, the Council is in virtual control of most of the internal affairs of the island. If the debate happens to be political in character, the visitor may hear sentiments which recall the more extreme utterances of Indian politicians and he may begin to think that Ceylon is not as manageable an imperial possession as he had thought.

Looking at the map he will find that the island is separated from India by only a narrow streak of sea, and he may wonder what precise relationship Ceylon bears to India and how it has come about that as a separate political entity it can (as he gathered from the debate in the State Council) have a quarrel with that neighbouring giant. This is the beginning of historical and political enlightenment, and for serious minds the beginning of an interest in the past and future of one of the strategically most vital and politically most interesting parts of the British Commonwealth.

II

Who are the people of Ceylon, now generally called "Ceylonese"? The total population,* on a pre-war reckoning, was about five and a quarter millions and it has been customary to divide it into communities on a racial classification, which gives roughly:

<i>Sinhalese</i>	3,500,000
<i>Ceylon Tamils</i>	550,000
<i>Moors</i> (including some 260,000 descendants of Arab traders settled in Ceylon, 35,000 descendants of Arabs who settled in India, and 15,000 Malays)	350,000
<i>Indians</i> (mainly Tamils imported as estate labour, though a number make Ceylon their domicile, but including also Indian merchants and traders)	700,000
<i>Burghers</i> (of Dutch and mixed Dutch descent)	32,000
<i>Europeans</i>	10,000

A classification by religions gives:

<i>Buddhists</i> (confined to the Sinhalese)	3,300,000
<i>Hindus</i> (including Indians)	1,200,000
<i>Christians</i>	520,000
<i>Muslims</i>	350,000

For an estimate of the indigenous peoples of Ceylon, one must subtract the Indians and the Europeans, although there are a number of Indian families which have made Ceylon their permanent home. The result would be a total indigenous population of 4,500,000, including some 3,500,000 Sinhalese. One should also bear in mind the position which Buddhism, the traditional religion of most Sinhalese, has held in Ceylon for two thousand years and more if one is to realise the position of the Sinhalese as the majority community. These facts help to explain the claim of some Sinhalese leaders to political dominance and the anxiety of the minority communities lest with adult suffrage and a territorial electorate they should find themselves edged right out of the political picture. The Donoughmore Commission,

*The report of the Soulbury Commission which visited Ceylon in 1945 gives revised figures for the present time which make the total about six millions and the number of the Sinhalese over four millions. The Ceylon Tamils are put at nearly 700,000.

it is only necessary to look about you. There is no need here for the mental acrobatics, the feats and tricks of the imagination too often necessary in the search for the past in England—the half-closed eyelids through which one strains to see Hampton Court as Walpole saw it or the Tower of London as it appeared to Anne Boleyn. In the British Antilles both the fabric and the tempo of life have changed little in the last three hundred years. The people shamble and drawl as they have always done. The same kind of jokes are made, the same kind of food cooked in the same kind of ways, the same entertainments might please now as at any time since the reign of Charles II. Even the drinks—"cocktail", which fascinated visitors in the nineteenth century, the "long" and "short" drinks, the rum punch and the sherry cobbler which Trollope liked in 1858—are as traditionalised as the negro butlers who hand them in the high saloons of Government House, Barbados.

The first of these islands to be settled by Englishmen, Barbados (159), has been in continuous English occupation since the days of Ben Jonson. Let us consider briefly the aspect of this flat, white coral island, the most thickly inhabited in the whole West Indies.

II

Bridgetown, Barbados, is the first port of call for a ship from England. Here, having left Madeira, its jacaranda and its sunsets eight days before, the English visitor would arrive. His ship follows the historic route to the Spanish Main, the route of Raleigh and Dudley and Grenville, of the Courteens, the Verneys, the Duke of Albemarle, of such later travellers as Monk Lewis and Trollope and Froude, Lady Brassey or Lady Herbert of Lea. For him, as for his innumerable precursors, the Atlantic air has grown warmer daily and heavier each night, until at last it has seemed to press like a tepid mist against his cheek. For him the constellations have veered over in the night sky: the Southern Cross has come crookedly into the heavens and the familiar stars of our own hemisphere have seemed remote and upside down. The brown fringes of the mysterious Sargasso Sea have sucked at the ship's sides, and the wheeling of land-birds has heralded his journey's end. Then (after a night of jollifications and abrupt farewells, a night almost too hot for sleep in any cabin) the traveller wakes to unwonted silence, to find the ship's engines off. Peering from his port-hole he sees framed in its metal circle one, two, three leaning palm-trees and a stretch of white beach in the distance. He is in the West Indies.

The ship lies still in a shining bay of sage-green water—Carlisle Bay. Over there is land, low and white, with a town upon it that is also low and white and smooth. Against this universal whiteness, which is reflected in the cotton coats of the English travellers, in the white tunic of the Government aide-de-camp who has hurried aboard, even in the strong sunshine cast by the white disc of the sun above, the negroes look impenetrably black. They have paddled out in boats and canoes and now they cluster beneath the ship's sides noisily selling their lace and oranges. Negro boys slither to dive for pennies thrown by the passengers, and come up from the depths shimmering like oiled ebony. Down in the clear harbour water huge

purple fish with heads like Chinese dogs gobble up refuse thrown them by the stewards.

III

Colour contrasts persist throughout the West Indies. The whiteness of the houses, of the light, of the walls, the dusty roads, the church spires; and the black and chocolate hue of the Natives shambling by. At first sight this is a hot world of silhouette, of black paper figures sharp against a white ground. It seems so to the traveller as he is whisked in a launch across the placid bay water towards the distant shore. But as the boat skims towards Bridgetown, the prospect before him alters, and this smooth white island proves to be freckled with houses, palm-tree tops, flagpoles, chimneys, shed-roofs and shanties. On landing one walks first through a lofty warehouse, a cavern with stone floors on which unripe bananas are heaped in formal pyramids. This yellow-green fruit catches the eye; it is the first object of bright colour in the black and white scene. Once outside the warehouse, out amongst the shuffling crowds of Bridgetown, a hundred other colours surge and flash—magenta bougainvillea that falls in heavy cascades over the whitewashed walls, blue flowers in flower-pots, scarlet flowers in flower-beds, turquoise shutters at house-windows, the skirts and headhandkerchiefs (emerald, orange, night-blue, maroon, canary yellow) of the negro ladies going by, a jug of water or a basket balanced with precision on their heads. But here the English visitor had better pause and defy the temptation to be a tourist merely. Life in these hot islands is neither quaint nor picturesque. It is English life of a hundred years ago that has suffered a sea-change, and however gay it may seem on the surface it is as earnest and uninspiring and as sad and as squalid as life in other parts of the globe. The nineteenth century set a fashion in West Indian travel: a fashion to goggle and gaze and admire; an insolent fashion enough in foreigners, but in English people an intolerable one. Here and there in Bridgetown streets, amid the cloud of shining black faces, of copper-coloured and of yellowish faces, the dead-white countenance of an Englishman, the timidly shaded face of an Englishwoman recalls the origin of this motley civilisation. This kaleidoscope is our creation, our inheritance. It is thus also our responsibility.

IV

Englishmen have been living on Barbados since the reign of James I. It was colonised in 1625, the year too of English settlements on the neighbouring islands of Antigua (148), St. Eustace, St. Croix and St. Kitts (156). In 1632 Nevis and Montserrat (149) were likewise invaded; and by the end of the seventeenth century the great island of Jamaica lay prospering under English rule.

Since their discovery by Columbus at the end of the fifteenth century the value of the West Indies to European eyes had fluctuated. To the Spaniards of Charles V and Philip II, and so to Raleigh and his compatriots, they were mere stepping-stones to Eldorado, strategic outposts of that mythical kingdom of Central South America which came to seem the most desirable (because the only unattainable) territory on the globe. Of subsidiary value to Spain were the pearl-fisheries of

Margarita, the cedar-woods and the mineral mines which were expected to vie with the riches of Peru. At the very close of the sixteenth century the French too began to take an active interest in the West Indies; in 1625 they established with us an early example of condominium in St. Kitts. In 1635 the *Compagnie des Îles* was founded in Paris under Richelieu's patronage; Guadeloupe and Martinique were taken over; and tobacco was planted by the French. In 1650 the first sugarcane was introduced in the English islands, and the great period of West Indian prosperity began. The impracticable Renaissance obsession with gold-mines and golden men had faded, and the English, the French and the Dutch settled down as rivals in the task of making their West Indian colonies the most profitable of commercial propositions. They succeeded well. Briskly and cruelly the slaves were shipped in shuttle-service out of Africa, and witlessly, thoughtlessly, the foundations of the modern West Indian communities were laid.

V

Feeble Spanish efforts to expel the intruding nations from the West Indies proved recurrent fiascos. Under Cromwell the Spaniards were at last ejected from Jamaica, and this fine prize became English by a clause of the Treaty of Madrid. Under Charles II and the later Stuarts colonisation went forward with a swing, until by the death of Queen Anne English life in the West Indies had attained a zenith of wealth and comfort. The investment of English money in the island properties had been followed by the introduction of English laws, customs and ideas; and these in their turn by the material details, the paraphernalia, of rich English living. The Europeans and the island-born aristocracy now walked in their lime-groves beneath a halcyon sky, or swayed in lacquered carriages down dusty Kingston streets. There was gold and silver plate for the tropical fruits, English and French china for the chocolate. There were silks and turbans and little orange trees in enamelled tubs; books from England, packets of English news; English furniture was copied by the negro craftsmen for the brick houses in the towns and for the wooden palaces on the country hill-tops. Old slaves became trusted servants. There was a new certainty and a solid element of civilisation about colonial life. The London Government encouraged the trade in African negroes and all the rival nations shared in its blessings. The myth of the boundless West Indian markets had now succeeded that of Eldorado for good and all. In London the self-conscious splendour of the sugar planters proved evermore annoying and their airs aroused sharp hostility in the City.

Yet though life in the West Indies might seem assured, its basis was precarious. And when in 1739 the government of Sir Robert Walpole declared war on Spain a new struggle for the possession of these colonies began. As the Creole ladies in their full dresses of dove-grey or lemon muslin (to contrast with the flashy brilliance of the Black women) drifted between urns and pedestals by shaded garden paths that led to plaster follies, the guns of three nations were booming in the still green harbours, and high-decked men-of-war moved swiftly from Antigua to Guadeloupe, from Hispaniola to Port Royal. Admirals' names were on all lips.

West Indians realised that their lives as well as their livelihoods depended on England's sea-power. This fact and this conviction have descended to our day.

Before the end of the war against the Spanish Bourbons, which began in 1739, it had inevitably become a war against the French Bourbons as well; and when the lull of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was shattered in 1756 by a war against the French, this soon turned into a war against the Spaniards too. Both these wars were partly fought for and fought in the West Indies. Very great harm could be done to English or French economy by quite a short but thorough devastation of any of the sugar islands. It took little time to land soldiers, destroy the cane-fields, burn the houses and ship the slaves away. The richest colony could in theory be blockaded to starvation point, and local strategy among the islanders became thus primarily defensive. In 1759 Guadaloupe was seized by the English, and in 1762 Martinique was taken. These prizes were not, however, intended for incorporation in our expanding empire; Pitt, who was more concerned with the future of a continent than with that of a handful of sugar islands, used the French colonies as bargaining counters against the ownership of Canada at the peace. To English planters the Government's considerate treatment of Martinique and Guadaloupe was maddening; instead of destroying the French property we seemed determined to protect it, and the blatant fact that the fewer islands which produced sugar the better for the planters of the others was officially ignored. It was this anxiety that the West Indies should not be over-developed that explains the deliberate apathy of the European powers over the "neutral islands"—St. Vincent and St. Lucia amongst them—which were left for the most of the eighteenth century unsettled and under the nominal rule of the Caribs. Specifically English enterprise was, anyway, short-circuited by obsolete Stuart patents, to which the English nobility clung with a characteristic tenacity. For many decades anyone venturing to settle on St. Lucia would merely have been adding to the vast revenues of the Duke of Montagu.

The later wars against the French affected the West Indies just as much as the Seven Years War and its predecessors had done. But with the defeat of Napoleon in 1815 war in the British West Indies became (and has since happily remained) a memory merely. The smoke of sea-battles no longer smudged those clear horizons. Massive ships of the Royal Navy, guardians of peace and prosperity, lay at anchor in Carlisle Bay or English Harbour. New island acquisitions such as Trinidad began to lose their Latin character. Trim tropical cathedrals, with furnishings of mahogany, lace and fringed velvet, bore witness to the renewed security of English colonial life. All this was not, however, symptomatic of a real recovery. The days of wealth and ease in the sugar islands had gone for ever, and this period of apparent prosperity was but a gilded autumn preceding the long winter of West Indian discontent. Already in the 1820's the planters' doom was sealed. Three execrated English words, one a surname, the other an abstract noun, could be heard in these years in the West Indies. They were murmured on the verandahs of the Bridgetown clubs; they echoed like a knell through the hollow living-rooms of the planters' houses. Down in the corn-brake the negroes mumbled the magic syllables with illiterate excitement.

The name was that of Powell Buxton; the noun, Emancipation.

VI

In 1838, after many years of public agitation and parliamentary effort, the slaves of the British West Indies were set at liberty, and twenty million pounds voted as recompense to their late owners. For England this liberation was a triumph of justice and enlightenment; for the West Indies it meant economic ruin. Seldom in history have there existed communities so essentially dependent upon slavery as those of the West Indies in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. For any parallel, indeed, we must turn to the antique world, to Sparta before the Messenean revolt. In the British West Indian islands, as in Sparta, the whole structure of wealth, agriculture and civilisation was erected upon the institution of slavery; and, like Sparta after that fourth-century calamity, the society of the West Indies, once slavery was abolished, sagged and collapsed. Other causes, of course, contributed to the West Indies' swift decay in the Victorian era; but it was primarily the abolition of free labour and the effect of this upon negro psychology that destroyed the delicately adjusted balance of West Indian economy.

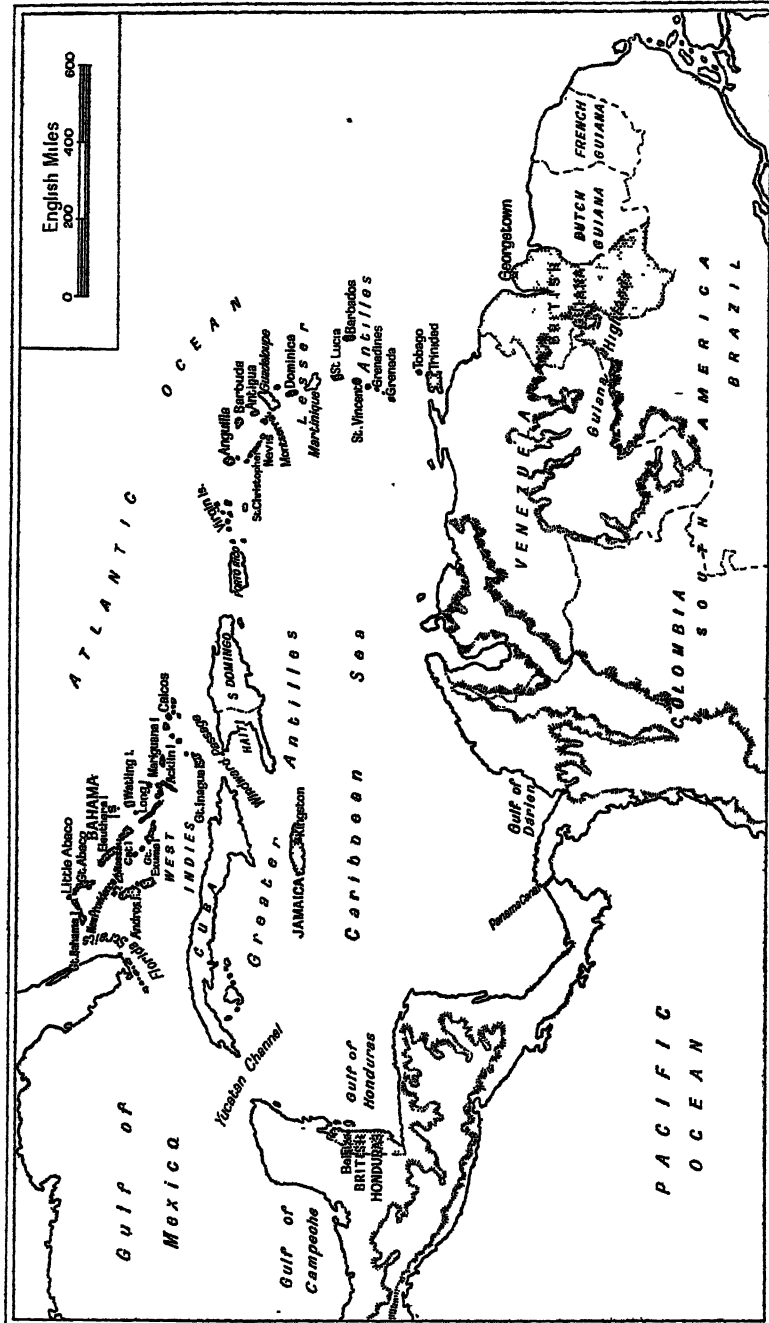
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While stressing the essential variety of the problems that puzzle the governors of each of the colonies, the Committee was emphatic that there is one paramount need common to all the island governments—money. They urge the speedy creation of a central fund from which grants may be made to each island, to be spent upon the most urgent (and I fear the most elementary) welfare plans. This fund, with a modified Treasury grant, has now been established, and its comptroller from his headquarters in Barbados has drawn up and printed a preliminary survey of requirements. Perhaps it is carping to express surprise that some of these reforms are needed today; but it is impossible to read through the Comptroller's report



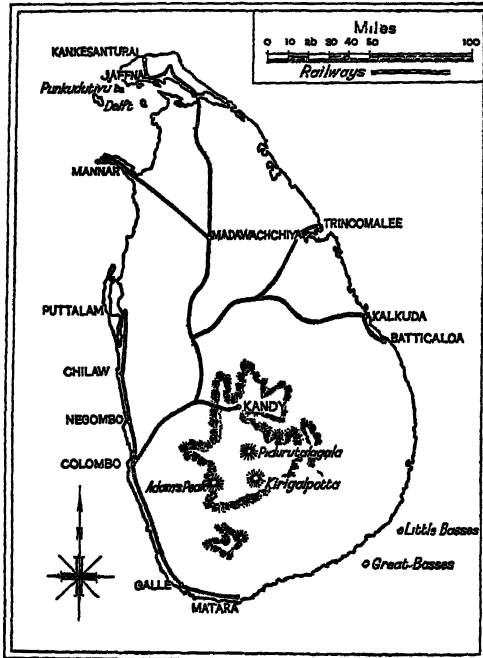
without a sense of shock, indeed of shame, that English possessions should be in such a state of backwardness and squalor. For our own sakes we had better try to forget the past, trusting that West Indians will do so likewise and will take us at our face value now. On the constitutional issue the Commissioners seem to have hedged. They found themselves faced with "two extreme proposals" and adopted a compromise. The proposals were either the immediate grant of total self-government to the West Indies or else a wide increase in the autocratic powers of the governor. The first was incompatible with the grant of money from the imperial treasury; the second, though enabling an energetic governor to slash through the red tape with which so many colonial problems are entangled, was rejected as a politically retrograde step. The solution vaguely proffered by the Commissioners is for increasing the representative character of the legislative council, without any drastic change in its advisory functions. Political federation was also rejected by the Royal Commission, although it was admitted as the end towards which all policy should be directed. The chief anxiety of the Commissioners is for the introduction of universal adult suffrage in elections to the legislative council, and for a more truly representative element to be brought into the small executive councils. They also urge as a priority task the checking of colour prejudice, the inauguration of a positive propaganda policy to explain the government's point of view on major issues to the masses, and some official efforts to control the strident and hostile tone of the West Indian daily press. The need for swift improvement in the lot of the West Indian peasantry (at present as ill-cared for as that of Hungary or India) is also drastically emphasised.

How good all this is, yet how little cause for smugness is there here; and there is surely a danger that in the general reconstruction of England and of Europe now the war is over, the reconstruction of West Indian society upon a basis of decency and justice may be allowed to lag behind. The slums and hovels that choke these virgin valleys are as much of a disgrace to our British rule as those of Tyneside or the East End of London. In the last resort the improvement of the West Indies rests with the British public. For this if for no other reason the people of England must be made more conscious of their imperial responsibilities, and must convey this consciousness to the members of Parliament who flock from the House at the opening of each West Indian debate. Given the traditions and the spirit of the West Indies, it is unlikely that they will willingly be drawn into the orbit of the United States or let their own indigenous culture be obliterated by American forms and ways of life; but the likelihood exists that, should English neglect continue on through this century, these islands will turn to the United States, that great and successful example of the federation for which they themselves long. They will cease to be part of the British Commonwealth. Whose fault will this be?

whole island and to lay the foundations of a national unity which communal dissensions do not seriously belie.

Ceylon is now on the threshold of self-government, as a part of a great democratic commonwealth. Those who know the islanders, their potentialities and the sanity and tolerance of their outlook believe that they will "live and let live". They believe also that the Ceylonese will use their new-found political status when it is achieved not only for their own social and economic welfare but also in harmony with the international aim of world order and the fulfilment of the Atlantic Charter.

There are bound to be difficulties in the way, economic as well as political. The moment comes, therefore, to say something about Ceylon's economic life. Economically Ceylon depends largely on its agricultural industries, chiefly tea, rubber and coconuts. Cocoa, cinnamon and arecanut also contribute their quota. Its most important mineral, plumbago or graphite, proved of great value during the war. Other minerals, apart from precious stones for which Ceylon has always been known, have not been plentiful enough to be developed into profitable industries. Like other countries which have hitherto relied on agriculture, Ceylon has felt the need to diversify its industry. This desire will grow because of the uncertain future for rubber and the vagaries of the market for coconut products. Ceylon leaders may aim at extensive industrialisation, with protection and sales subsidies to guard them against competition from outside. If they are wise they will make certain that an industry can compete with outside products without protective measures burdensome to the local consumer—and make certain that an industry is economically sound before hypothecating state revenues to its creation. Expert guidance and co-ordinated research are the foundations of success in such enterprises, and research cannot be hurried. Improved labour standards, economic advancement and social security are among the aims declared by the United Nations in the Atlantic Charter. It may be assumed that all concerned will wish to help Ceylon in aligning its potentialities, agricultural and industrial, in the most fruitful directions.



IX

Are essential raw materials available for heavy industries in Ceylon, *e.g.* coal, iron and oil? Are the prospects of cinchona or any other product of the soil sure enough to justify the diversification of the present agricultural industry? What can be done with the large portions of uncultivated malarious jungle? What ordinary consumers' goods can be produced in Ceylon that would ease the import problem? What prospects does the home market offer and are there forms of industry which could be developed to the stage of export after supplying home need? What steps are necessary to correct deficiencies in the quality and quantity of existing skilled labour? Can Ceylon really dispense with imported labour, whether skilled or unskilled? Is the educational system rightly geared for industrial development? What part should the state play in the creation and marketing of new industries and whence, if not from the state or from foreign sources, is capital likely to be available for new projects? Such questions have exercised the minds of Ceylon's leaders for a number of years. As in other countries, the dislocations of war led to the formation of a post-war reconstruction committee in Ceylon. There is bound to be a tussle between the interests of the Ministry of Agriculture and the ambitions of the Ministry of Commerce and Industry and this tussle may develop as Ceylon draws near to complete self-government and lead to opposing parties in the island's political life. The struggle for administrative freedom and responsibility will then no longer absorb their attention to the same degree and economic rehabilitation may well occupy the front place in their deliberations. They will certainly need all the wisdom of which their leaders are capable and all the help and goodwill which they can obtain from outside.

X

Above all the problems of Ceylon shines its unparalleled beauty. There have been eras in Ceylon's history when the soul of Lanka could have truly cried: "What is Beauty? said my sufferings then." Those who know and love Ceylon can wish nothing better for her than that the dawn of a new political and economic era will be the herald of a national life that will match her physical beauty. She has made her advances to political freedom in the twentieth century with surprising rapidity and ease. For the development of her economic potentialities something more is needed than patriotism and political agitation, something pertaining to the character of her peoples if they have it in them to overcome any tendency to disunity or indolence or inconstancy of effort. The Tamils in the hard northern peninsula have profited from what Professor Toynbee has called "the stimulus of blows". Conditions of subsistence and environment have been easier for the Sinhalese in the richer and more beautiful areas of the populous Western Province. It is essential for progress in the economic development of the country that all sections of the people should contribute to the toil and sweat and consistency of purpose which are the foundation of success in the hard, competitive struggle of modern life and that each section should feel it has full opportunities of a share in the national progress.



163. ROCK TEMPLE AT ANARADJPURA



164. SINHALESE DANCERS



165. FIGURE OF BUDDHA, POLONNARUA



166. A MALAY VILLAGE

Drawn and engraved by Thomas and William Daniell, c. 1820



167. MALAY GIRLS FROM MALACCA WEAVING MATS AND BASKET MAKING

BRITISH MALAYA

BRITISH MALAYA

by

O. T. DUSSEK

Geography. Malaya is a small part of the East Indies, extending southward from 6° 44' N. latitude to Singapore Island only 66' north of the equator. It forms a pear-shaped peninsula, comprising all the mainland territory south of Siam, its western shores being bounded by the Straits of Malacca and its eastern by the South China Sea. Its greatest length is somewhat short of 500 miles and its width is 200 miles, the total area being somewhat larger than England without Wales.

The country is mountainous, the main ranges running in a north-west-south-easterly direction right through the peninsula and the highest peaks rising to more than 7,000 feet.

The country is well watered by a considerable number of rivers, which drain off the heavy rainfall, and which formerly served as the main means of communication. At the river-mouths and along much of the west coast there are generally mud-flats, dreary places containing nothing more interesting than the unwanted crocodile. On the east coast, however, there are long stretches of fine sandy beach, which, being wide open to the Pacific, are accordingly fresh, clear and sparkling.

The country is served by a main-line railway, running from Singapore (168) over the causeway across the Johore Straits, thence in a northerly direction to Penang, passing through Seremban, Kuala Lumpor, Ipoh, Taiping to Prai, the main-line station opposite to Penang Island. From Prai the line continues northward *via* Alor Star, Kangar and through Siam to Bangkok. There are westward branches to Malacca, Port Swettenham and Port Weld, while a wide eastern loop runs right through Pahang and Kelantan, thence on again through Eastern Siam to Bangkok. (It has to be recorded that both track and rolling-stock were left in a shocking state by the Japanese, who also tore up the whole of the eastern loop, using the track to build the notorious Siam-Burma Railway.) There were in all some 1,067 miles of open track and 214 permanent stations, besides many temporary halts.

Roads as a rule are (or were) excellent, there being some 5,000 miles of metalled roads together with a considerable mileage of gravel and earth roads.

Both ocean-going and local steamship services were excellent, the standard of comfort on the local lines being remarkable. Air communication was in course of development, planes flying daily between Singapore and Penang, and periodically to Kota Baharu in Kelantan.

There were no less than ten political units in this small area, comprising five Unfederated and four Federated States and the Crown Colony known as the

Straits Settlements. The most northerly State is tiny Perlis, situated south of the Siamese frontier. Travelling south and following the western seaboard, Kedah, Province Wellesley with Penang Island lying offshore, Perak, Selangor, Negeri Sembilan, Malacca and Johore are traversed in that order, until at the southernmost tip Singapore (168) is reached across the causeway. Still following the coast, first east and then in a northerly direction, Johore gives place to Pahang, Trengganu and Kelantan in that order until Siamese territory is again reached. It is noteworthy that all States and Settlements have access to the sea.

Climate and Life in Malaya. Malaya was once very aptly described as a "country where it is always afternoon", the afternoon being, of course, a hot summer one.

The climate is hot and moist, the shade temperature varying between 90° by day and 70° at night; and the nights and early mornings are pleasantly cool, especially at inland stations.

Rainfall is heavy, but fairly well spread over the year. There is no regular dry season in Malaya, using the term as it is understood in India or Northern Nigeria; and hence the country is always green and restful to the eye.

Admittedly, from the European point of view, it is trying to one's physical and nervous system to live in a bath of perspiration all day and sometimes all night as well; admittedly the stuffiness of the trains and hotels rather tests one's endurance; admittedly one needs more comfort and more "luxury" than is customary in England; but, allowing for all this, in a few years' time, when Japanese ravages have been repaired and when there has been a vast increase in the use of air-conditioning, then indeed it may well be that the strain of living in the tropics will have been removed and the energy of the individual will no longer be sapped by uncontrolled tropical conditions. Then, perhaps, the choicer parts of the tropics, such as Malaya, may become more popular, more efficient and even more invigorating than such uncomfortable climates as that of Great Britain.

Prior to the Japanese invasion, social conditions for all races compared favourably with those pertaining elsewhere. Roads, railways, steamer communications were excellent. The country is mainly an agricultural one, with tin-mining and smelting as perhaps the only industry of major importance. There were, however, especially in Singapore numerous minor industries, such as the manufacture of shoes, tyres, furniture, and many others, all of which were prosperous, expanding and increasing in number. The many engineering undertakings handled almost every kind of civil, mechanical and electrical work, not excluding ship repairs and a small amount of ship-building. As, however, the fundamental happiness of a people would appear to depend on agricultural development, it is to be hoped that Malaya will never become really industrialised.

Singapore, a city of some 600,000 inhabitants and well known as the "Cross-Roads of the East", was one of the most important and most cosmopolitan ports in the world, and the approach to its harbour is unforgettably beautiful. Rubber, tin, copra, coal, sugar, spices, rattans, gums, sago, flour, coffee and rice were among the more important of the many commodities handled there either for local consumption or trans-shipment.

Penang and Port Swettenham were also ports of considerable importance, and most ocean-going steamers called at both places besides Singapore.

The health of the population was generally satisfactory. Really good hospitals were to be found almost everywhere and health services were well-developed. The main scourges of the tropics were either practically unknown or were well under control. Plague, cholera, small-pox were extremely rare. Malaria had been abolished from many of the built-up areas, and many types of skin-disease, especially yaws, had almost vanished. Water supplies were mainly good, and modern sanitation was being progressively introduced into the towns.

Pneumonia and tuberculosis were the chief "killing" diseases, though malaria contributed many more cases for treatment in the hospitals. During 1938 in the Straits Settlements and Federated Malay States combined the total number of in-patients in the hospitals exceeded 215,000, while the total number of out-patients treated at dispensaries was well over a million. There was also a fleet of motorised travelling dispensaries which afforded minor medical treatment in villages where no hospital or permanent dispensary existed. The two mental hospitals and three leper colonies were all managed on the most up-to-date lines, and in neither category was the number of cases alarmingly high. Infant welfare centres, homes for decrepits, travelling lecture vans, V.D. treatment centres, films, posters, pamphlets, all had their allotted share in the general health campaign of the very vigorous Health Branch of the Government Medical Service.

Though statistics such as these appear to show the population to be quite healthy, it is probable that illness among the permanent population was even less than the figures show, for a constant flow of migrants, especially of Chinese, Indians and Indonesians, tended both to raise population figures above the published statistics and also to introduce a considerable number of sick and diseased, who filtered in in spite of the efforts of the immigration authorities. Thus the health picture of Malaya was by no means a gloomy one.

Education had made very steady progress during the last thirty years, and though there will always be criticism—education always seems to be the first and favourite cock-shy—Malaya has never been jockeyed prematurely into spasmodic advances. As notable evidence of this steadiness, there is not yet a university in Malaya. There are colleges of university status, and the best of their graduates take London degrees without difficulty. They are at least the equal of their opposite numbers elsewhere, and possibly there may be a certain amount of resentment that they cannot yet obtain local degrees. But the delay has been a wise one, for only now has secondary education attained a sufficiently high general level to warrant a university. It will be gratifying to know that when the university is established in the very near future, the graduate will hold a degree comparable with the best anywhere. Immature degrees, immature graduates and immature universities have done much harm, not only in the educational world but also in the political sphere. Lucky Malaya should escape these troubles.

Among many interesting educational establishments in Malaya higher education is represented by King Edward the Seventh College of Medicine and Raffles College, both in Singapore, which will form the nucleus of the projected university.

The Penang Free School, founded in 1816, and Raffles Institution, founded by Sir Stamford Raffles himself in 1823, are among the most notable of a considerable number of very well-known secondary schools. Mention must also be made of the Malay College at Kuala Kangsar, a residential school for Malays only, run on English Public School lines.

In the vernacular world the Malay vernacular system is really excellent ; and the schools with their gardens dotted around in almost every village are a delight to see and a pleasure to visit. The Malay is an expert at making a stranger feel at home, and both teacher and children will certainly make any visitor most welcome. The problem of providing similar facilities for children of immigrant races is a big and expensive one, but reasonable progress was being made and most centres of Chinese and Indian population had their own vernacular schools. English was being introduced into these schools as a second language.

The Sultan Idris Training College may well be termed the hub of Malay vernacular education, while a similar institution for Malay women teachers was just getting into its stride when war broke out. Another interesting institution was the Publication Bureau set up by Government to provide both school-books and also home-reading, much on the lines of the Home University Series in Britain.

Trade schools, technical schools and agricultural schools were being developed as rapidly as possible.

It is safe to say that, given a few more years of steady work and sound guidance, the Malayan Educational System will continue to develop on the broadest lines and should compare very favourably with most others in the world.

As to the amenities of life, a word must be added about games and athletics, which have taken an incredibly strong hold on the country during the last forty years. All games are popular and the standard of play is high.

Not only are football, tennis, cricket, golf, polo and every imaginable game played in every part of the country, but also in every grade of society. It is quite a common sight to see domestic servants or coolies fixing up a badminton net, or a volley-ball net over a drain or on a bit of waste ground, and if one paused a moment to watch, one would be surprised at the high standard attained.

History. It is no exaggeration to say that Malayan history, both of early times and of today, is being rewritten at this very moment, and it is thus not possible to write a coherent story of Malaya at the present stage of its development.

During the decade preceding the Japanese invasion anthropological research had unearthed much information which, when collated, will throw fresh light on the earlier history of the country, and will revolutionise previous recorded knowledge of the period. From discoveries already made it is clear that the old Javanese Hindu Empire in Malaya was greater than had been previously believed and almost certainly embraced the whole of the inhabited area of what is known today as British Malaya. The bulk of the country was "impenetrable" jungle, as it always has been and still is.

This phrase "impenetrable jungle", so beloved of journalists, needs examination, for remains of early settlements in the jungle have already been discovered,

and no doubt more will be found from time to time. Communications through the jungle, moreover, there have always been, and it was a thorough acquaintance with these, combined with a brilliant use of them, that enabled the Japanese to accomplish their lightning Malayan campaign.

Much of Malaya's early history still remains to be discovered, especially in the lesser known States of Kelantan and Trengganu, for both are mentioned by a Chinese Buddhist traveller towards the end of the twelfth century, while in the latter part of the fourteenth century both States are mentioned as being subject to the Javanese Empire of Manjapahit.

In Trengganu a recent discovery of a remarkable Malay inscription seems to suggest the existence of a Mohammedan kingdom in Upper Trengganu a hundred years before the recorded date of the Islamic conversion of Malacca. This inscription was dated 702 A.H. (A.D. 1303), the language being Malay with an admixture of Sanskrit and Arabic, a combination for which there is no parallel before the year A.D. 1418. The stone is now in Raffles Museum, Singapore.

During the period of the old Hindu Empire in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries it is probable that the population of Malaya was small and concentrated in only a few centres such as Kedah in the north, Malacca, and in parts of Kelantan and Trengganu already mentioned above. This population may have declined with the fall of Manjapahit, and though there may have been some increase during the rise of Malacca in the fifteenth century, the country was mainly unpopulated at the time of the arrival of the Portuguese early in the sixteenth century.

Malacca was the only place of importance at that time. It was quickly seized by d'Albuquerque in 1511 and remained Portuguese until they in their turn were ousted by the Dutch in 1641.

When Malacca was at the zenith of its power in the fifteenth century, the influence of the ruling house extended to most of, if not all, the States of the peninsula. In fact, Perak today is ruled by a dynasty which claims descent on the female side from the last Mohammedan Sultan of Malacca. Several of the States of Negeri Sembilan (literally "the nine states") were ruled by Malacca princes, as were Pahang, Johore, Kedah and Kelantan for varying periods.

The arrival of the Portuguese brought to a close this period of Malaya's history, often termed Malacca's "Golden Age", and with this wane of political power there died also a period of literary activity never since rivalled.

The subsequent history of Malaya has always been considered of greater and ever-increasing importance to the Western World, though it is doubtful whether Malays are really so interested. They have seen their power vanish to be replaced by an alien, material and strange influence which did not appeal to them, but which they were powerless to resist. They remember the past with longing, and even if imagination does conjure up a false yet gloriously golden picture, their sentiments are human and understandable.

The Malays did in fact resist both the Portuguese in the sixteenth century and the Dutch in the seventeenth, and there was much bitter, if sporadic, fighting.

The Portuguese, fired with military and religious zeal, entrenched themselves at Malacca and extended their influence as far as possible into the surrounding

country during the 130 years of their occupation. During this period the power of Portugal was on the wane and but little assistance was afforded to the colony of Malacca. Yet, although Portugal was driven out and nothing of her power or trade remained, Portuguese influence in the country was, and continues to this day, a very real and visible one. There is a large Eurasian population of Portuguese extraction, especially in Malacca, which has attained a by no means negligible position in local life. It is refreshing to see whole suburbs of Malacca bearing the stamp of Portuguese civilisation and to read such famous names as Albuquerque, de Silva and de Souza, now representing important professional and business men as well as a considerable body of Government servants. Many of these people still speak Portuguese patois among themselves, though nearly all the rules of grammatical construction appear to have been forgotten through the lapse of years.

The ruins of the Portuguese cathedral on Malacca Hill, where St. Francis Xavier was buried until translated at a later date to Goa, and several other churches bear testimony to this day to Portuguese missionary work. And, finally, Portuguese influence on the language and culture of the Malay people has been very considerable.

Malacca remained in the possession of the Dutch till 1795, when it was occupied by the British. In 1818 it was restored to the Dutch, but was transferred to British rule by the Treaty of London in 1824, which finally decided the spheres of British and Dutch influence and gave Sumatra to the Dutch.

Penang was ceded to the East India Company in 1786 by the Raja of Kedah in consideration of an annual payment of \$6,000; and in 1800 Francis Light also acquired a strip of the mainland now called Province Wellesley, the payment being increased to \$10,000 a year. The island of Pangkor and the Sembilan Islands were ceded to Great Britain by the Sultan of Perak as an aid in the suppression of piracy, and later a strip of the mainland known as the Dindings was also acquired. In 1933 the Dindings territory was retroceded to the State of Perak in accordance with a policy approved by the Imperial Government.

Singapore is supposed to have been founded by immigrants from Sumatra. It was destroyed by the Javanese about 1365, after which it remained a mere fishing village until Sir Stamford Raffles founded a settlement there in 1819 by virtue of a treaty with the Ruling House of Johore. He landed on the island on January 28th, 1819, and hoisted the British flag on February 6th. It is interesting to note that at the first census, taken in January, 1824, the total population was only 10,683, including 74 Europeans.

Raffles, one of the most enlightened men of all time, accomplished an incredible amount of work in a very short time. As another great Malayan administrator, Sir Frank Swettenham, wrote of him, "To him we owe Singapore, the gate of the Farther East, a naval base of the highest importance, a great commercial centre and the most prosperous of British Crown Colonies. Indirectly the foresight which secured Singapore for the British Empire led also to the extension of British influence through the States of the Malay Peninsula. . . . In this no British party and no British Government can claim to have taken part. . . . The man to whom the credit belongs gave his talents and his life to achieve an end which he believed

to be necessary to the prestige, the power and the trade of England in the Far East." All this and indeed much more did he accomplish in face of bitter opposition and indifference, and although worn out by frequent illnesses. He was only forty-five when he died.

After Raffles had left the East the three Settlements continued under the administration of the East India Company until they were transferred to the Colonial Office in 1867 and were then constituted as a Crown Colony, known as the Straits Settlements. These territories remained substantially the same until the Japanese invasion in 1942, for during that time the only changes were the acquisition of the Cocos Islands, in 1857, and the annexation of Christmas Island in 1888 together with the above-mentioned retrocession of the Dindings.

The new Colony settled down to a happy, busy existence, but anarchy and piracy in the neighbouring States caused many unpleasant incidents, and the British were eventually compelled to intervene successively in Perak, Selangor, Negeri Sembilan and Pahang. After peace had been established and British Residents accepted in each of the four States, a Treaty of Federation was signed in 1895 and a Federal Government constituted, with the seat of government at Kuala Lumpur in Selangor. Meanwhile by the Treaty of Bangkok, 1909, Siam relinquished to Britain her interest in Kelantan, Trengganu, Kedah and Perlis, and British Advisers were soon installed in each of these States. A Treaty of Protection had been signed with Johore in 1885, and a further treaty in 1914 provided, at the Sultan's request, for a General Adviser with powers similar to those held by the Advisers in the Unfederated Malay States. Thus all Malay States had accepted British protection, and it was due to the relations established between the British and the Malay States that it was possible to initiate for those States a period of peace and prosperity such as can scarcely have been experienced anywhere else in the world. As an indication of the size of the country's trading activity, total imports and exports for the year 1940 exceeded two thousand million dollars in value, the total population being rather more than five millions (\$1=2s. 4d.).

The federation of these States under British protection was undoubtedly the main reason for Malaya's phenomenal progress, and the Administration hoped for some sign that the Unfederated States might express a desire to join in. These hopes were doomed to disappointment, for in the 1920's and 1930's it became clear to the Sultans in the latter that they could and did derive all the benefits of federation with less loss of authority and less British control than their fellow Sultans in the Federation. In other words, it paid handsome dividends to keep out.

As a United Malaya must be the ultimate aim, the British Government endeavoured to frame a policy acceptable to all Malay States, whether within or without the Federation. These endeavours were being actively pursued when the outbreak of war shattered both the work accomplished and the plans for the future.

The inconceivable mess achieved by the Japanese in the four years of their occupation cannot yet be described, and indeed its full extent is not yet known. Flushed with victory and with every factor in their favour, they had only to prove to the Malays that their "Co-prosperity, Asia-for-the-Asiatics" programme

was genuine and their success was assured. But no; cruel, callous stupidity spelled their downfall, and it again falls to the much-maligned British to clear up the mess.

Foreign Settlers. Early in the sixteenth century Barbarossa wrote, "The city of Malacca is the richest sea-port in the world", and there is no doubt that the Peninsula was then and always has been attractive to foreign traders, both by virtue of its latent wealth and also because of its charm as a country.

Generation after generation has discovered that Malaya is an attractive place to live in, and though the amenities of today would astonish visitors of earlier times, it is fairly certain that each and all found Malaya a very pleasant place.

From very early times the Chinese have traded with and settled in Malaya, being attracted both by general trade and also by that fatal magnet, mining. In this case it was tin, which had been mined in Malaya for centuries. Disputes between rival Chinese factions over the rich tin-fields of Larut in Perak were in fact the cause of British intervention.

The development of the mining industry in Malaya is due primarily to the skill and industry of the Chinese, who were responsible for as much as 80 per cent. of the output as late as the year 1912. The introduction of modern methods by European companies has reduced this proportion, but the Chinese contribution is still large.

The Chinese, coming to mine and trade, stayed to settle. Arriving as a coolie, he soon opened up a vegetable patch and added a few chickens and pigs. He prospered, as he always does, and soon interested himself in more ambitious schemes, so that early in the nineteenth century pepper, spices and gambier became major crops developed for the export market. Pepper was soon abandoned generally, sugar and coffee each had a short vogue; and no doubt all of these would have recovered from their various difficulties but for the onslaught and phenomenal success of rubber towards the end of the nineteenth century.

The rubber tree can almost be described as a weed. In the hot, moist climate of Malaya it thrives almost anywhere, and hence smallholders with less than the minimum attention have been able to rival and may even "kill" the big plantations. Truly the rubber tree is to the smallholder what the beanstalk was to Jack in the fairy-tale.

Although Indian traders had visited Malaya for centuries, there appears to have been no large-scale immigration until after the rubber boom in 1909, but from then onwards they came in large numbers as labourers to seek their fortune on the estates, railway and public works.

These were quickly followed by a considerable influx of English-speaking Jaffna Tamils from Southern India and Ceylon, all eager to seize this fine opportunity of carving out a career in this new and fabulously wealthy country. Nor were they disappointed.

Following upon the heels of these immigrants came Indian traders, shopkeepers, merchants, money-lenders, bankers, insurance companies, etc., until by 1940 the Indian population approached $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions as compared with nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ million Malays and a like number of Chinese.

During the whole of this development period migration from Indonesia had been haphazard and unorganised, the settlers being assimilated into the domiciled Malay population.

The colossal advances made by rubber production made huge revenues suddenly available to the Government, which together with the equally large sums from the less spectacular tin-world, rendered inevitable a sudden unprecedented development of the country. Quite suddenly the Government became possessed of such huge revenues that it literally did not know what to do with them.

This phase of rapid development was by no means an unmixed blessing, especially for the Malays. But it was inevitable. World forces came into play, and the Malay had perforce to adjust his easy-going rural ways to the dynamic impact of Western commerce or perish.

Though he fell behind his Chinese and Indian competitors and continued to do so right up to the time of the Japanese invasion, his efforts to adjust himself and keep up were by no means entirely unsuccessful; and with the continued active political and economic support of the British Government, the rival races would probably have evolved a fairly satisfactory means of living side by side.

Conclusion. This high aspiration, fostered so long and with not a little success by the British, has been shattered by the Japanese War, and it is difficult now to see how the *status quo ante* can be restored and thence improved to the advantage of the "son of the soil" without unfairly handicapping the Chinese and Indian settlers.

The political problem is an exceedingly difficult one. That the country is a Malay country cannot be gainsaid, though it is held by some that Malays have no more right in Malaya than, say, the Chinese or the Europeans, on the analogy that by prior conquest or settlement the land must belong to the early negrito settlers, who might number some 30,000 all told!

This is sheer nonsense. No country has been more thoroughly "trade-marked" than has Malaya by Malays. Outstanding proof of this is revealed in the country's place-names, for without exception every hill, every stream, almost every rock, however remote and however deeply buried in the "impenetrable jungle", has a Malay name and no other.

Starting from this premise, therefore, the Government prior to the Japanese invasion had tried with some success to reconcile the just claims of the "sons of the soil" with those of the immigrants, who by now had actually outnumbered the Malays. Without claiming that British policy was entirely successful, the country was certainly a happy one and the prospects of final solution were not too dim, even allowing that both Indians and Chinese owe political allegiance elsewhere.

Today after the cataclysm, however, prospects are not so fair. The damage done by the Japanese in Malaya and in the East generally is incalculable and may well be irreparable.

The British have now returned after a lapse of three years to find much of their work in ruins and are confronted with the unenviable task of endeavouring to restore order out of complete chaos. Plans were, of course, framed in London

during the war both for the recapture and for the rehabilitation of Malaya, and it is safe to say that Britain's problems and difficulties in this connection were not realised, either at home, or by the Allies, or later by the released Malaysians themselves. With Malaya in enemy hands and with practically the whole of the Malayan government services in prisoner-of-war or internment camps, expert advice was sadly lacking and it was not easy to frame a satisfactory policy, or indeed any policy at all.

The war, therefore, must be blamed, and not that universal scapegoat Britain, for the unsatisfactory nature of the "New Deal" and for the almost indecent haste with which it was "forced" upon the bewildered Malays, "force" being used in the sense of forcing a card and not of compulsion. The Macmichael Treaties must have been compiled, signed and sealed in record time! In these treaties the Sultans were expected to sign away their States and their authority and become component parts of a new British Colony. This new Colony, to be known as the Malayan Union, was also to include all British Territory on the mainland as well as Penang Island. Singapore was excluded, as a separate colony under a separate Governor.

At first sight a Malayan Union embracing the whole of Malaya, with Singapore excluded as a kind of international port of world importance, seems not unpromising, and economically there is much to be said for it.

Beyond that there is nothing good to be said about the "New Deal", which breaks all our treaties with the Malay States, deprives the Malay of sovereignty in his own land and hands him over to the mercy of the immigrant *majority*, quite irrespective of the fact that that majority owes allegiance elsewhere and has no intention of abandoning it.

The "New Deal", however, did have one success, though an unexpected one. For the first time in history the Malays of British Malaya are united. And they have fought the Macmichael Treaties, which the British Government soon realised were quite unworkable.

The scheme is now in the melting-pot and Mr. Malcolm Macdonald, British Minister in Malaya, flew home in December, 1946, with an outline of new proposals which it is hoped may form the basis of an agreement with the Malays and at the same time prove acceptable to the immigrant races.

But just as the original scheme antagonised Malays by promising too much to the immigrants, so any new scheme more favourable to the former is bound to antagonise the latter. An unfortunate situation has been created and racial bitterness engendered.

Naturally the return had to be as expeditious as possible, but why such haste with the rehabilitation? As a Malay chief said in London just before he went East with the first invasion force: "When we get back, let us start as we were. Changes are badly needed, but let us make them slowly and after deliberation".

How wise he was.

SARAWAK

by

J. B. ARCHER, C. M. G.

I. JAMES BROOKE

The history of Sarawak since it came under the rule of "Rajah Brooke" has always had an attraction for persons interested in new lands overseas, albeit much of the information about this romantic land has been unreliable and at times libellous. Many of us in our childhood were told of "Rajah Brooke", and it generally brought up visions of oriental splendour, waving palm trees, fearsome head-hunters and dreaded pirates.

James Brooke had been seriously wounded in the Burma campaign of 1825. This disability was thought to have put an end to his military career in the Bengal Army, although subsequently his wounds did not appear to have impeded his amazing career in Eastern waters. Having inherited a moderate fortune, he purchased the *Royalist*, a schooner of 142 tons burden, and sailed for the Far East in 1838 in search of adventure. Quite what his plans were it is now difficult to say, but doubtless he was in search of new lands and unknown peoples.

In Singapore he made friends with the Governor, who mentioned the then small area known as Sarawak as a place in which adventure and danger, and perhaps advantages, might be found. The Governor gave Brooke a personal letter to Rajah Muda Hassim, the uncle of the Sultan of Brunei. Sarawak, as the area was then called, was part of the suzerainty of the Sultan, although history shows that this was more or less nominal, as the only interests to its ruler were the annual tributes paid in money and kind and an opportunity of replenishing his harem from the Melanau girls of the coast villages.

As a result of the abominable behaviour of the Brunei Governor, Pangeran Makota, who by his cruelty and exactions had infuriated the people, the state was in open revolt and the Sultan had sent his uncle to put matters right. The result was a desultory warfare between the rival factions.

These facts decided Brooke's future actions, and he landed in Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, on August 15th, 1839. His arrival was welcomed by Muda Hassim, and Brooke cemented the friendship by presenting the old man with rolls of scarlet cloth, silks, velvets, gunpowder and sweetmeats. He even remembered a box of toys for Muda Hassim's children.

Now Muda Hassim was not only frightened of the insurgents under Pangeran Makota, but also of the Dutch, since he feared that they might annex the country under the pretext of restoring order and safeguarding the lives of aliens residing there. It must be remembered that the Dutch were already in possession of

nearly two-thirds of Borneo and were suspected of trying to gain the whole island.

James Brooke had then insufficient forces to give much material help; in fact, the *Royalist*, although armed, as most private ships were in those days, was not a warship. The crew numbered under twenty in all.

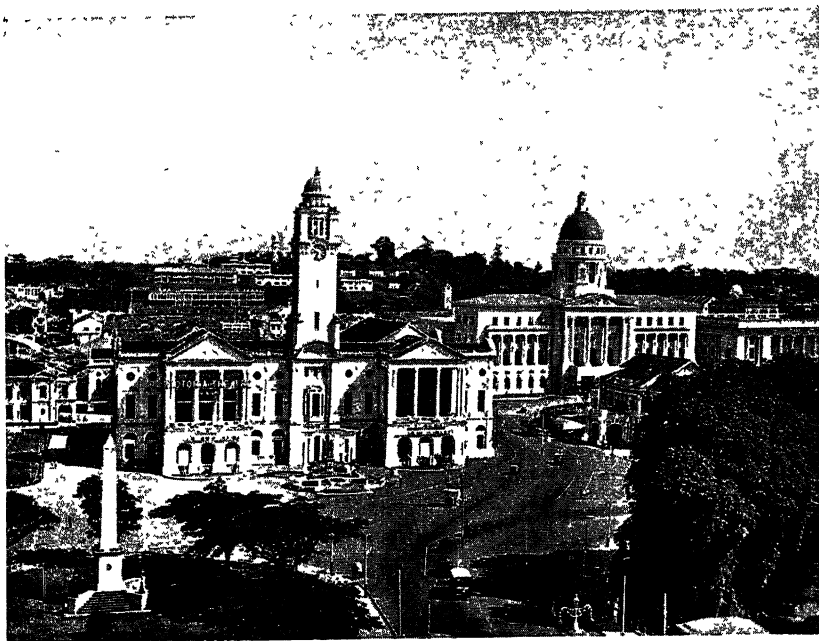
After a few local visits to places of interest, Brooke left Sarawak in October of the same year. He took away with him gifts from Muda Hassim and urgent pleas not to forget him in his plight. James Brooke, however, had not given up his roving. He visited the Philippines and China and finally landed again in Kuching in August, 1840. Affairs there were worse than ever, and Muda Hassim, a well-meaning but quite incapable man, seemed unable to quell the increasing rebellion of Pangeran Makota and his followers. He appealed to Brooke for help. Brooke writes that the state of Sarawak was "so adverse to every object" he had in view that he intended to leave Muda Hassim to his fate.

From this point accounts differ, but it would seem that in return for Brooke's help Muda Hassim offered him the province, its administration and its revenue. Brooke made one stipulation. He must be allowed entire freedom to prosecute the struggle in his own way. Brooke writes about Muda Hassim (who was, by the way, heir presumptive to the Sultan of Brunei), "he begged, he entreated me to stay, and offered me the country, its Government and its trade, if I would stop and not desert him".

In any case, Brooke did agree to help, and he soon met a number of the rebel chiefs. The chiefs agreed to surrender if Brooke would promise them their lives and protection from the oppression of subsequent rulers. Brooke gave no definite promises, but agreed to use his influence if they surrendered and gave up their arms. They agreed, and Brooke, with considerable difficulty, managed to secure their lives.

Muda Hassim renewed his promises, but with the usual Malay procrastination this promise was not immediately fulfilled. Pangeran Makota incited the Brunei nobles to further violence. The months passed. Brooke left on another cruise, but returning to Kuching in September, 1841, matters were brought to a climax. Brooke had to use threats, insisting to Muda Hassim that the only way to avoid further bloodshed and anarchy was to fulfil his promise and make him ruler of Sarawak. Muda Hassim then made over the Government of Sarawak, with its dependencies and revenues, to be held under the Sovereignty of Brunei in return for an annual payment of £500 to the Sultan. But, most important of all, Brooke promised not to infringe the customs or religion of the people. It was agreed, too, that no one should interfere with the administration of the country. On September 24th, 1841, the terms of the cession were read out publicly, and the people freely acknowledged James Brooke as their ruler.

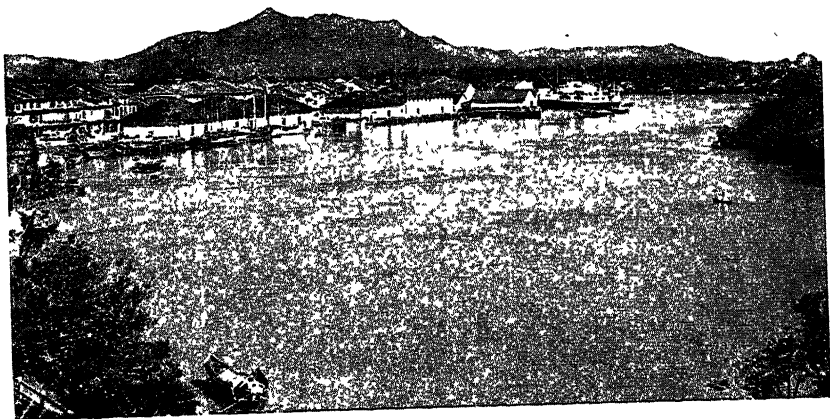
Brooke's new country was some 3,000 square miles in extent and comprised what is now called Sarawak Proper. The population was made up of about 8,000 Dayaks (not the race of Dayaks generally associated with head-hunters), 1,500 Malays and 1,000 Chinese. It is a remarkable thing that in histories of Sarawak so little mention is made of the very early immigration of Chinese to



168. THE CENTRE OF MODERN SINGAPORE



169. LANTERN MAKER, SINGAPORE



170. KUCHING AND THE MATANG HILLS, SARAWAK



171. JESSELTON, BRITISH NORTH BORNEO

those parts. Records are incomplete and frequently inaccurate, but evidence points to a very old Chinese community even in that remote and unknown part of the eastern archipelago.

James Brooke is now seated on his throne, perhaps a precarious one; there is peace in the land; the people are free to settle down for a time to peaceful pursuits; and this has been brought about by one single-minded and adventurous young man. No great force has been used and no great loss of life has taken place.

The rule of the Brooke family has begun. On that date he wrote, "It is a grand experiment which, if it succeeds, will bestow a blessing on these poor people, and their children's children will bless my name."

James Brooke had no inferiority complex!

II. CHARLES BROOKE

This section is headed "Charles Brooke", but the exact period when James Brooke ceased to exercise complete rule and relied on Charles Brooke, his nephew, is nebulous.

It is clear, however, that not more than two years after being proclaimed Rajah, Brooke offered to cede his newly gained country to the British Crown. It is important to remember this in view of the later vilifications of Bright, Cobden and Hume.

Sir Robert Peel, the failure of the New Zealand scheme fresh in his mind, declined; but a treaty of friendship and trade was made between Great Britain and Brunei. James Brooke was appointed H.M. Confidential Agent in Borneo. This, it is true, added to his prestige, but his position was so embarrassing that he managed to secure a deed which acknowledged his absolute sovereignty over Sarawak. Under this deed Sarawak Proper was held until the cession of the State to the British Crown in 1946.

Sir James Brooke (he was later given a K.C.B. and the freedom of the City of London, among other honours) died a comparatively young man in 1868, and it may be truly said that his life was one of considerable hardship and many trials. His country by now had been enlarged to include a great proportion of what is now an area of over 50,000 square miles. The inclusion of the big areas populated by the so-called Sea Dayaks, with whom head-hunting is always associated, made it necessary to attempt the putting-down of that mode of carrying on tribal feuds. Added to this were the frequent piratical raids of Ilanun and similar tribes, which were always the constant fear of the more peaceable inhabitants and a handicap to peaceful trade and permanent settlement.

Much has been written, and will probably continue to be written, about the methods James and Charles Brooke employed. The Parliamentary attacks of Cobden, Bright and Hume are well known to historians, and James Brooke, like Warren Hastings, was subjected to much criticism and unfair attacks. It is true that efforts to promote security and prosperity in the country by peaceful means often failed and recourse to arms was the result. Bright, writing to Cobden in 1849, says, "the sentimental mania of the British public, which had given Brooke

all his powers of evil. . . . It shocks me to think what fiendish atrocities may be committed by British arms without rousing any conscientious resistance at home. . . . Sir J. Brooke seized a territory as large as Yorkshire, and drove out the natives, and subsequently sent for our Fleet to massacre them."* For the Manchester Radicals saw in the British Rajah a specially provocative symbol of the Empire which they disliked but could never understand.

In the end James Brooke was vindicated, but the trials and disappointments—perhaps coupled with the attitude of Parliament—embittered some of the years of his life.

Charles Brooke, his nephew (born Charles Johnson), became his famous uncle's heir after the latter's squabble with his elder nephew. The rights and wrongs of that matter need not be mentioned here.

For some years before his uncle's death Charles Brooke had worked in Sarawak, originally coming there as a midshipman in the Royal Navy. His energy and peculiarities have become proverbial. It is true to say that whereas James Brooke had prepared the way for the task of administering and organising the country, Charles Brooke was the man who did the actual work. During his long reign of forty-nine years he saw a small, undeveloped, practically bankrupt state become a well-organised country of 50,000 square miles, over half a million inhabitants, without any public debt and recognised by H.M. Government and other governments as an independent State under limited British protection.

For in 1888 a Treaty was signed whereby H.M. Government recognised the independence of Sarawak on the condition that all external relations should be in the hands of H.M. Government, and various minor stipulations, including the matter of the succession. It was laid down that domestic and internal matters were to remain in the Rajah's hands. This autocratic rule has been described as "mild despotism" and "absolute powers"; and on the face of it this description is right. Actually, on the advice of Lord Salisbury, the Rajah ruled with a supreme council composed of two European and three Malay members. Furthermore, a system of indirect rule by native chiefs and headmen existed. The Rajah certainly possessed absolute powers, but he seldom exercised them without previous consultation with his European and Native staff.

The treaty held good until 1941, when in commemoration of the centenary of Brooke rule the third Rajah, Vyner Brooke, proclaimed publicly the termination of the era of absolute rule of the Rajahs of Sarawak and instituted measures designed to divest himself of the absolute legislative power. The Rajah maintained that it had never been the intention of James Brooke to establish a line of absolute rulers. Rather it was his design to protect "the real but backward owners of the land".

Charles Brooke died in 1917 at the age of eighty-three. No one could have worked harder for his country; no one had a keener insight into the joys, the miseries, the troubles and the foibles of his people. He died during a great war. But Sarawak was safe; Sarawak was free and out of debt. Honours had come to him, but he was prouder of his title of Rajah than of his G.C.M.G. He was not

* *Imperial Commonwealth*, p. 356.

always *persona grata* with the Foreign Office, nor with the Colonial Office. Like his uncle, he was sometimes accused of ruthlessness in punitive expeditions against rebel Dayaks. The acid test, however, was the state of the country when he died. From a few hundred thousands the revenue had increased to several million dollars. The Rajah's privy purse was kept down to an amazingly low figure and the development of the country went ahead slowly but steadily. It was much too slow for some people, but Charles Brooke resolutely set his face against European or other exploitation. The land, he said, is the *daging darah* of the people. This may well be translated as "the life-blood" of the people.

This did not mean that development from outside was not acceptable. At the date of the second Rajah's death the Chinese in the state numbered nearly 100,000 persons. Sarawak was very nearly a Utopia, although the more intelligent saw in this comfortable and untroubled existence a threat of "getting left" when the peoples of the Far Eastern archipelago woke up to their place in the world. Already the writing was on the wall, and perhaps it was as well that Charles Brooke died just at the moment when his building was to be shaken by the after-effects of the 1914-1918 war, and before the clamour of Far Eastern youth was heard demanding that the sleepers should awake and a new kind of civilisation begin.

III. CHARLES VYNER BROOKE

The third Rajah was no newcomer to the State, nor to the methods of his uncle's rule. On coming down from Cambridge he entered the Sarawak Civil Service as a cadet. Naturally his promotion was more rapid than was usual, but he went through the mill of administering districts.

It was not an easy thing to succeed Charles Brooke. The alarming-looking and often obdurate old man had become legendary. Many of the people regarded him as superhuman. Added to this were the shattering effects of post-war troubles. It was not only in Sarawak that people talked of human zoos. It was evident to many that the policy of self-imposed isolation had gone just a little too far. For a time the people were contented; but visits to the Straits Settlements, to China, to the Dutch East Indies brought realisation to some of these travellers that there is a limit to "going slow" and that the policy of gradual development had progressed so tardily that one might almost call it complete stagnation.

In spite of the conservatism of the great majority of his people, Vyner Brooke did make an effort to march more with the times. The one great obstacle was the lack of money. It is true that Sarawak was not only free of debt but had a substantial surplus invested in Europe, but there was always at the back of governments' minds the fear of getting into debt. It seemed as if the vision of debt which for so many years had haunted Charles Brooke still troubled the new ruler. Whilst neighbouring countries began to spend money on education, agriculture, medicine, forestry, immigration and such schemes, Sarawak's disbursements were too small to do anything except nibble at these projects. Nevertheless, a start was made and the people reacted well towards well-meaning but often ill-conceived schemes to benefit them. It was during Vyner Brooke's rule

that a policy of keeping in closer touch with the British Government at Singapore was started. The "splendid isolation" policy had broken down.

For some years, it seemed, the policy of the Sarawak Government was an attempt to model itself on the lines of British Malaya, but at the same time doggedly keeping to old ideas that to many had become unworkable and unwieldy. Between the two, development, if not on exactly the right lines, did go on. To Vyner Brooke, therefore, must be accorded the credit of trying to go ahead on a policy which he knew was leading goodness knows where! For some years there had been talk of a "United States of British Borneo" or some such title. To many therefore, the recent cession to the Crown was no new thing.

Later in this chapter I shall mention a few of the events of those closing years of Brooke rule.

Charles Vyner Brooke, the last Rajah, not only had the unenviable task of succeeding his uncle; he had the difficult task of maintaining the Brooke tradition for twenty-nine years. Finally he had the most distasteful task of all—of closing the book on nearly 105 years of Sarawak history.

IV. SARAWAK TODAY

The Crown Colony of Sarawak is roughly 50,000 square miles in extent. The population is said to be just over half a million, but no accurate census has yet been made. It is, therefore, about as big as England and Wales. The country is a network of rivers flowing from the mountains in the interior through vast tracts of jungle, mangrove swamps and plantations to the long, sandy coastline. These rivers take the place of roads.

Kuching (170), the capital, is ill-placed for a capital in these days, but was of course chosen for its strategic position in Sarawak Proper. It is now a town of between 30,000 and 40,000 inhabitants. Metalled roads, cinemas and other amenities have taken the place of the small native town which James Brooke found on his arrival. The only other town of any size is Sibü, on the great Rejang River. Miri, a prosperous and growing town, was demolished when the Allied Forces re-took Sarawak. Generally its climate is warm and humid and, in spite of tales to the contrary, remarkably healthy.

One only has to mention Sarawak to raise a stir about Dayaks. Oddly enough, the head-hunting Dayaks are generally known as Sea Dayaks, and it is difficult to determine why. They seldom live anywhere near the sea and have little or no knowledge of sea work. Another Dayak race, but entirely different, are the Land Dayaks. There appear to be several tribes who have long lived in Sarawak. The Sea Dayaks and the Malays certainly came later.

There can be no doubt that it is mainly owing to the Chinese that trade has developed at all. They have a long history in the country, and in spite of strict immigration regulations during the past thirty years now number a fifth of the total population. The Malays, once the ruling race, seem to be losing place. Conversion to Mohammedanism, after a rush of about fifty years, is now almost stationary. Christianity makes slow progress.

Many people think that Sarawak is rich in minerals, precious stones and gold. This does not seem to be the case, although geological surveys have not been complete. The fact remains that the words of Rajah Charles Brooke seem to be as true today as they were in his time. It is from the soil that the people must look for their living.

Oil has been found in Sarawak in quantity, but the late war has, perhaps for a time only, affected the output.

Rubber, sago, pepper and jungle produce are its chief exports. Gold is elusive, but has paid at times. Quick-silver, antimony, silver—all have been worked at some time or other. The greatest problem at present is that of rice. The natives say that the cost of living, the prices of everything, all depend on the price and abundance of rice. The day will come, and must come, when it will be no longer necessary to import it.

The late war gave an impetus to head-hunting and general roving by Dayaks. This state of affairs will not continue for long. The modern Dayak finds it better to tap rubber. There is at present no inter-racial question, no religious intolerance and very little desire to meddle with civic matters.

Europeans do not have to put on superior airs to command respect. The natives and the Chinese have few illusions left after the war—but their respect for persons of sympathy and vision is profound.

V. THE END OF THE BROOKES

The recent publicity given to Sarawak was unfortunate—unfortunate in that a small country that had lived quietly and unobtrusively for so many years, and one which had eschewed politics and party factions, should suddenly be brought into the limelight and subjected to discussion and criticism—some of it just, but much of it unfounded and uninformed.

The suggestion that Sarawak should be ceded to the Crown was made over a hundred years ago—and other schemes, such as incorporating the State with British Borneo and Labuan, and so on, had been discussed for many years.

The Constitution of 1941 did affect the treaty of 1888. Certain stipulations were laid down by the Crown and agreed to by the Rajah. The invasion of Sarawak by the Japanese never gave the new Constitution a chance to get going. It is impossible, therefore, to say definitely what, if any, omissions there were and what matters needed revision. The new additions to the treaty, however, did indicate that the advice and assistance of H.M. Government at Singapore was not only welcome but necessary.

The position of Sarawak *vis-à-vis* H.M. Government was peculiar and probably unique. Perhaps Sarawak was an anachronism.

It was imperative that after the liberation of the state from the Japanese the position of Sarawak and its future must be reviewed. There was not only the question of defence; there was also the important matter of rehabilitation. These were immediate needs; there was the long-term post-war plan to be laid down.

It may be argued that the terms of the Constitution of 1941 prevent any idea

of what has been called "capricious rule"; there was, however, the danger of oligarchy.

When there has been time for reflection and when the results of administration as a Crown Colony begin to emerge, it is probable that most of the die-hards will admit that the last Rajah of Sarawak was right.

The question of cession or no cession was put to the Council Negri (that is, the "Council of the Country") in May, 1946, and passed by a small majority. The Supreme Council of the State confirmed it. It would be no advantage here to discuss the merits or demerits of the decision to let the question go to the Council at that particular time. It may be said, however, that some action had to be taken quickly if Sarawak was to receive the benefits of post-war planning and assistance. It is possible, in fact almost certain, that some of those who voted for non-cession did so in partial ignorance of the true facts and in a mistaken, but quite understandable, frame of mind that made them think that any other action would be an act of personal disloyalty to the Rajah.

The Brookes have relinquished their "absolute rule" and His Majesty has added a romantic and useful Colony to his Empire.

The long and just rule of its three White Rajahs has borne results. The zeal and enthusiasm of generations of British civil servants have not been wasted.

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Governor-General, Malaya writes: "there is no doubt there is great sadness at the end of the Brooke rule, which was benevolent and extremely popular"; and later on: "this opposition was rapidly dwindling, as the people were coming to realise that the new administration would respect their customs and institutions and that the British Government, with its greater resources, could provide far better than the Brooke régime the things they needed, especially improved agricultural, medical and educational services". Mr. MacDonald concluded by saying that he had been enormously impressed by the British officers administering Sarawak, and some had lost their lives during the Japanese occupation. Except for those who had reached retiring age, nearly all the members of the Sarawak administration had been absorbed into the Colonial Service.

It is a long day since young James Brooke landed from the *Royalist* in 1839 until that memorable July 1st, 1946, when the Governor-General, Malaya, made his official landing to receive the country on behalf of His Majesty.

The Sarawak Officer Administering the Government took the salute and the bands played the Sarawak Anthem for the last time.

Autres temps, autres mœurs! The last Rajah has laid down his powers amidst the kindly and affectionate remembrances and wishes of his people. Let us hope that a new era of prosperity comes to Sarawak under the beneficial rule of His Majesty.

The motto of Sarawak still stands: *Harap-lah sa' lagi bernapas.**

* Translation : Whilst I breathe, I hope.

THE STATE OF NORTH BORNEO

by

OWEN RUTTER

I

Few British settlements can have had stranger beginnings than North Borneo, which was acquired through the enterprise of a little band of adventurous pioneers, including two English merchants, a Glasgow engineer and an Austrian baron.

In the seventies of the last century the country was under the nominal sway of two Native princes, the Sultan of Brunei and the Sultan of Sulu. Each claimed sovereignty over a portion of the other's territory, but neither troubled much to enforce his claim. Along the coasts were nests of pirates; in the hills lived communities of head-hunters. There was no semblance of organised government. The cheapest thing in Borneo was human life.

Then it attracted to its shores a young Scots engineer named William Clarke Cowie, who had gone out to the Eastern seas in a small iron steamer called the *Argyle*. Mr. Cowie went into partnership with the Sultan of Sulu in a trading enterprise. He made a base at Sandakan, the present capital, saw the economic possibilities of the country and determined that it should become British. The acquisition of a territory the size of his native land was, however, too great an undertaking single-handed. A certain Austrian baron, Overbeck, and two brothers named Dent, merchants of Shanghai, became interested in his schemes, and at last, after many tedious negotiations, Alfred Dent and his friends acquired the cession of North Borneo. These enterprising gentlemen were not even content with obtaining one cession. As both sultans claimed the territory and there was no court of arbitration, Dent and his friends solved the matter by getting a cession from both of them. Thus Alfred Dent became uncrowned king over a vast and little-known land with powers of life and death over a less-known people. It was a bloodless cession and a perfectly legitimate one. The final deed was signed on January 22nd, 1878, in the Sultan of Sulu's palm-leaf palace. His Highness, to mark the historical event, gave a dinner-party: the plates were mother-of-pearl shells with pearls attached to them; and at the close of the evening the Sultan, a model host, asked each guest to keep his plate in remembrance of the occasion.

Sir Alfred Dent, as he afterwards became, might then have been made White Rajah of North Borneo, as thirty-seven years previously James Brooke had been made White Rajah of Sarawak. Instead, he returned to England and formed a company which, under Royal Charter, administered the territory as a Protected State up to the day of its occupation by the Japanese forces.

When the British pioneers took possession of North Borneo it was a land of disorder, a tropical wilderness in which a man went about with his life in his hands.

There was no European enterprise of any kind. The rivers were the only high-ways. Save for the rice-fields of the Native tribes, the jungle was everywhere. But the pirates have long since been swept away and the head-hunters have ceased to raid. Their descendants are fishermen or farmers and they have learned to live at peace. Government stations sprang up all over the country; little towns grew up; rubber, tobacco and coconut estates were made. Harbour works were constructed. The whole country was opened up by means of bridle paths, and a railway was built from the west coast into the interior. Although the country long suffered from lack of roads, this difficulty was partly remedied in later years.

The men who were mainly responsible for the making of North Borneo were its district officers. They explored the country and opened it up for trade. They travelled on foot through the dense jungles and they paddled up and down the rivers in Native boats. They lived solitary lives in their out-stations, often many days' march from the nearest White Man. They made friends with the Native tribes, induced them to abandon their feuds, gave them the protection of settled government and taught them the benefits of living under a just and benevolent administration. They put up their own offices, barracks and houses; they made bridle paths which link up the out-stations today; they erected telephone lines from the west coast to the east; they dealt out justice; they pursued rebels and outlaws and they fought epidemics of cholera and smallpox. Those who followed them maintained their example.

"We may safely affirm", observed Wallace in *The Malay Archipelago*, "that the better specimens of savages are much superior to the lower examples of civilised people", and it is doubtful whether there exist any more pleasant people than the Natives of North Borneo. Even when they are rogues, even when they are ex-head-hunters, they are very likeable. And in Borneo, as in many another country, the farther you go from civilisation the more likeable are the people you meet.

For general purposes they may be divided into three groups: the people of the coast, the people of the plains, and the people of the hills. Each group has its own characteristics and mode of life. The coast Natives are mainly Bajaus, Sulus and Illanuns; they are Mohammedans, and descendants of the pirates of old. For the most part they are sea gipsies; their boats, usually equipped with outriggers and a single sail, take the place of caravans, and they make their living from the produce of the sea. In some districts they have abandoned this wandering existence, but even when they live ashore, they build their houses over the water upon the sea-shore or the river-banks.

The inhabitants of the plains are the Dusuns, who are the backbone of the Native population. They are a race of farmers, law-abiding and industrious, and cultivate rice, which is their staple food.

Some of the Dusuns come into the hill group, and with them are the Muruts, the most primitive and in many ways the most interesting of all. The Muruts live in villages composed of one or perhaps two houses, 200 or 300 feet in length, perched high upon a hill to be out of the way of raiding parties. It is only within recent years that they have abandoned head-hunting, which was the outcome of feuds between villages and a kind of religious war. It was part of the district officers'

business to settle these feuds and arrange the peace terms. The terms were sealed by bathing in the blood of buffaloes and planting stones as witnesses of the oaths of peace. It was not always easy to persuade them to come to terms. There was once a recalcitrant chief who sent a message to the Government station that if the district officer came near him he would make hairpins out of his shin-bones and gouge his eyes out, as he had long wanted to know what the eyes of a White Man were really like. But when some time later the district officer visited his village he found the chief to be a mild-mannered person, and his feuds were settled without difficulty.

Under the administration of the Chartered Company the Natives were as well treated as any in the Empire. Their interests were always safeguarded and their customs respected; the taxes they had to pay were not heavy; their affairs were treated with sympathy and understanding. The Chartered Company, which was incorporated on November 1st, 1881, appoints its own governor and civil servants, and is represented in London by a court of directors. The company never engaged in trade, deriving its revenue mainly from land rents, customs and excise.

II

The territory is peculiarly well situated in the Eastern Seas. It lies 800 miles from Singapore, 1,000 from Hong Kong, 600 from Manila and 1,500 from Port Darwin. Steamers from these places call regularly at its ports. It has several excellent harbours, in two of which—Sandakan and Cowie—the whole British Navy could lie without being overcrowded. Jesselton is the port of the west coast, Kudat that of the north. It is a well-watered land, especially on the east, where the rivers are navigable for many miles, still forming the main highways.

The formation of the country, speaking generally, consists of a belt of plains near the coast, then a zone of low hills, which give way gradually to a region of highlands as the interior is reached, culminating in the superb granite mass of Mount Kinabalu, which rises with beetling peaks nearly 14,000 feet. This is the loftiest mountain of Malaya.

In the early days it was hoped that the territory, 31,106 square miles in extent, would prove as rich in minerals as Sarawak and Dutch Borneo, but although extensive explorations have been carried out, no mineral deposits except coal and manganese have been found in workable quantities. North Borneo has depended for its prosperity upon agriculture and mainly upon plantation rubber. For many years the price of rubber was the country's trade barometer and the increasing demand after the outbreak of war improved the financial situation of the whole territory. In 1940 nearly 18,000 tons were exported, representing an increase in value of £400,000 over the figure for 1939. North Borneo was thus able to give valuable assistance in the national effort, since the majority of the companies were British, although a considerable acreage on the east coast was owned by Japanese companies. The Japanese also showed great interest in the cultivation of manila hemp.

It is strange that coconuts did not attract more attention, since the palm grows as

well in certain parts of North Borneo as anywhere in the world. No other tropical product was cultivated commercially to any serious extent, although it has been proved that wrapper-leaf tobacco, coffee, indigo, sugar and the oil-palm will thrive.

The commercial timber in North Borneo is almost inexhaustible, but lack of capital and difficulties of transport prevented it from being worked extensively until the British Borneo Timber Company began operations on a large scale with an up-to-date sawmill at Sandakan, the centre of the lumber trade.

Although North Borneo is mainly an agricultural country, it has always been dependent on imported food, especially rice, the staple diet of the majority of the population. The difficulty of persuading the Natives to plant more than they needed for their own consumption caused the Government grave anxiety in the early stages of the last war. Otherwise, the years before the Japanese occupation touched North Borneo very lightly and the improved rubber position brought prosperity. All sections of the population but one responded generously to war-time appeals and that for funds to buy Spitfires caught the popular imagination. Within six weeks a cheque had been sent to the Ministry of Aircraft Production for two Spitfires. Among the first to contribute were the ex-head-hunters of Pensiangan, the most remote out-station of the territory, who at that day had never set eyes upon an aircraft. It was significant that the only members of the community to remain aloof were the 2,500 Japanese, who were interned without difficulty when their country entered the war.

Beyond this there was little that the Government of North Borneo could do. By the terms of the Royal Charter the company depended on the British Government for protection from external aggression. It was responsible for peace and order within its own territory, and to that end maintained a force of about 550 Armed Constabulary, of whom 100 were British Indians, the remainder being Natives of Borneo. Two companies of local volunteers—Europeans, Chinese and Eurasians—had been formed. Constabulary and volunteers were armed with rifles and Lewis guns. There were no airfields in the territory. Without help, the country was in no position to resist attack, and there was never any intention that the local forces should be used except to repel small raiding parties. On the outbreak of war all ships (except those of local registry) cleared for ports of refuge, and after December 8th, 1941, North Borneo was out of communication other than by telegraph. When Japanese armed forces occupied Sarawak and Brunei, it was evident that North Borneo would shortly be attacked and that no help would be forthcoming. It was therefore decided to disband the volunteers and to offer no resistance to invasion.

On January 6th, 1942, a small force of Japanese troops from Brunei landed at Weston and sent for Mr. R. F. Evans, Resident of the West Coast, and Lieutenant-Colonel W. C. Adams, Commandant of Police. These officers were detained by the Japanese, who advanced on Beaufort and Jesselton (171) without meeting any opposition. They had occupied the west coast by January 9th. On the same day Japanese aircraft machine-gunned the streets of Sandakan and caused 20 casualties. On January 18th the Governor cabled from Sandakan that warships had been

sighted; then communication ceased. The occupation was unopposed and the Europeans were interned.

III

The economic structure of North Borneo was naturally disrupted by the war, but if extensive damage is not caused in the process of reoccupation there is no obvious reason why its economic life should not revive rapidly. The prestige of the White Man, abruptly lowered by the Japanese conquest, is being restored since the expulsion of the Japanese. The return of European authority is being welcomed by all races in Borneo. Whether the welcome is sincere or not depends, first, upon how the Japanese have behaved during the occupation, secondly upon the economic changes that are following the occupation. In occupied China the Japanese have not shown any pronounced ability to use authority with tact, and since North Borneo is largely dependent upon the rubber market, it seems that pre-war standards of living there cannot have been maintained. Over two-thirds of the population of North Borneo is indigenous and quite incapable of self-government. If Chinese immigration and settlement continue as rapidly as in the past, in another fifty years the Chinese will greatly outnumber the Natives and the political future of Borneo will belong to them. Meanwhile the only body with both the ability and the moral and legal claim to exercise the authority of government is the Chartered Company which peaceably acquired and developed the territory in the beginning.

[SECTION III was contributed by the Editor after the recent and untimely death of the Author.]

THE BRITISH ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC

by

SIR HARRY LUKE, K.C.M.G., D. LITT.

I

"Downing Street", it has been said, in illustration of a truth which needs to be more widely realised than it is, particularly by critics of British colonial history and methods, "has sometimes achieved Empire, but often has had Empire thrust upon it." To no part of the British colonial world does the latter half of this aphorism apply with greater force than to the Pacific, as regards which it is, indeed, not so much a truth as an under-statement. There has been no more continuous or consistent feature of the policy of successive British Governments towards the island groups of the Pacific than that of seeking to avoid territorial acquisition even when this has been expressly asked for by the natives concerned.

Let us take some concrete examples. In the early days of the nineteenth century the British Government confined its intervention in the affairs of the Hawaiian kingdom, discovered by Captain Cook and anxious for some measure of our help and guidance, to the detached advice to its people to develop their land according to the principles of Christian civilisation. Later, towards the middle of that century, the Foreign Secretary, Lord Aberdeen, declared it to be "neither advantageous nor politic to establish a paramount influence for Great Britain in the Hawaiian Islands at the expense of that enjoyed by other Powers", meaning by "other Powers" in particular the United States. About the same time Great Britain declined the request of the Queen and people of Tahiti to take the Society Islands under British protection. The chiefs of Fiji petitioned in vain for fifteen years for their islands to be annexed to the British Crown before their prayer was granted in 1874; the "Native Governments"—a term which will be explained later—of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, at first a British Protectorate, sought full incorporation in the Empire for nearly as long before their atolls were constituted a Crown Colony in 1916. The Solomon Islands are still only a Protectorate, although under British administration since 1893. It is true that exactly a century earlier the great island of New Guinea was claimed by the English East India Company, but the few troops landed there were withdrawn almost immediately and the Company took no further steps to implement its claim. Neither the part of that island now known as the Territory of New Guinea, nor Western Samoa, nor the small phosphate island of Nauru would be mandated today to Australia, New Zealand and the British Empire respectively but for Germany's renunciation of her possessions in the Pacific at the end of the war of 1914-18. Even the first of all the British settlements in the South Seas, that of Pitcairn, was established not because its settlers wished to plant the Union Jack on yet another island but because they hoped, on that isolated speck of

rock in the south-eastern Pacific, to hide themselves for ever from the rest of mankind and its remembrance of the mutiny of the *Bounty*.

It has, therefore, been to a reluctant rather than an acquisitive Britain that have fallen responsibilities of one type or another in many island groups scattered over thirteen million square miles of Pacific Ocean. Two of the groups in question, Fiji (172) and the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, are Crown Colonies; Tonga is an independent constitutional monarchy under British protection; the Solomon Islands are, as has been mentioned, a British Protectorate, which is a different thing. Pitcairn is a British colony by settlement; the New Hebrides are an Anglo-French Condominium; the two small atolls of Canton and Enderbury in the Phoenix Group, itself a part of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony, have formed an Anglo-American Condominium since 1939.

The territories mentioned in the preceding paragraph, together with the intermittently inhabited Line Islands, are administered completely or partly as the case may be by the officer of His Majesty's Colonial Service who in respect of Fiji is Governor of that colony and in respect of the other groups holds the post of High Commissioner for the Western Pacific. They are consequently under the jurisdiction of the Imperial Government exercised through the Colonial Office and are a responsibility of the Imperial Parliament. But the neighbouring Dominions have also their responsibilities: Papua and Norfolk Island are dependencies of the Commonwealth of Australia; the Cook Islands, Niue and the Tokelau Islands, of the Dominion of New Zealand. The three British Pacific mandates have already been enumerated. The total land area of all these territories is about 210,000 square miles; their total estimated population over 1,500,000.

II

It stands to reason that the countries spread over the vast area extending between longitudes 141 E. and 123 W. of Greenwich, between latitudes 4 N. and 29 S. of the equator, should present wide divergencies in every way. Physically the islands themselves offer the greatest possible contrasts in geological formation, in vegetation, in rainfall and other climatic conditions; in their indigenous inhabitants are represented the three main branches of the human race. With few exceptions the islands belong to one or other of two categories, the volcanic island and the coral atoll. The former is mountainous and generally lofty in proportion to its size, is covered with deep soil supporting dense forest and bush, is well watered, fertile, hot, moist and has a heavy rainfall. In New Guinea (174-5) are mountains of 16,000 feet; in parts of it, as in parts of the Solomon Islands and Fiji, the annual rainfall exceeds 200 inches. All are rich in tropical fruits and agricultural products; some also in gold and other minerals. On the other hand the atoll, creation of countless coral polyps building for centuries under the sea on what is often the lip of the crater of a submerged volcano, is a ring of coral rock seldom more than 400 yards wide from outer to inner beach, and no higher than 15 feet above sea-level, for the reason that the industrious but luckless polyp dies on reaching the surface. This narrow ring of rock encloses a sheet of water known as the lagoon (originally

the crater itself); and the only trees—extremely valuable ones, it is true—which find a foothold in the shallow dusting of coral sand that does duty as its soil are the coconut and the pandanus palms. The starchy tubers which form the staple diet of the Pacific islander have in the atoll to be grown in carefully excavated pits. The atolls or “low islands”, having no forest-clad mountains to attract the clouds, are subject to severe droughts, when the year’s rainfall may drop to five inches; and in such years their coconut crop may fail and their population be reduced to the verge of starvation. The inhabitant, then, of the volcanic island is lavishly provided for by nature; the atoll-dweller has to wage a hard and constant fight with nature for a bare existence.

The volcanic islands with which we are here concerned are New Guinea together with its adjoining archipelagoes, then the Solomon Islands (173), the New Hebrides, Western Samoa, most of the Fijian Group and the Southern Cook Islands. The Gilbert, the Ellice and the Phoenix Groups with Christmas, Fanning and Washington, the Tokelaus and the Northern Cook Islands are coral atolls; the kingdom of Tonga includes both types of island. In a category apart are Ocean Island, the somewhat isolated headquarters of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony, and Nauru, which are mainly composed of phosphates of high quality. Generally speaking, the inhabitants of the volcanic islands, except for those lying east of the 180th meridian, are Melanesians; the atoll-dwellers near and north of the equator are Micronesians; those to the south of it, Polynesians.

III

The Melanesians, or “black islanders”, who in New Guinea are generally known by the more precise term “Papuo-Melanesians”, are negroid in feature, have fuzzy hair, which in some regions they grow to a great length and train upwards in a thick mop, and range in colour from a chocolate-brown in Fiji and the New Hebrides to a brown that is almost black in the central Solomon Islands and to a shade which is positively blue-black in the Bougainville Straits. The Melanesians can be fierce and warlike and had an unenviable reputation in the past, in parts of the Pacific where they had not been touched by Christianity, for cannibalism, head-hunting and other barbarous practices. They came into the Pacific through the East Indies, perhaps originally from India, settled in New Guinea and its adjacent islands and then spread in an arc southwards through the Solomon Islands, the New Hebrides and New Caledonia, whence they travelled eight hundred miles due east to Fiji and there arrested their course.

The Micronesians, or “little islanders”, inhabit, in addition to the British groups already named, the Mariana, Caroline and Marshall Islands, groups mandated to the Japanese in 1920 and retained by Japan without legal sanction after she withdrew from the League of Nations in 1935. The Micronesians represent in the Pacific the Mongoloid branch of mankind and entered it from eastern Asia after preliminary wanderings through the Philippines and parts of the East Indies. They are relatively short and slight of build, copper-coloured and thin-lipped, with lank black hair. They are fine seamen and navigators, and they have brought the art

of dancing, their principal form of self-expression, to a high state of perfection. They have also under favourable conditions a gift for self-government, as will be related below in connection with the Gilbert Islands.

Of the Polynesians—the people of the “many islands”—it may truly be said that they are one of the world’s finest primitive races, both in physique, beauty of feature, indigenous culture and friendliness of disposition. Of Caucasian origin, they probably entered the Pacific some two thousand years ago and for the ensuing millennium and a half crossed and recrossed the greatest of all the oceans east and west, north and south, in their frail outrigger canoes. They travelled without instruments and by the stars, generally too against the prevailing winds, in a succession of sea-voyages which for boldness, seamanship, enterprise and endurance have never been equalled, let alone excelled, by other navigators from the Phoenicians down to the explorers of modern times. When we speak of such European pioneers as Balboa or Magellan or Drake as discoverers of the Pacific, we tend to forget that the discoverers of the Pacific were none other than the Polynesians, who achieved this feat without even the slender resources of the great seamen of the Renaissance. Whether or not they actually touched the coast of South America is not certain, but they reached, peopled and still inhabit Easter Island, which belongs to Chile; they ranged as far north as Hawaii, as close to the Antarctic as New Zealand’s South Island. They are good to look at, they have elevated oratory to a science as well as an art, their singing voices are as beautiful as their speaking voices, their standard of manners is notably higher than that of the white man. Not for nothing did Robert Louis Stevenson, who chose to end his days amongst them, call them “God’s best, God’s sweetest work”.

IV

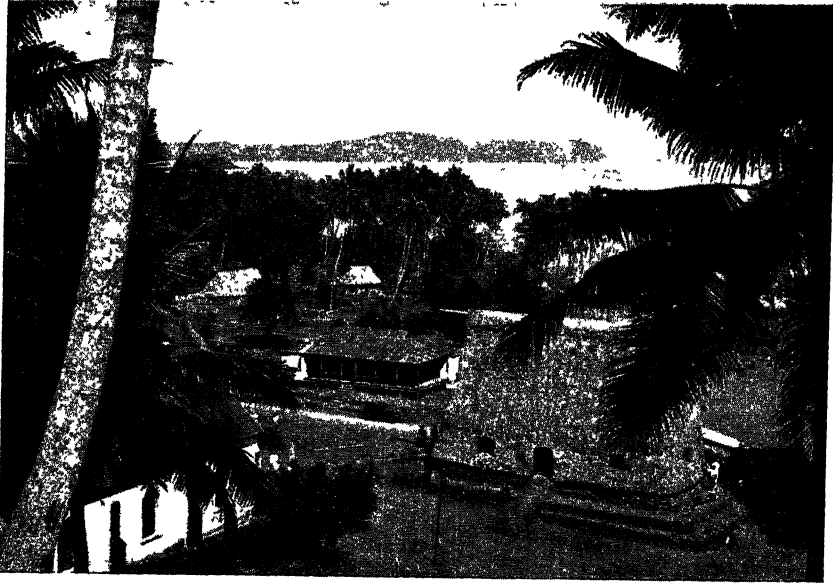
It was inevitable that the peoples of the Pacific should be discovered by and brought into contact with the European, but it is difficult to believe that their descendants can cherish any feelings of gratitude to their discoverers. It is equally difficult to believe that the majority of these—Captains Cook and Vancouver of the Royal Navy are among the honourable exceptions—conferred any marked benefits on those whose primitive existence they ended for ever. The earlier European navigators were, with the exception of the Spaniards, not concerned with territorial acquisition and were generally an ephemeral form of visitation. But the effect of Spanish “colonisation” in the Pacific in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was disastrous to the natives, a fitting prelude to the activities of the “black-birders” (kidnappers of native labour), sandalwood-gatherers and whalers in the first half of the nineteenth century. This white riff-raff of the South Seas which preyed upon their lovely islands from both sides of the Pacific brought nothing to their victims but disease, depopulation, demoralisation, disheartenment and the destruction of their joy of life. The vast majority of those snatched away from their islands to work out their lives in the sugar-cane fields of Queensland, the plantations of Mexico and Guatemala, the guano deposits of South America, never saw their homes again; many of those left behind perished of drink and imported vice and the loss of the will to live.

Cook and Vancouver were not, of course, the only officers of the Royal Navy to look upon the Pacific islanders with friendly interest and to treat them with altruistic kindness. But the first sustained help the natives received from the white man, the first organised departure from and opposition to the exploitation from which they had hitherto suffered, came from the missionaries, who began to embark on systematic work in the Pacific at the end of the eighteenth century. Not that the early missionaries were in all cases and in all respects wise in their treatment of their new converts. Some sought to impose on untutored savages in process of being won from a life of barbarism a rigidly Calvinistic form of Christianity scarcely appropriate to such a background. It was a form of Christianity that tended to disapprove of all native custom, bad and good alike, and to suppress all native dancing and all singing save that of hymns, thus robbing the natives of their principal forms of self-expression, amusement and what would now be called "escapism". Many of the early missionaries unwittingly introduced into the islands devastating and deadly epidemics of chicken-pox, measles, influenza and the like; they did not understand that the Pacific islander by reason of the purity of his blood had not developed the anti-toxins necessary to resist the white man's diseases. They were also responsible for the spread of pulmonary disease by insisting that natives, accustomed to rudimentary clothing and to keeping their bare bodies clean and strong with coconut oil, should wear European garments, which carried germs, engendered damp and implanted mistaken ideas of shame. They tended to break down the native cultures before something else had been created to take their place.

The missionaries of today are more experienced and enlightened, and many of them are medical men and women and trained anthropologists. But even those of the older school, despite their mistakes, have deserved well of the peoples of the Pacific. They freely risked their health, and often lost their lives, as they brought the Gospel and the knowledge of reading and writing not only to the more amenable Polynesians and Micronesians but also to the fierce and truculent Fijian, New Hebridean, Solomon Islander and Papuan. It was the early missionaries who roused public opinion against the "blackbirding" and helped to suppress his iniquitous trade; it was they who first made the Pacific islander understand that his purpose was not to be the white man's chattel; it is they who laid the foundations of his education and have borne a large share of it ever since.

V

In the wake of the missionary as the friend and guide of the native came the Government official in the persons of administrators, medical officers and others. The first British colonial administration to be set up in the South Seas was in Fiji, where the chiefs, under King Thakombau, were admitted to the Empire in 1874. This centrally situated group of 250 islands, fertile and with great economic potentialities, was then in confusion. The Fijian people, virile and intelligent, with a social system at once feudal and communal, were still emerging from barbarism: a European missionary was killed and eaten in the principal island as recently as 1867. Thakombau, in his early days a fierce and warlike cannibal but a Christian



172. WAKAYA ISLAND, FIJI ISLANDS



173. THE PACHUE RIVER, CHRISEUL ISLAND, SOLOMON ISLANDS



174. THE CATHEDRAL AT SEK HARBOUR



175. THE VILLAGE OF TOVEI

NEW GUINEA

since 1854, has been beset by constant troubles: with his Fijian chiefs in maintaining his position among them as *primus inter pares*; with the powerful Tongan chief Ma'afu, who disputed his authority in the Lau islands; with the United States Government, who claimed from him money which he could not pay. It says much for the adaptability of the Fijian no less than for the work of Government officers and the Christian missions that Fiji became within a short time a successful and prosperous Crown Colony. A considerable measure of indirect rule for the Fijians has been preserved in their village, district and provincial councils, an administrative structure crowned by what is known as the council of chiefs. This body is representative of the entire Fijian people and is convened annually and presided over by the Governor. In 1943 a Fijian was appointed to the important post of Adviser on Native Affairs, the first of his race to enter the Executive Council. Fijians are represented in the colony's Legislative Council side by side with Europeans and Indians. The latter, a community numbering 98,000 in 1940 (7,000 fewer than the Fijians), are the descendants of labourers brought into the country from India at the end of the 1870's to work in the sugar-cane fields. Finding conditions congenial, the great majority settled permanently in Fiji and had grown by 1945 to be the colony's largest community.

Although the Gilbert and the Ellice Islands were brought under the jurisdiction of the High Commissioner for the Western Pacific in 1877, together with certain other islands, they did not become a separate entity until they were proclaimed a British Protectorate in 1892. They were raised to the status of a Crown Colony in January, 1916, when, together with Ocean, Fanning and Washington Islands they were constituted the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony. Christmas Island, discovered by Captain Cook on Christmas Eve, 1777, largest atoll in the Pacific with its area of 200 square miles, was included in the colony in 1919; the eight atolls of the Phoenix Islands—always claimed by Great Britain although previously inhabited only intermittently—were incorporated in 1937 in order to ease the increasing population and consequent land-hunger in the rocky atolls of the Gilbert Islands proper. Since then three of them, Gardner, Sydney and Hull, have been successfully settled with Gilbertese under the "Phoenix Islands Settlement Scheme", while Canton and Enderbury have become an Anglo-American condominium. A distance of 2,000 miles separates the colony's capital of Ocean Island from its easternmost outpost of Christmas Island, and its land and sea area combined cover 2,000,000 square miles. But its land area, consisting as it does of atolls, is only 400 square miles, for one half of which Christmas Island is alone responsible. No other political unit in the world has so large a proportion of sea to land; no other territory straddles not only the equator but also the International Date Line. It will be readily understood how the exposed geographical position of the Gilberts made them an easy prey to Japanese invasion after Pearl Harbour.

The Gilbertese are Micronesians, the Ellice Islanders are Polynesians; but both had evolved for themselves before the advent of the white man a remarkably successful form of autonomy in all the Ellice and most of the Gilbert atolls. Each island has its local council, consisting of the Native Magistrate and locally chosen Native Scribe, headmen and island police; and this organisation, known as the

"Native Government", not only makes its local regulations, subject to the approval of the District Officer, but scrutinises the draft laws of the colony administered by the local courts before they are enacted by the High Commissioner. Elsewhere I have likened these atolls to the city republics of mediaeval Italy on a minute scale; and, pre-European in origin, they continue to function under British rule with the minimum of European supervision. In certain of the Gilbert Islands, Great Makin or Butatritari and Little Makin in the north, Abemama with two satellite islands in the Central Gilberts, there were before British rule no Native Governments, for they were under the tyrannous sway of two native kindred dynasties. In his *In the South Seas* Robert Louis Stevenson has painted a graphic picture of these grim potentates and their bloody rule.

All Polynesians speak variants of one basic tongue; there is a fundamental grammatical similarity between the dialects of the Micronesians. But, except for the Fijians, who employ a single language although with dialectical differences, there is no uniform Melanesian speech. In New Guinea, the Solomon Islands and the New Hebrides the broken and mountainous nature of the country and the ferocity and mutual suspicion of the inhabitants had not only prevented contact between the "salt water people" of the coast and the "bush" people of the rugged and often barely accessible interior, they had successfully prevented peaceful contact even between adjoining hamlets in the bush. In parts of Melanesia almost every village speaks a language almost incomprehensible to its neighbour, and thus there has had to be invented in these regions since the advent of the white man an artificial *lingua franca* in the shape of the grotesque but inevitable Pacific form of pidgin English. It is this splitting up of the Melanesian communities into hostile units unable to communicate with one another that has prevented them from having an indigenous history, like the Polynesians and Micronesians.

The only picturesque period in the annals of the Solomon Islands was their discovery by the Spaniard Mendafia in 1568. Mendafia, fascinated by their natural beauty and tropical exuberance, hoped to make them one of the wealthiest possessions of the Spanish crown and called them after King Solomon to create the impression among potential colonists that they contained all the wealth of Ophir. Then came, from the European point of view, centuries of oblivion until a British Protectorate was established in 1893 to safeguard the daring missionaries and British planters who had begun to establish themselves among these wild people in their intensely fertile islands. Only those who have known the Solomon Islands from the days of the head-hunters and the cannibals to the time when progress was interrupted by the Japanese irruption in the second World War can appreciate the changes wrought in them by half a century of civilised administration.

In natural configuration, first contact with the white man, and type of native the New Hebrides are akin to the Solomon Islands; their interest today lies largely in their political development in the twentieth century. A product of the Entente Cordiale, they are, as the world's only Anglo-French condominium, an experiment in international collaboration; and the experiment, begun somewhat falteringly in 1906, had become by 1939 an outstanding success. The British High Commissioner for the Western Pacific and his French colleague, who in normal times is

the Governor of New Caledonia, are each represented in Vila, the capital of the Condominium, by a Resident Commissioner, and in each district there are a British and a French District Agent, jointly in charge of local administration. The postage-stamps are of two types: one with the wording in French, the other with the wording in English; the central design is in each case the same. In proof of how cordial the collaboration between the two Powers had become may be cited the fact that the then French Resident Commissioner, Monsieur Sautot, was the first French colonial authority to declare for Free France (as it was then), which he did in July, 1940, one month after the French collapse.

The New Hebrides are a collection of beautiful, mountainous islands of great economic possibilities, with a rich soil that can grow almost any tropical product. Its natives are gradually beginning to recover from the terrible depredations to which they were subjected by the "blackbirders" in the early part of the nineteenth century; and, although some of the tribes in the interior of the large northern islands are still warlike and untamed, the New Hebridean has shown himself capable of becoming, with proper treatment, a useful member of society. There should be a happy future for him and his islands.

There are many remarkable features about the kingdom of Tonga, peopled by one of the most attractive branches of the Polynesian race. It is a country of 150 islands, mostly small, with a land area of 269 square miles and a population of 34,000. Unlike the Melanesian groups, it has a long traditional history, and the Tongans can trace the names and descent of their rulers without break back to the middle of the tenth century. It has some remarkable megalithic remains, which probably date from the Middle Ages; in more recent times it was thrice visited by Captain Cook, to whom is due its English name of the "Friendly Islands". But the most remarkable of its features is the genius of the Tongan people, probably unequalled in any other native race, for grafting the best elements of our civilisation on to the best elements of their own. A Christian kingdom since 1845, when that great Polynesian administrator, King George I Tubou, united its islands into a modern well-conducted state, Tonga enjoys a constitution based on that of Great Britain, with a parliament which must meet at least once a year, a cabinet and a privy council, the whole edifice crowned by the constitutional monarch. The Tongan courts of law function well; the government departments are run on lines similar to those of a British Crown Colony. But in every activity of government and of their personal lives the Tongans maintain their own language, costume and customs. When they travel, they do so on Tongan passports; they have their own currency notes, their own postage stamps. The treaty of Friendship and Protection negotiated by Great Britain in 1900 with King George II, predecessor and father of the present sovereign, Queen Salote, has but served to protect and sustain the independence and traditions of this Arcadia of the Pacific. The unstinting manner in which the little kingdom placed all its resources at the disposal of the Empire in the second World War was our reward; and when in 1943 Queen Salote celebrated her Silver Jubilee, King George VI telegraphed to her with truth: "Inspired by Your Majesty's personal example and wise leadership, Tonga continues to play its part in this greatest of all human conflicts in a manner which commands

the highest admiration and respect." No less true is this extract from Mr. Churchill's message: "Your Majesty's reign, beginning in the supreme crisis of one great war, has reached its twenty-fifth year at the climax of another grim and world-wide struggle with the powers of tyranny. Throughout this decisive period in human affairs Tonga has steadily advanced under Your Majesty's progressive rule; and the war effort of your people, including the most recent gift of a second fighter aircraft, has asserted itself in a manner of which you and they may well be proud."

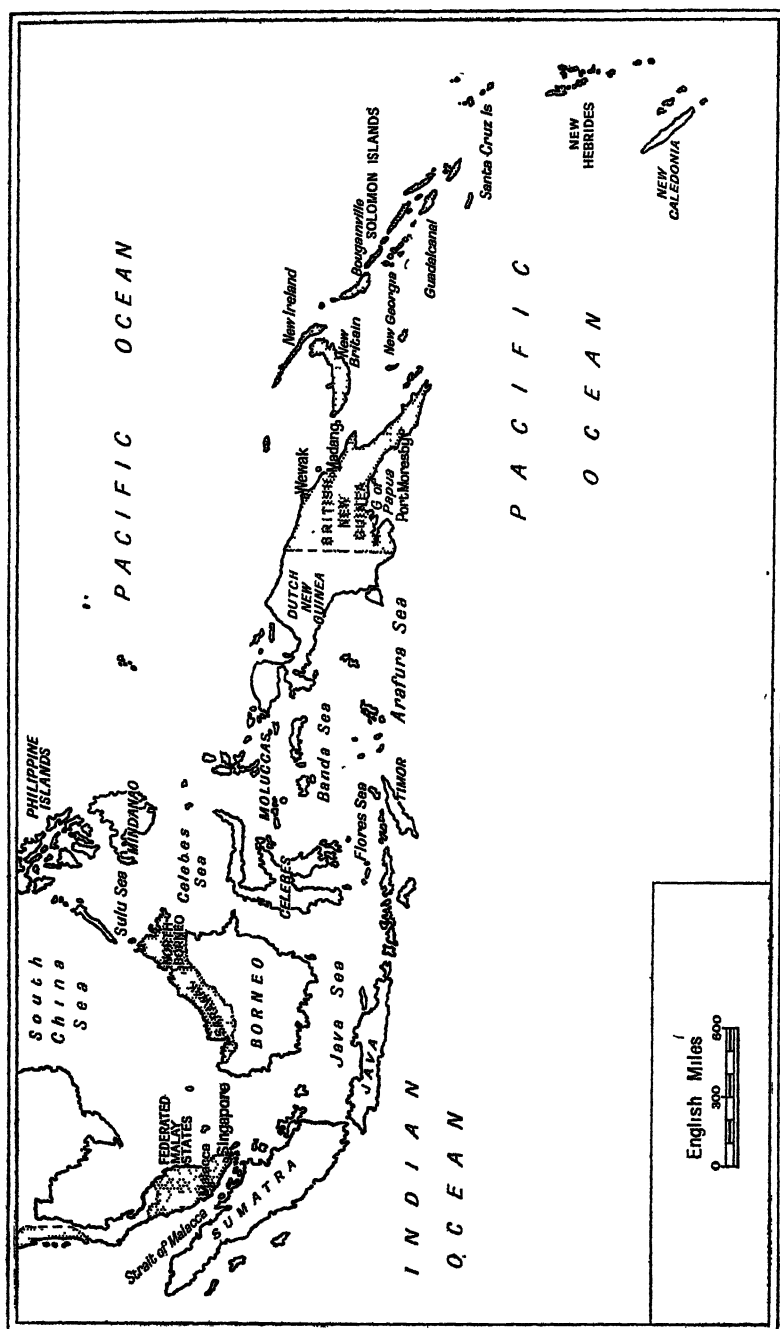
The islands of Western Samoa, once independent, then a German colony, mandated to New Zealand since 1920, are one of the cultural cradles of the Polynesian people. The Samoans have great pride of race, are like their kindred Tongans musical and artistic, and have evolved a highly complex ceremonial and social code, which affects every aspect of their existence and is the pivot of their daily life. They have tended in the past to be as factious politically as physically they are prepossessing and socially attractive. Robert Louis Stevenson, whose house, Vailima, is now the official residence of the Administrator appointed by New Zealand, gave them not only publicity but his deep affection. The Samoans are rightly too proud of their own identity to allow themselves to lose it.

The Cook and Tokelau Islands and Niue are happy Polynesian dependencies of New Zealand producing copra and bananas. Their people—proud, as are the Tongans and Samoans, of their ancient descent and traditions—maintain cultural relations with their cousins, the Maori of New Zealand. The mandated island of Nauru just south of the equator is, like Ocean Island, important for its deposits of phosphate of a high grade, and the phosphate industry in the two islands is administered by the British Phosphate Commission, a body headed by three commissioners, one of whom is appointed by each of the participating countries, the United Kingdom, Australia and New Zealand. In striking contrast to these small islands are the two vast portions of New Guinea administered by Australia, the one as the dependency of Papua, the other as the Mandated Territory of New Guinea. Here Australian administrators have gradually been bringing civilisation to wild savages in equally wild and inhospitable country, while business enterprise has developed a gold industry on an important scale despite the difficulties of the terrain.

VI

In Fiji are situated two institutions of almost Pan-Pacific scope, both administered by the Medical Department of the Fiji Government. One is the leprosarium in the beautiful Fijian island of Makongai, which assumes the responsibility for tending lepers from Fiji itself, from most of the High Commission territories, and from the Dominion of New Zealand. Situated in psychologically stimulating surroundings, devotedly tended by its Government medical staff and by the nursing sisters of the Marist Order, Makongai has succeeded in eliminating the terror of segregation so prevalent among lepers elsewhere, with the result that patients do not seek to conceal the disease until it has progressed beyond the hope of cure.

The other institution is the Central Medical School in Suva, originally founded in the 1880's to train Fijians and Fiji-born Indians as medical officers to supplement



the colony's relatively small European medical staff. The School's reputation soon spread beyond the confines of Fiji, and not only did the High Commission territories seek to participate in the scheme, but also most of the mandated islands as well as United States Samoa. The necessary expansion was greatly helped by the wise generosity of the Rockefeller Foundation, which appreciated not only that no South Seas Government can afford to staff its medical department solely with relatively expensive Europeans but that, particularly in the remoter and less visited islands, the "Native Medical Practitioner", as he is called, with his great aptitude for medicine and surgery, is perhaps better suited than his European colleague to work among those primitive communities. It is a fundamental rule of the School that its students shall adhere to the customs and dress of their own countries. The School is one of the most beneficent gifts of British rule to the peoples of the South Seas and is some repayment of the debt the white man owes to the Pacific islander. The continued expansion of the Central Medical School and of its pendant, the School for Native Nurses, reconstituted and enlarged in 1941, is one of the most important tasks facing the British Pacific administrations of the future.

HONG KONG

by

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF

(LADY SOUTHORN)

"I compared Heung Shan with Hong Kong, and although they are only fifty miles apart the difference of the government oppressed me very much. Afterwards I saw the outside world and I began to wonder how it was that foreigners, that Englishmen, could do such things as they had done, for example, with the barren rock of Hong Kong within seventy or eighty years, while in four thousand years China had no place like Hong Kong."—SUN YAT SEN.

I

The secretary of a literary society once wrote to the Hong Kong Secretariat asking for some material for a lecture on "that little-known island, Hong Kong". The description seemed inept at the time, but since those days the island has become headline news and even the literary society in question may have acquired additional knowledge. To those of us who spent many years in Hong Kong the thought of its occupation by a ruthless and cruel enemy was intolerable.

The story of Hong Kong shows what can be accomplished by the "marriage of British administration to Chinese industry". In 1841 the barren rock, inhabited by a few fishermen and pirates, was handed over to Great Britain by the Cantonese Government and the agreement was confirmed by the Treaty of Nanking in 1842, which terminated in the so-called Opium Wars. This closed a chapter of disputes and unpleasant incidents between the British merchants and especially the East India Company, who had established themselves in Canton, and the Chinese Government. There were faults on both sides. The traders had no support from the British Government and they were a law unto themselves; the Chinese officials took their cue from Peking and ignored the will of a changing world. They endeavoured to disregard the wish of their own traders for contact with foreign trade and they affected a superior detachment from the rest of mankind.

Within the narrow limits of space at my disposal it is impossible to go into the ramifications of the disputes with China which led to open hostilities in 1840.

The Island of Hong Kong was regarded by the Chinese Government as a sop—and a useless sop—with which to terminate the troubles with the British merchants. The offer of the island was made to Captain Elliot and accepted, but he encountered every kind of obstruction from the Chinese Government, leading to the hostilities which were finally terminated by the Treaty of Nanking.

The account of the little ceremony which marked the taking over of the island, in January, 1841, is given by Captain Belcher, of H.M.S. *Sulphur* (a survey ship), in his book *Voyage Round the World*:

"On the return of the Commodore on the 24th instant, we were directed to proceed to Hong Kong and commence its survey. We landed on Monday, the 26th January, at fifteen minutes past eight and being *bona fide* first possessors, Her Majesty's health was drunk with three cheers on Possession Mount."

In those days Possession Mount was a bare point on a barren rock. Now it is swallowed up in a seething quarter of the city. Today the barren rock has a population of half a million. Practically the whole of the population of Hong Kong lives in Victoria, the capital, built at the foot of the north side of the island, which rises up sharply to 1,800 feet above sea-level. This mountain rising above the town is called the Peak. Hong Kong (the name is usually translated "Island of Fragrant Streams") is a knife-edged ridge of mountains and is only 11 miles long, 2 to 5 miles wide and 32 square miles in area. The patient labour of a hundred years has produced a great city. All up the sides of the Peak, houses have been built on solid retaining walls, which can withstand the torrential rains and terrific typhoons.

In 1860 the peninsula of Kowloon on the mainland, separated by about a mile of water, was acquired from the Chinese Government and in 1898 a tract of country behind Kowloon—now called the New Territories—was leased for 99 years. In 1940 the entire population of the colony (391 square miles in area) numbered over a million, exclusive of refugees (estimated at 750,000) from the troubles in China.

The development of Hong Kong from a settlement composed of temporary matsheds to a town of brick and granite buildings was rapid, but health conditions were bad and the mortality among civilians and troops from fever was so great that in 1844 the Queen wrote to the Secretary of State:

"The Queen understands . . . that there is a notion of exchanging Hong Kong for a more healthy colony."

There was a distinct improvement in the health of Hong Kong by 1847, and by dogged perseverance, medical science and improved sanitation, together with the building of houses on the Peak, the colony became so pleasant a home that Europeans often elect to remain there after retirement. The climate in the winter, from November until February, is probably one of the best in the world, dry and bracing, with clear blue skies and brilliant sunshine. Then Europeans wear thick winter clothes and the Chinese put on their padded garments. The summer is hot and enervating owing to the humidity. Clouds settle on the Peak and sometimes even the harbour is wrapped in a warm white fog. From June to October is the typhoon period. Since the advent of wireless, warning of these terrifying storms can be given so that ships may seek protection and houses may be bolted and barred in time. It is now possible to avert catastrophes like the 1906 typhoon, which descended on the colony unawares and swept away 10,000 of those Chinese who are born and live and die in their junks and sampans. The typhoon also sank or damaged fifty-nine European ships.

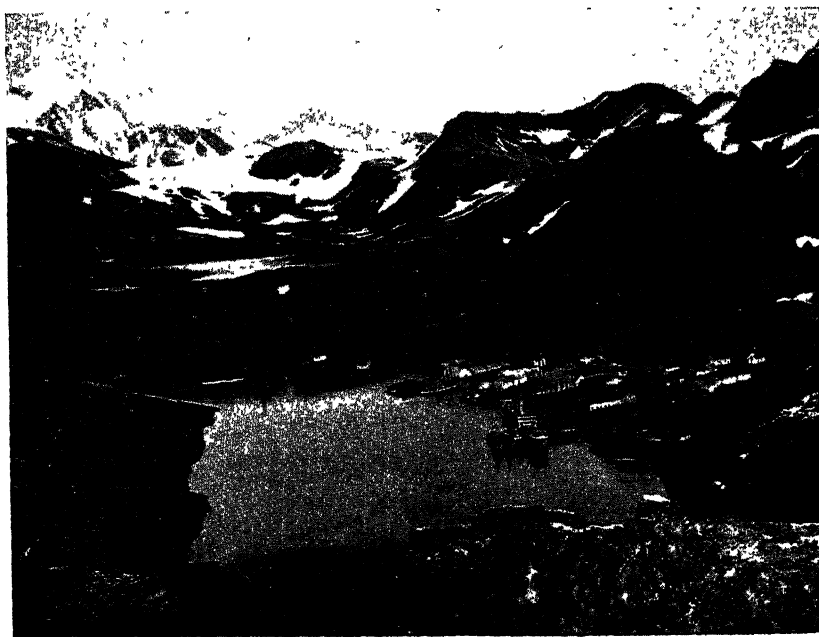


176. THE TOWN AND HARBOUR

HONG KONG



177. THE ISLAND OF MAHÉ, SEYCHELLES ISLANDS



178. KING EDWARD COVE, SOUTH GEORGIA, FALKLAND ISLANDS

II

People who arrive on the island for the first time often say plaintively: "Why did no one tell me of the astounding beauty of Hong Kong?" From the narrow ridge of the top of the Peak you look out as from the ramparts of the world. Far below, on one side, lie the green islands of the Ladrões scattered as far as the horizon on a shimmering sapphire sea. Here the yellow-sailed junks tack lazily, like great butterflies. On the other side of the knife-edge there appears to be a sheer drop to the town, which is spread out like a child's box of bricks. Here are the Chinese quarter, the University, hospitals, the business quarter, the Chinese restaurants of West Point, public buildings, shops, government offices, hotels, barracks, the cathedral, clubs, sports-grounds—all the amenities of a great modern city. Across the sparkling waters of the harbour, with its maze of shipping, lies the town of Kowloon, with its background of fan-shaped mountains and the ranges of China beyond (176). But this bird's-eye view does not reveal the beauty of the forest pathways of the island. The barren rock of a century ago is now a garden. You wander down avenues of firs, flowering shrubs and trees. For a brief time in spring the flame-coloured azaleas set some of the hillsides ablaze. This transformation has been achieved by unceasing and patient afforestation.

Few of us can ever forget the miracle of the Peak seen from Kowloon by night, rising into the starlit sky like a gigantic Christmas tree sparkling with a myriad lights. The country beyond Kowloon, the New Territories, has a special lure. Before the war it was a world of perfect peace, of little stone villages still set in their ancient walls at the foot of green mountains and of blue land-locked harbours curving away into the distance. Around the villages the Chinese cultivated their rice-fields and vegetable plots with the meticulous care and neatness which are essentially Chinese. Until France collapsed, and with her Indo-China, dragging with her Malaya and Hong Kong, the villagers worked here under the British flag, cultivating and trading securely without fear, except on the actual border, where marauders from China occasionally descended for gang robbery. But there were many British police stations perched on the hillsides to protect them.

In normal times, which are now slowly returning to Hong Kong since its recovery from the Japanese, the colony is administered by a Governor assisted by executive and legislative councils. Sir Henry Pottinger, Captain Elliot's successor as administrator in 1843, was the first Governor.

The life of Victoria and Kowloon is that of a great modern city, European and Chinese blending together. The stream of motor cars and buses will be pierced by a Chinese wedding procession, "with its scarlet lanterns, the red closed-in sedan chair carrying the bride, the musicians making cacophonous noises and the roasted pigs hanging out of trays carried on yokes by women. Alternatively, a funeral procession will pass, with the whole cortège of carrying-chairs and lanterns decorated in funeral colours—white and blue—and the relatives clothed in sack-cloth, weeping and wailing, bringing up the rear. Such processions are sometimes a mile long.

III

The Chinese of Hong Kong are prominent in all charitable work. They give large sums for hospitals and all social services and devote much time to running them. The younger generation follow British example and throw themselves wholeheartedly into sport of all kinds. Girls whose grandmothers tottered on bound feet play tennis, hockey, basket-ball. One of them won the cross-harbour swimming race. Tennis, football and swimming are the favourite relaxations of the young men. The older generation of Chinese men keep to their delightful dress—silk riding jacket and skirt over gartered trousers. The women fortunately adhere to their beautiful straight-cut brocade dresses and do not wear hats. The poorer class Chinese woman is probably the neatest in the world, in her short black coat and trousers.

Transport in Hong Kong is varied, ranging from the car, which can be transported from the wonderful roads of Victoria and the Peak across the harbour in a ferry, to the rickshaw and the carrying chair and the Peak tram. The latter, a funicular railway, negotiates incredible gradients up the Peak to about 1,400 feet. Above that level either a rickshaw or a carrying chair is necessary. The carrying chair, made of bamboo and wicker-work, is carried on poles resting on men's shoulders.

One of the outstanding features of Hong Kong to the stranger is the unceasing traffic and bustle, the streams of cars and rickshaws and men, women and children, especially in the Chinese quarter, with its vivid red and gold shop signs, its gleaming silks, and curious wares.

IV

It is impossible to sum up the achievements that lie within those hundred years, but naturally the outstanding feature of our development of the island before the war was a stable government, with its natural concomitants of law and order, education, hospitals and health services and the usual amenities of modern civilised life. It remained apart from China, which was ruined by misgovernment, racked by civil war and torn between war-lords till the menace from Japan and the new conception of government by Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek drew some parts of the vast disrupted country together.

The great free port and entrepôt of Hong Kong with its magnificent harbour is of inestimable value to China. Between the mainland and the city is one of the finest harbours in the world. Steamship lines from Europe, India, America, North China, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and Japan carry to and from its warehouses a vast trade, including camphor, coal, cotton, flour, gunnies, iron and steel goods, leather, matches, oils, rice, silks, sugar, tea and tin.

In 1938 imports totalled £38,000,000 and exports £39,000,000. Of the imports only one-third were retained in Hong Kong and of the exports only one-tenth (consisting chiefly of refined sugar, electric torches and rubber shoes) were manufactured in Hong Kong. Re-exports constituted two-thirds of the imports

and nine-tenths of the exports. Of the total re-exports nearly 70 per cent. were made up of goods passing between China and the rest of the world *via* Hong Kong. Even during the war, until the end of 1941, the impact of Hong Kong on China was to the latter's benefit. Minor Chinese industries were transferred to Hong Kong and the colony developed its manufacturing powers. The share of Hong Kong in the total import trade of China rose from less than 3 per cent. in 1936-37 to over 7 per cent. in 1940 in spite of a fall in the share from Great Britain.

The Hong Kong University offers to young Chinese—both men and women—the advantages of a degree in the faculties of medicine, engineering and arts, with the opportunity of practising in Hong Kong or using in China itself the knowledge they have acquired. The sense of security that the ordered government of Hong Kong afforded before the war can be best emphasised by the fact that whenever serious political troubles occurred in Canton, about 90 miles away, tens of thousands of Chinese fled to Hong Kong for safety. Cantonese invested their money in Hong Kong and bought property there.

V

There is a tendency among ill-informed people to say lightly: "We must give Hong Kong back to the Chinese now the war is over." This attitude implies that we took Hong Kong forcibly from the Chinese, entirely forgetting that we made Hong Kong with our own hands and toil in co-operation with the Chinese. Of these Chinese a very large proportion were born in Hong Kong and are British subjects. The colony was run in close co-operation with the Chinese, and if we are to carry out the principles which actuated us during the war, it is no part of our ideology to hand over our territory and British subjects to any other government. Moreover, the words of that great Chinese patriot Dr. Sun Yat Sen, quoted from a lecture he gave at Hong Kong University and printed at the head of this chapter, indicated that he appreciated the benefit Hong Kong had proved to his people.

Hong Kong should never be a bone of contention between Britain and China, but a valuable asset for combined advantage.

The question naturally rises in everyone's mind, what of the future of Hong Kong? It is unprofitable to indulge in speculation, but hope is not so dangerous. Those who worked and lived in Hong Kong for many years, who formed firm and unbreakable friendships not only with the Chinese but also with many other nationals there, have but one desire—to see it restored to its former prosperity and happy Sino-British relations, and freed from all traces of the Japanese occupation. The enemy stained the island with the blood of British and Chinese, and committed foul atrocities on men of the armed forces, civilians and women.

Now that the war is over our co-operation with a stable Chinese government should be even greater than before. Hong Kong's strategic geographical position will soon restore her to her former importance and prosperity. In the past the island shared her prosperity with all, and in the future she will be ready to take her

place as a small but valuable unit in the comity of nations, proud of those who made the bare rock blossom, who built up stone by stone a great and thriving city, and who gave peace and justice to all the nationals who lived there.

Footnote.—Hong Kong fell to the Japanese in 1941 and this article presents a picture of pre-war life in the colony.

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS AND THEIR DEPENDENCIES

by

KENNETH BRADLEY, C. M. G.

I

The Falkland Islands and their Dependencies, South Georgia, the South Sandwich, South Orkney and South Shetland Islands, together with the Antarctic peninsula of Graham Land, are the most southerly and the most remote of all British possessions. One corner of their frontier is the South Pole itself.

The Falklands consist of two big islands with hundreds of attendant islets. Lying as they do only just over 300 miles north-east of Tierra del Fuego and in the track of the great westerlies of the South Atlantic, the islands are bleak and treeless. They are all moorland broken by tors and crags of old grey rock. On a winter's day, with hail or stinging squalls of frozen snow driving up from the Antarctic, the lonely shepherd riding into the weather grumbles proudly that the Falklands have the worst climate in the world, but when the sun shines—and there is more sun here than there is in London—he reins in his horse, gazes over miles of sun-lit, honey-coloured grass and warm brown heath to a sea of peacock-blue breaking in long surf on the silver sands, and forgets to grumble about anything at all.

There is only one town in the Falklands, Stanley. It lies on a land-locked harbour on the east coast of East Falkland. It is the seat of government and the commercial port and centre of the colony. It has about 1,200 inhabitants and is a neat little town of white and yellow red-roofed houses, built on the side of a steep hill. On a summer's day when the gorse is out, the gardens bright with daffodils and all its greens and paddocks starred with buttercups, dandelions and daisies, Stanley is a pleasant and homely place to British eyes.

The Falklands have the unique distinction of being the only colony in the Empire inhabited entirely by British people, true colonists who have crossed the world to find another little island in the sea and to set about making it as much like their own as possible. There are real pubs in the Falklands and English ale and gooseberries, and the speech is that of the home counties. The ties of the colonists with Britain are very close, as their loyal and generous service in this war and the last has shown. The islands are called after the Cavalier Lord Falkland, but they had been discovered long before his time by the English navigator John Davis in the *Desire*, in 1592. Sir Richard Hawkins sighted them two years later, but it was not until 1764 that settlers came, and they were Frenchmen from Nova Scotia. In the following year a British settlement was also founded. Then the Spaniards bought out the French

and in 1770 captured the British settlement. England and Spain nearly went to war over this. Burke made a speech about it and Dr. Johnson wrote a pamphlet. Spain gave way, but almost immediately afterwards the Spaniards, and for the time being, the British, left. In 1829 Louis Vernet, sailing under the flag of the new republic of Buenos Aires, planted another settlement on East Falkland, but less than two years later he was foolish enough to incur the wrath of a United States warship by seizing some American fishing vessels. That was the end of Vernet, who was returned ignominiously to Buenos Aires. And finally, in 1833, the British, who had never relaxed their claim to the islands, sent an expedition to resume occupation. In 1844 Governor Moody removed his capital to Port Stanley. The sheep-farming industry began and the town of Stanley soon began to flourish by the repair and victualling of whaling ships and vessels battered by the Horn gales. It was not until sail gave place to steam and the Panama canal was opened that Stanley lost its importance as a port of call. Strategically, however, as the sentinel of the Horn, the colony has retained considerable value. It was out of Port Stanley that destruction came upon Admiral Graf von Spee on December 8th, 1914, at the hands of Sir Doveton Sturdee, and it was from Port Stanley that *Ajax* and *Exeter* sailed twenty-five years later to help destroy in the River Plate the pocket battleship which the Germans had named after him. For a hundred years the Falkland Islands Defence Force has stood ready to defend the colony by land, and in 1942 there also came a garrison of British troops.

The only industry of the Falklands is sheep-farming. The entire countryside of all the islands is divided up by lonely fences into great sheep-ranches from 24,000 to 150,000 acres in extent. More than half the land is owned by the Falkland Islands Company, and the rest by a few smaller companies and individual owners. The farmers or their managers, as the case may be, and the people who work for them live in farm settlements, widely scattered on sheltered inlets and relying for their communications on their horses and on the "Company's" little steamer, which calls every now and then to collect their wool and deliver the longed-for mails. Perhaps nowhere in the world has the British Broadcasting Corporation a more appreciative, constant audience.

The colony is relatively prosperous, with an average wool clip of some 4,000,000 lb., though this prosperity, being entirely dependent on wool, is precarious. There is no real poverty, taxes are ridiculously light, and the budget, which is in the region of £75,000, showed a small but comfortable surplus in every year until the outbreak of war in 1939.

The establishment of secondary industries is necessarily difficult at such a distance from overseas markets, with such a small population and in such a rigorous climate. The doors of progress have, however, been opened by the passing of the Colonial Development and Welfare Act, and plans are in hand for economic, social and political development.

South Georgia, discovered by Captain Cook in 1775, is a very beautiful island of snow-fields and glaciers and terrible mountain peaks (176). For over a hundred years it has been the centre of the sealing and whaling industry in the South Atlantic, though pelagic whaling factory ships have now reduced the number of whaling

stations on the island. In the 1938-39 season the output of whale-oil from South Georgia was 111,291 barrels, valued at £205,978. The revenue collected from the industry by the Magistrate in South Georgia has mostly been used to meet the cost of research undertaken by the famous ships *Discovery I* and *Discovery II*.

The Union Jack also flies throughout the year in the other Dependencies much farther south in the seas, where the factory ships and their little catchers go. There, well inside the Antarctic, are magistrates and postmasters as well as a band of meteorologists and other scientists who work ceaselessly through the long polar winters to add to our knowledge of these least known and most remote of the King's possessions.

In a book like this the Falkland Islands and their Dependencies can only claim a little space. Those of us who are young in heart will regret this, not only because here, on the far rim of the world, lies a miniature of England, but also because here English boys can still find high adventure in the lonely hills and on the wild seas and Englishmen can still "go south" led by the spirits of Scott and Shackleton.

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